The Outlook

MARCH 22, 1913

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

The New American Army

The despatch of a division of troops to the vicinity of Galveston as a precaution in case events in Mexico demand our intervention is the first movement of the "new American army." Until two months ago the United States army was composed of single regiments scattered broadcast over the land. No regiment had any relation to any other regiment. There were no brigades, no divisions, no commanders of brigades, no commanders of divisions. What would have happened six months ago if the Administration had wanted to mobilize a division of troops in Texas? It would have been necessary, first, for the War Department to decide what regiments should make up the division, then which of the regiments should be assigned to each of the three brigades in the division. The necessary bodies of artillery, cavalry, engineers, hospital corps, signal corps, and quartermasters' department to round out the division would have been picked out and assigned to their places. A commanding officer for the division and brigade commanders would have been selected. Staffs for each of them would have been detailed. In short, a division would have had to be created out of separate and isolated fragments. What would have been the result? A division whose units had never served together, whose officers had never had a chance to become acquainted with their commanders, their subordinates, and their superiors. A division of the finest quality, perhaps, in its component parts, but as unfitted to its work as an awkward squad of undrilled recruits. An army, no less than a company, must reach efficiency through the welding together of its parts into a tempered, flexible, resilient whole. Such a process takes time. We used to leave the process until the need had arisen. Then we expected the units to weld themselves together in the very process of being used. Suddenly, if belatedly, we have conceived the idea that if the welding were already done when the need for the instrument arises, it would be a better instrument, stronger, surer, more effective.

Well Begun is Half Done

Under the old system, to have mobilized a division at Galveston would have required the issuance of from fifty to sixty orders. Under the new system the thing was done with one order of six typewritten lines:

February 24, 1913.

Memorandum for the Adjutant-General:

The Secretary of War directs that the Commanding General, Central Department, be directed to order to Texas City, Texas, the remainder of the Second Division.

This will include the Commanding General, and Staff, Second Division, Fourth and Sixth Brigades, Divisional Cavalry, and other auxiliary troops pertaining to the Division not already under orders for Galveston and Texas City.

L. W.,
Major-General, Chief of Staff.

Approved,
H. L. Stimson, Secretary of War.

One brigade and certain auxiliary troops of the division were already in Texas. But the order would have needed to be no longer, perhaps indeed shorter, if the entire division were to have been sent at once. This mobilization of the Second Division shows that we have made a good beginning of the task of creating a real army out of isolated fragments. But it is only a beginning. We must come to look upon the location of army posts and the assignment of troops to localities as matters of military expediency and not as matters of Congressional plunder; an army post, no more than a navy yard, should be located with relation to the effect upon the continuance in office of a particular Senator or Congressman. We must give our troops training in large bodies. We must accustom regiment to work with regiment, brigade with brigade, cavalry with

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infantry, infantry with artillery. We have already, doubtless, plenty of good material, well prepared as individual players at the game of war. But in war no more than in football does a team of stars mean a winning team. Without team play there is little chance of success. Much remains to do; but well begun is half done.

The United States and its Sister Republics

President Wilson's calm and friendly statement of the attitude of this country, and especially of his Administration, towards other nations on this continent has been received with approbation both here and in the countries most intimately concerned. It comes at a juncture when a word of friendly warning and advice is most timely. The question as to recognition by the United States of the Provisional Government in Mexico is in all men's minds. In Central America revolutionary plots are known to be fermenting and near the danger point in at least two or three of the small republics; and it is said that the idea has been promulgated that a Democratic Administration in the United States would mean less watchfulness and less direct interest on the part of our Government as regards the countries to the south of us. There is nothing like a threat in President Wilson's statement; it has been said by critics that "it lacks teeth;" but this is not the time for threats or for anything but outspoken advice. No country is named; and the trend of the paper is for mutual understanding and mutual co-operation among American republics. The keynote is the reassertion that all republican government must rest, if just, upon the consent of the governed, that "there can be no freedom without order based upon law and upon the public conscience and approval." The President expresses earnestly the desire to make this principle the basis of the mutual intercourse, respect, and helpfulness which should exist. As strongly and with great plainness he declares that we cannot have sympathy with "those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition." The future policy of the Administration is indicated in the declaration, "As friends we shall prefer those who act in the interest of truth and honor, who protect private rights, and respect the restraints of constitutional provision." We should have liked to see with this declaration a more positive assertion of the responsibility of the United States to the world at large for at least a reasonable degree of order in the South American countries. It may, however, be reasonably inferred from the context.

In Mexico

No step was taken in Washington last week toward the recognition of the new Mexican Government. Armed opposition to President Huerta continues in the State of Sonora and elsewhere in the northern part of Mexico; indeed, the State Congress of Sonora has formally declared the independence of that State from the central Government. There have been engagements between Federal and insurgent forces around Nogales, which is just across the border of Arizona and opposite an American town of the same name; in this fighting a few people were wounded and a child killed on our side of the line, and the officer in command of our troops ordered that firing which endangered life across the border should cease. The indications are that warfare will wage in some parts of northern Mexico as fiercely as it did before the betrayal and assassination of Madero. What makes the Mexican problem seem almost insoluble is the unhappy lack of anything to co-ordinate the people in a combined effort for self-government. Madero was perfectly sincere in his aspiration for real democracy; but he had neither the personal force to bring it about nor the combined, unselfish support of an organized and intelligent public opinion. On the other hand, the material interests of the country, as represented by bankers, owners of great plantations, mining and railway companies (including, we imagine, most of those Americans who have material interests in Mexico), are not unnaturally anxious above all things for peace, and it is to be feared even for peace at any price. The outlook, therefore, for real, representative self-government is unfortunately very slight; and the prosperity and enlightenment of the country are likely, for a time at least, to be subordinated to absolutism, and to the personal rivalries of would-be dictators. Immediate peace may follow the setting up of a new dictatorship founded on treachery and murder, but beyond lie the old problems of the advance towards democracy. Whether conditions will become so bad that outside interference and supervision are necessary, or whether the country, if left to itself, may split

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into several small republics, none can now predict.

Cuba and the United States

The value of the guardianship of Cuban interests by the United States has been shown by the history of the so-called Amnesty Bill. The Cuban Congress passed, and, at least as first reported, President Gomez actually signed, a sweeping bill which was intended to embarrass the incoming Cuban President, Mr. Menocal, and, as the Liberal party in Cuba believes, to protect those who have been accused of robbing the treasury during the Gomez administration. The amnesty granted was very wide and loose in its terms; and while it was chiefly intended to apply to those who were engaged in recent uprisings, it would have set free many hundreds of criminals convicted for ordinary offenses. A curious reason for it was that given in the despatches to the American press, which asserted that there was no money to feed the prisoners, and "the release of a thousand or so is absolutely necessary." A more open confession of incompetency and bad government could hardly be made than this. One of the first official acts, if not the very first, of Secretary Bryan was to protest against this bill in vigorous terms. Within certain limits the United States Government is responsible for Cuban financial stability. Our Government cannot pass by with indifference an attack on the incoming administration which includes pardon of looters of the Cuban treasury. Such pardons would invite future depredations. The result of the remonstrance by the United States has been that President Gomez has expressed his willingness to take the matter up anew, and to ask the Cuban Congress to pass a new bill which should be free from the objections brought against the original bill by the United States. If President Gomez has recalled and vetoed the bill and has asked Congress to pass a bill which shall be unobjectionable, this willingness to accept the advice and warnings of the United States is encouraging. It is asserted that over three thousand convicts would have been liberated under the law, and that only a few hundred of these could possibly come under the description of political offenders, even if among these are to be classed those whose political offense consisted of defalcation in office. Cuba, during the past year, has gone creditably through the crisis of a political party overturn; every one will wish that the party which now comes into power shall have a fair chance to establish and carry on a self-respecting form of constitutional government.

The Progressive Party

An unusually successful meeting of Progressives at Philadelphia last week is one of the many significant indications of the vitality, activity, and enthusiasm which seem now to assure the permanence of the Progressive party as a National political organization. A despatch to the New York "Sun" from Philadelphia, dated March 13, says: "A crowd which completely filled the Metropolitan Opera-House and blocked all streets in the vicinity, when the doors were closed by the police, greeted Theodore Roosevelt to-night at the Progressive rally. Incidentally, nearly twelve thousand dollars was collected in cash and written pledges for the campaign fund before the Colonel made his appearance." Mr. Roosevelt was the chief speaker, and we give, as follows, some detached paragraphs selected from his address, which are indicative of its general tenor:

> Our party is not in power; it is not in office; but it is our duty to formulate public opinion and prepare it so that it shall insist on action along the lines we indicate.
>
> We recognize that party organization and machinery, while imperatively necessary, are of use only if treated as a practical means of securing applied idealism.
>
> The Progressive party has been founded primarily to render social and industrial service. This means, of course, that there must be clean politics. Rotten politics in the end mean rotten business and rotten conditions generally.
>
> The most original form of work which we are undertaking is the work of the Progressive Service. The Progressive Service branch of our party activity is devoted to social research in organized, efficient shape, and is endeavoring to correlate it with the acts of lawmaking bodies and the needs of the public.
>
> We wish the business man to prosper. We hold that the right type of business man is the man who makes money by serving others, and if the service is great we wish the reward to be great. We draw the line on conduct, not on size. We do not intend to destroy big business where it is useful to the people; we intend to keep it, but we intend so to supervise and control it that we can be sure that it will be useful.
>
> We wish to see wages go up if dividends go up. If the man at the top makes a fortune and the man at the bottom only a bare living, we hold that there is something wrong, and we do not intend to rest content until we right that wrong.

The fact that the Progressive party is a political and active embodiment of these prin-

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ciples explains a phenomenon of the times which at first thought seems extraordinary. Thousands of men and women throughout the country are giving President Wilson their cordial support in the progressive policies which he is carrying out in the new Administration, and at the same time are actively supporting the Progressive party. We think the explanation is this: The genuine progressive is loyal to the progressive spirit wherever he finds it; he finds it in President Wilson; he finds it in the Progressive party; he is not yet sure whether President Wilson will finally succeed in his effort to infuse and inspirit the entire Democratic party with it. Politically speaking, this is one of the President's greatest tasks.

Health, in Village, State, and Nation

New York City is the principal gateway of the Nation. Through that gateway pass about a million immigrants a year. If the Nation is to be protected against communicable disease, specifically against those diseases that cause great epidemics, there must be a careful guard maintained. To keep this guard is the duty of the Nation, not of the State; and yet the Health Officer of the Port of New York is not a Federal official, but a State official. New York State is, of course, interested in maintaining the health of its principal city; but it should not be intrusted with the task or burdened with the responsibility of guarding the health of the Nation. That it has performed this function well in the past, on the whole, is no reason for continuing to leave with it this responsibility. It is one of only a very few ports in which the Federal authority is not supreme with regard to health inspection of incoming people. While New York State has thus been doing the work that the Nation ought to do, it has failed to protect adequately the health of the residents of the State itself. The State Health Department has certain powers regarding hygienic conditions in the various towns and villages. For example, if a village wishes to construct a sewage disposal plant, it must first obtain approval for its plans from the State Department. Ordinary health matters, however, are in the hands of local Boards of Health; or, as one newspaper calls them, "Boards of Rural Ill Health." These local Boards are composed of citizens who, as a rule, have no special qualification for their position. The people over whose unhygienic conduct or practices they are supposed to have authority are their neighbors. It is asking too much of ordinary human nature to expect that people will distinguish between an act inspired by public spirit and the sense of duty and the same act or a similar one inspired by unneighborly spite. Naturally, therefore, a local Board of Health is loth to do all that is really necessary in order to maintain its community in really hygienic condition. Having reason to suspect that this is so, Governor Sulzer appointed a Commission, consisting of four physicians and four other citizens, to make an investigation and to report their recommendations. The personnel of this Commission reflects great honor on Governor Sulzer. It is such as to demonstrate the fact that the Governor absolutely disregarded all partisan consideration. The Chairman of the Commission is Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, the general medical officer of the New York Department of Health, and a pathologist of wide reputation; its Secretary, Mr. Homer Folks, whose services in the campaign against tuberculosis are only a part of what he has done to earn public gratitude; the Assistant Secretary is Mr. John A. Kingsbury, whose public-spirited activities have extended far beyond his post as General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The Commission of which these men are officers has made its report.

What the Commission Found

The report of this Commission should be widely circulated. It concerns not merely conditions in New York State, but conditions which may be expected to prevail wherever local health matters are in the hands of local boards. It gives, for instance, the following minutes of the meeting of a local Board of Health:

——— August 27, 1912.

The regular meeting was held on above date. Absent from meeting ———. The following bills was ordered paid to —— —— for filing 11 Birth Certificates, $2.75. To —— —— for Labors Certificate Book, $3. There being no further business the Board adjourned.

—— ——
Clerk.

The Commission adds this information:

An examination of the minutes of this Board for the entire year discloses no business relating to public health other than the directing that one man's pigeons be restrained from roosting on another man's house, and auditing bills for the burial of dead cats and dogs. In the same village, two years before, an outbreak of smallpox had resulted in an actual expendi-

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ture by the village authorities for quarantine and similar purposes of $1,400, and the indirect cost to the people of the town involved in the stoppage of business, etc., must have been several times that sum.

For such services as these the members of the local Health Boards receive, as a rule, fees when attending a meeting—frequently two dollars apiece. On the other hand, the health officers, that is, the medical men employed by the local Boards of Health, are not only ridiculously underpaid, but are often, if not usually, called upon to sacrifice their own practice without being afforded any adequate provision for doing their public work efficiently. The consequence of this state of affairs is that, whereas the death rate of the cities of the State has been remarkably reduced within the last ten years (from 1,915.1 per hundred thousand in 1904, the highest point of the decade, to 1,466.), the rural rate has actually increased over a hundred (for instance, from 1,404.7 to 1,521.1), and has remained higher than the city rate for the last two years. It is the recommendation of this Commission that these town and village Health Boards be abolished and that the supervision of the local health authorities be vested in the State Commissioner of Health. Certain functions now exercised by local Health Boards would be transferred to village and town trustees. The local health officers would be charged with certain specific duties, including the examination of school children and public education regarding health. Specific proposals for dealing with vital statistics, community nurses, the fight against tuberculosis, the control of contagious diseases, child hygiene, the extension of laboratory facilities, and the like, are made. The Commission is continued in office by the Governor to make further recommendations. Meantime those it has made should be heeded and as far as practicable carried out. At about the same time with the publication of this report has come the recommendation from the Chairman of another commission, Mr. John N. Carlisle, that the quarantine station of the port of New York be transferred to the Federal authorities. State politicians who value this source of political patronage do not approve this proposal; but that is not a consideration that is of interest to the public of New York State, to say nothing of the Nation. If New York State pays heed to these two proposals, yielding up to the Federal Government the quarantine office of the Nation's chief port and turning its attention to the maintenance of conditions of health in the small towns, villages, and rural regions of the State, it will render a benefit both to itself and to the Nation at large.

Constructive Proposals for the New York Police

While the District Attorney of New York County has been receiving further evidence by the direct testimony of traffickers in vice concerning the alliance between such traffickers and the New York City police, there has been published a preliminary report by the special committee of the Board of Aldermen that has been investigating police conditions. This commission was appointed last August. Under the wise and brave legal direction of Mr. Emory R. Buckner, who has acted as counsel for this committee, of which Alderman Henry H. Curran is Chairman, there has been elicited a large body of facts as well as an almost equally valuable body of opinion. On this the report is based. Certain of the recommendations which this committee thus provisionally makes concern the conditions that are to some degree peculiar to New York. Two of its recommendations, however, seem to us applicable to any large city. It recommends, first, that there shall be a larger measure of home rule in respect both to the enactment and to the enforcement of the regulations under which the people of the city live. Second, it recommends that responsibility for the administration of the police be concentrated. During the days of Tweed a cartoon by Nast represented a circle of Tammany office-holders, each of whom was pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the man next to him. That still represents in far too great a degree the theory on which our government is conducted in State and city, and particularly it is far too true in regard to the organization of the police and the enforcement of the laws. The committee recommends that the Police Commissioner be appointed by the Mayor for a term of eight years, and be removable, by Governor or Mayor, only upon charges. These charges may be preferred either by the Mayor, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, or the Board of Aldermen. During the past eleven years there have been eight Commissioners of Police in New York City. What respect can a police officer have for the authority of a Commissioner whose tenure of office is so insecure, especially when he knows that his own is far

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more secure? The other recommendations with regard to the organization of the police are in accordance with this principle that there should be no division of responsibility. For that reason the committee expresses its opposition to the suggestion that corruption in the Police Department can be eliminated by the creation of a special Department or Board to deal with vice. This would simply turn corruption from one direction into another, with an actual loss of efficiency. These two recommendations as to home rule and concentration of responsibility seem highly reasonable.

Wisconsin's Compensation Law a Success

One by one the sixteen States that have put Workmen's Compensation to the test in the last three years are giving their verdicts. A year and a half ago we called attention to the Wisconsin law and to the decision by Chief Justice Winslow upholding the legal, economic, and humanitarian principles involved. There are now about ninety thousand employees under the act—workmen whose employers have voluntarily agreed to settle their damage suits according to a schedule of rates fixed by the Industrial Commission, paying for all injury except that resulting from willful negligence on the part of the workman. Those employers who do not so agree, shortsightedly preferring to settle injury cases in the law courts as in the past, have only one defense where formerly they had three—that is, the negligence of the injured man. In Wisconsin, as in other States in which compensation laws are in force, the carelessness of a fellow-servant can no longer cheat the injured man out of his compensation. Neither can he be said to have voluntarily assumed the risk of his occupation, for it is generally recognized that the earning of daily bread is a matter of necessity in which the average worker must obtain such employment as is available, and in that employment he has no control over the risks involved. The abrogation of these time-worn defenses of the employer marks a long step toward the newer ideal of justice whereby an industry is made to bear its own burdens, and bear them in such a way that relief is immediate, definite, and adequate. The fact that few cases are brought before the Industrial Commission because of disagreement of parties, or of the unwillingness of either to abide by the act as agreed, speaks well for its fairness. A study of the awards made in the few cases that the Commission has been called upon to decide leaves no doubt as to the benefits to the workman. Moreover, all employers report that their men "seem satisfied with the act." Perhaps the highest tribute to come from an employer was that of a street railway company employing four thousand men. Its agent said, "You have made it possible for us to dismiss our lawyers. Though paying heavy damages for injuries, we regard the Compensation Act as one of the greatest improvements ever made in Wisconsin law." A brewing company's treasurer writes: "The law places us in such a position that in any case where we are at all liable we shall not be pestered by attorneys." And the representative of a granite company expresses his approval of the law both as to costs and as to prompt remuneration of employees. His letter throws light upon the additional point of prevention when he says: "The trend of the law will be toward the elimination of the careless, reckless, and inefficient workman, which, of course, will raise the standard of labor, with increased compensation, as employers will not take chances with cheap, inefficient help when the certainty of liability is known." Such is the evidence of Wisconsin, which has given Workman's Compensation a good trial. The States that are now considering similar laws should take note of this evidence of success.

Rudolf Eucken

The year 1913 should stand out in the history of American culture. It marks a popular awakening in the direction of philosophy. This awakening is immediately due to two men who have been lecturing here, Henri Bergson and Rudolf Eucken. M. Bergson is a Frenchman, a professor at the Collège de France in Paris, and the author of some notable books. Herr Eucken is a German, a professor at the University of Jena, and also the author of notable books; they have been such as to win for their author the Nobel prize decreed to the creator of specially noteworthy literature of "an idealistic character." The difference in the appearance and manner of the two philosophers is striking. While neither is a tall man, and neither is thick-set, Professor Bergson is thin, pale, attenuated-looking, but with a singularly clear and penetrating glance. On the other hand, Professor Eucken's warmly expressive eyes, ruddy face, fine complexion, set off as it is by his white beard and

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hair, give to him, if not quite the air of Santa Claus, at least the appearance of "der gute alte Onkel"—the good old uncle—in many a German play. This impression is further emphasized by Dr. Eucken's manner of speech. Instead of the Frenchman's low but clear, steady, and exquisitely modulated voice, you have in the German a more emotional and explosive quality. Reminding one a little of a megaphone, Herr Eucken projects his voice into various parts of the hall, as if to awaken here and there some particular portion of the audience. The two men, however, have qualities in common—their earnestness, their evident sincerity, the quiet assurance that their philosophies will stand the test of time. In personality and achievement they are noteworthy men. American audiences have now, fortunately, had the chance of hearing them. Still more fortunately, because of their lectures Americans have discovered that philosophy is, after all, not merely an academic pursuit to be relegated to the lecture-room and the study, but a practical guide that can be used by the business man at any moment of his busy life.

Art and Morality

As German Exchange Professor, Dr. Eucken has been lecturing at Harvard University. He lately began a course of lectures in New York City, which immediately followed the close of the Bergson lectures in the metropolis. One of Professor Eucken's lectures was given at the National Arts Club in Gramercy Park, and had as its subject "Art and Morality." This lecture should be published in pamphlet form to benefit those who are always speculating as to whether art should be the handmaid of morality or morality the handmaid of art, and who never seem to get anywhere. In this lecture Professor Eucken reviewed the history of art and morality from the time of the ancient Greeks to our own day. Suggestive references were made to Plato, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Dante, the Renaissance, the Reformation, Kant, and Goethe. History shows, Professor Eucken holds, that morality and art have often clashed; it also shows that in those cases of clashing neither morality nor art was comprehended in a high and right sense. While the lecturer did not claim that art should always be the handmaid of morality, he concluded that there is nothing essentially antagonistic between them. On the contrary, on the highest planes they should always be allied forces to be used in the attainment of the ideal. Indeed, at the greatest heights, Professor Eucken asserted, art and morality coalesce. Art, he declared, is freedom, morality is spiritual depth, and both are necessary weapons with which to attain the desired conquest in the battle of life.

The Olive Mead Quartette

Among the numerous musical performances in large cities — including operas and orchestral concerts before audiences consisting of thousands of people—such a concert as that of the Olive Mead Quartette in New York City last week is likely to be overlooked. It is doubtful, however, whether the art of music would not suffer more from the abandonment of such concerts as that than from the abolition of all orchestral and operatic performances. There is nothing esoteric, as some are inclined to believe, about chamber music. On the contrary, there is no form of music which is more available for all sorts of people and all sorts of communities than such music as the Olive Mead Quartette plays. Opera cannot flourish without the lavish expenditure of money, and cannot be performed except in cities large enough to supply audiences of considerable size and composed in part at least of wealthy patrons. Orchestral concerts, too, depend upon large funds for support, and are necessarily confined to centers of population. Chamber music, on the other hand, is best when it is confined to a small space. There is no village of moderate size that would be debarred from the enjoyment of chamber music for any financial reason. Moreover, the literature of chamber music is as rich in masterpieces and as varied as any other department of music. Indeed, if musical appreciation and a fair degree of musical skill were sufficiently diffused among the people, an inexhaustible source of musical wealth would be available wherever amateurs could gather together by fours or fives to play for their own enjoyment. That might be reasonably considered the ideal. Next to it is such a concert as that of the Olive Mead Quartette. It is, in fact, hardly fair to call it anything so formal as a concert. There was no sense of being played at. The members of the Quartette (Olive Mead, Vera Fonaroff, Gladys North, and Lillian Littlehales), later assisted by Ernesto Consolo at the pianoforte, played together as if for their own enjoyment

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alone, an enjoyment heightened by the fact that the audience participated in it. No higher praise can be given to a musician than that. The very smallness of the hall (Rumford Hall on Forty-first Street) was essential to this absence of separation between the performers and the audience. When the light that stood on the pianoforte shone unpleasantly in the eyes of some present, a gentleman near by rose from his seat during a pause in the programme and turned the shade. At a concert that would be impossible; but when a company of people assemble to enjoy music in common, it would scarcely be surprising if some one of them should exchange places with one of the players.

The Programme

Under such circumstances the music invites, not criticism, but reflection. There was first the familiar C Major Quartette of Mozart. If the man that wrote that had never been heard of before, one could have been sure that he looked on the world with a brave heart and shining face, ready, perhaps too ready, to ignore trouble and care and sorrow, but a cheerful and companionable soul withal. Then came the E flat Major Quartette of Dittersdorf. Who was Dittersdorf? The music answered. He surely wore a peruke and knee-breeches, and his wife must have heightened the bloom of her complexion by wearing a small patch of black courtplaster on her cheek. Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf did not quite see the nineteenth century come in. He died at sixty years of age in 1799. His music has largely been forgotten. He belonged to that period which had no mind for the big message of Bach and was not yet ready for the tragic earnestness of Beethoven. It did its share, however, in polishing up the newer forms of music. The finale of this quartette of Dittersdorf's is a little more excited and dramatic than one would naturally expect of a man in small-clothes, and rather refreshing for that very reason. Last came the great Pianoforte Quintette of Brahms. Not even in his symphonies has the genius of Brahms a wider sweep. With the two violins, a viola, a 'cello, and a pianoforte, Brahms produced in his hearers a sense of vastness that many great composers cannot command with a full orchestra. In these days when writers of music, like painters of pictures, are seeking for "self-expression" so that they may display their own souls, whether their souls when displayed are interesting or not, it is a satisfaction to note that Brahms, who keeps his soul to himself as much as Shakespeare does, finds more and more people willing to follow him into the wide reaches of space—or, if not so far, at least to some point outside themselves—where they can look out on the world and see how it fares. Mr. Consolo and the Quartette lent themselves to this masculine music with understanding. Whatever success attends the Olive Mead Quartette will come as the result of a competent and sincere devotion to the high requirements of their art.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Challenge

Who was not interested in the announcement that Sir Thomas Lipton would try again to recover the America's cup? It is ten years since he made his last effort; but now he comes back again with a challenge to the New York Yacht Club, the holder of the cup. The America's cup was once called the Queen's cup. It was offered in the Royal Yacht Squadron contest in a course around the Isle of Wight The cup was won by our schooner America, and in 1857 the owners of the cup deeded it to the New York Yacht Club to hold as an international trophy. Thirteen years passed before an attempt was made to win back the cup. The British yacht Cambria made the attempt and lost the race. The next year the Livonia, another British yacht, met a similar defeat, as did the Canadian challengers in 1875 and 1881. Then followed the British defeats of 1885 and 1887, 1893 and 1895. It will be remembered that in the races of 1893 and 1895 the Earl of Dunraven, the well-known Irish peer, sailed the Valkyrie II and III, respectively, and that he attributed his second defeat to the crowded course, a sharp controversy ensuing. Perhaps because of this controversy, no further challenge was received until 1899. In that year Sir Thomas Lipton entered the field with the Shamrock. She was opposed and beaten by our yacht the Columbia. Two years later Sir Thomas brought over Shamrock II, but was again defeated by the Columbia. Still two years later Sir Thomas brought out the third of the Shamrocks to race with our Reliance, and again he was beaten. Sir Thomas Lipton now has a fourth Shamrock, which has been winning a number of races in European waters. He wanted to enter her against the

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defender of the America's cup; but in order to have a race, Sir Thomas must withdraw his condition that the defending vessel shall not exceed seventy-five feet in length on the water-line. Such a condition would deprive the New York Yacht Club of the right given to it, by the deed-of-gift under which the Club holds the cup, to select a vessel of any size it pleases, provided it be not less than sixty-five feet or more than ninety feet in length on the water-line. Sir Thomas's imposed condition led the New York Yacht Club to decline his latest challenge. In declining it, however, the New York club declared its desire to accept an unconditional challenge similar to those it received in the past.

Will Austria-Hungary Break Up?

"Fabricius" is the pen name of a writer on politics. His articles have a note of authority. The latest appears in the February number of the London "Fortnightly Review" (now published monthly) and has as its subject present conditions in Austria-Hungary. "Fabricius" takes a gloomy view of that country. He says it is breaking down racially, nationally, ecclesiastically, and socially. First, as to the racial situation, Austria-Hungary comprises a population of, say, 50,000,000, divided racially as follows: Germans, about twelve millions; Magyars, about ten millions; Czechs, about six millions; Poles, about five millions; Ruthenians, about four millions; Servians, about four millions; Rumanians, about three millions; Croatians, about two millions; Slovaks, about two millions; Slovenes, about one million; and Italians, less than one million. These are the main racial divisions. There are also subdivisions. It is wonderful that they all have been able so long to be kept together under one government. But the empire has never been a national empire. It is rather "a collection of huge estates acquired by the reigning family." Under these circumstances no really national fiber can be developed, and the implication is that only by the development of such a fiber can an empire really last. In the old days the Austrians were largely of one religion, the Roman Catholic. They are so still, but there has been an increasing element of another religion added—the Greek Catholic. The present proportion of the population is about thirty-four million Roman Catholics, about nine million Greek Catholics, about four million Protestants, about two million Jews, and less than a million Mohammedans. Then we come to the social menace. Nowhere in the civilized world, we are told, are domestic servants so enslaved by their masters and mistresses. "Ich küss die Hand" is a universal expression in Austria, but as applied by servants it means an oppression which does not exist elsewhere. Again, there is a laxness of morals; in certain provinces, "Fabricius" tells us, the illegitimacy of birth constitutes from thirty to forty per cent. Finally, there is the question of illiteracy. In one case of ten thousand German troops there were found only three illiterates, but in one case of ten thousand Austrian troops there were twenty-two hundred unable to read or write!

The Austrian Balkan Policy

The above view of racial, national, ecclesiastical, and social conditions in Austria-Hungary is but a prelude to the consideration by "Fabricius" of a very immediate matter—the Empire's foreign policy with regard to the Balkan Peninsula. In order to atone for the Austrian loss of Italian and German territory by reason of the wars of half a century ago, Bismarck cleverly directed Austria's attention to the expansion of influence in the Balkans. Notwithstanding the fact that the former Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina have very greatly thriven since the Treaty of Berlin in 1878 placed them under Austrian domination, the fact to be borne in mind is that through them Austria hopes the quicker to reach Salonika, the principal port on the Ægean Sea. Austria wants to assure herself of the commercial road thither, and hence would control any necessary part of the Balkan Peninsula. To this end, Austrian foreign policy has been, "Fabricius" tells us, to keep the Balkan States—Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, Turkey—weak and divided, and, furthermore, "Austria-Hungary has never favored good government, human progress, liberty, and reform" in these countries. Alongside the road to Salonika lie Servia on one side and Albania on the other. Austria's desire to weaken Servia has gone so far, thinks this author, that she would gladly create a big Bulgaria by adding to it most of Servia, taking for herself a small part, thus binding Bulgaria to her by ties of

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gratitude. As to Albania, "Fabricius" refers to a "political agitation carried on on behalf of the Austrian Government by the Roman Catholic clergy in Albania." It would be interesting to discover whether the Roman Catholic clergy in Albania have not been carrying on just as much of an Italian propaganda there. At all events, "Fabricius" claims with reason that Austria's Albanian policy is anti-Servian, if we may believe the report last week that she objected to Servian aid to Montenegro in besieging Scutari, because, forsooth, she wants that place to be the capital of an independent Albania, and she knows that, if the Montenegrins capture the town, they will insist on adding it and the region about it to their kingdom. Many observers of Austria-Hungary will hardly agree with all the statements made by "Fabricius," but his article is a notable contribution to the better understanding of the situation in the Near East.

The Military Fever

The last few weeks have seen a sudden outbreak of the military fever in Europe. Hardly a country has escaped. The fever broke out in Germany, on the announcement that the new military bill would add no less than 84,000 recruits to the annual contingent, and that the army's peace footing would be increased by 168,000 men. Of course this has to be paid for. Hence a tax was proposed on property, so as to secure at once a quarter of a billion dollars, and another quarter of a billion later. The severest critics of the tax have naturally been in Germany itself. The Berlin "Börsen Courier" declares that such a measure is equivalent to saying that "this tax is the last sheet-anchor of an impoverished country." The radical "Frankfurter Zeitung" thinks the proposed expenditure "a proper product of the drunkenness over armaments." The proposal has had its effect abroad. First of all, it has scared France into reviving the three-year system of compulsory service, and into voting an immense sum to be devoted to armaments. On Germany's other frontier, Russia is enlarging her army by three corps. Austria also proposes an army increase. In Great Britain there is a revival of the discussion of conscription for universal military service. Even in the small states like Belgium and Switzerland there are proposals for army expansion and the strengthening of forts. Finally, in Italy, the fever happened to coincide with the inauguration of a system by which, by pressing a button twenty miles away, the Simplon tunnel could be blown to atoms, thus preventing a foreign army coming through it from the north. What was the cause of this fever? It was the success of the Balkan allies. They can put into the field, first and last, practically a million men worthy of their steel. Viewed in the light of the present war, these men form no longer four forces, but one. In other words, a new military power has arisen in Europe. It has upset the military balance. A new balance must be created. It cannot be made except by increasing certain armies of the Great Powers. This is hardly sufficient argument, however, for Europe's impoverishment.

Common Sense in Buying Pictures

The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy issues a quarterly publication, "Academy Notes." The latest number contains a suggestion which should be widely circulated. The Director of the Albright Gallery, under the Academy's control, receives many letters from dealers in old pictures who offer these works for sale. In the "Academy Notes" the Director declares that the Academy has no disposition to buy pictures just so that it can boast of possessing an example of the work of this or that noted painter. On the other hand, the Academy thinks it better "to organize a collection of works of sterling artistic quality . . . than a collection which might figure more advantageously in a catalogue than on the walls of a gallery." With this ideal there is a greater chance for the canvases of living painters. The best work of certain young painters "is worthy of representation in any museum in the world," and the museums of to-day, investing in characteristic works by these men, "may take pride in such acquisitions." Nor will they regret their purchases in the future, "whether regarding them in the light of artistic or financial investments." It is true, as this paper reminds us that during the past few years "the advancement in technical ability among artists has been wonderful;" and that "it behooves us to recognize these men while they are with us, and to secure their most noteworthy productions for our museums while these institutions find it possible to acquire such works with the resources at their command."

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THE GREAT ADVENTURE

As our Easter message, we commend to any who "through fear of death are all their life subject to bondage" a little book by Miss Louise Pond Jewell entitled "The Great Adventure." Whether it is fiction or biography we do not know. We judge from its character that it is fiction founded on fact.

A little girl has a baby sister to whom she is devoted. The baby sister is taken sick; two or three days later some friends assemble in the parlor; the little girl is led into the room. On the marble-top center table stands a long, narrow little box. The minister reads from the Bible and offers a prayer. The people look into the box; Carroll is invited to look in too, and is horrified to find therein her baby sister. The tragedy of the burial which takes place is unexplained to her. And when the mother attempts to offer her comfort by saying, "Baby's soul is with God," Carroll replies, "I do not care anything about her soul. I want to see *her*." What a soul is and what it has to do with the baby sister is not explained to her, nor has she any faintest conception on the subject.

A few days later her uncle gives her a small branch of a tree with a queer brown growth attached to it, and, without making any further comment, explains to her about the cocoon and bids her watch for what shall happen. She keeps careful watch upon it, and in a few days has the felicity of seeing the cocoon open and the moth come out and fly away. She draws her own conclusion, that the winged creature is the soul of the cocoon, and so there is born in her a childish but real faith in immortality.

The rest of the story is simply the development of this idea of immortality as it grows into a living and vital realization of the truth. Her mother dies, and she comes under the charge of an aunt whose religious beliefs are of the conventional type. A deacon in the church dies, and her aunt announces it in the sentence, "Poor Deacon Everett is dead." "Why do you say poor?" asks Carroll. "If he is a good man, he has gone to heaven. Why should we think death dreadful which takes the good man out of earth to heaven?" She gets no answer save the conventional one, "We should be prepared any moment for the summons to meet our Maker." To Carroll the expectation of this summons brings no apprehension. "I always did like surprises, and that is going to be such a big surprise; for, after all, we really do not know anything about it. Sometimes I feel as if I can hardly wait." A few weeks later the aunt finds Carroll in the house, her face buried in her arms and deep sobs shaking her from head to foot.

"What is the matter?"

"Poor Mary Royce is going to Berlin to study music, and will be gone three years at least."

"Why, I know that, child; but why on earth do you say 'poor' Mary? It is the thing she has been counting on for years, all her life you might say. . . ."

"But her poor family!"

"Good gracious, Carroll, don't you know the plan is for the family to go over and visit her in a year or two?"

"Well," said Carroll, raising somewhat shamed but dancing eyes, "you said 'poor' Deacon Everett."

Invalidism attacks her. The doctor gives her first but a few months, then a few weeks, then a few hours to live. Her friends call on her and find her full of excited interest in what is to happen. "I feel awfully, tremendously excited. I never dreamed I should be so stirred up about it. But it does seem so incredible and so splendid that I am actually about to start at last on The Great Adventure." When, the next day, her friends call at the house, there is no crape on the door, the curtains are drawn back as usual, the bedroom where she lay is full of sunlight, and her body has been carried to the burial without a funeral. Her aunt explains: "She said I must think just as Mrs. Royce did of Mary when she went to Europe to study music."

Doubtless all this seems very strange, but is there really any reason why it should seem strange? If the future world is real to us, why should we dread the order of departure for it? why should it not be to all of us the Great Adventure? Why should we not look forward to it with anticipation, not with apprehension? Regret at leaving our work and our friends here there may be and must be, as there are regrets in the mind of the traveler when he leaves his home for a trip abroad, or in the mind of the bride when, with joyful anticipation, she passes from the old home to her new and wholly unknown home. But surely if we believe that to depart and be with Christ is far better; if we believe that he has gone but to prepare a place for us; if we believe

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that our friends are on the foreign shore, which to those who have friends there is foreign in name rather than in reality; if we believe that to die is to enter into life immortal—why should not the anticipation overbalance the regret, why should we not enter on the Great Adventure with glad expectations?

THE PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS

It has long been recognized that American executives are hampered in the important work they have to do by the attention they are called upon to give to office-seekers. President Wilson has indicated that he purposes to reduce this to something more nearly normal in proportion.

His method is to refer all office-seekers to the heads of the various departments. If, for instance, a man goes to Washington with the hope that he may be appointed Consul at Turin, he is referred to the Department of State; if he wishes to be appointed Indian Agent, he is referred to the Department of the Interior. This, we believe, is to be the practice even if his claims are presented by his Senator or Representative in Congress. If President Wilson, while following this plan, can still maintain his hold on all the principal executive offices, so that this Administration will be his Administration and those in charge of the work of carrying out his policies will be conscious of their direct personal relationship not only with the Department head but also with the President himself, he will have eliminated the waste of a great deal of his own energy—energy which the country can ill afford to have wasted.

There is nothing in politics more delusive than the idea that the control of patronage is a source of strength to a man in public office. For every "piece of pie" he distributes he receives the blessings of one man, but the maledictions of perhaps ten or a score of disappointed applicants. So long, however, as one Congressman controls any patronage, all his fellows want an equal share; for it is not so bad to disappoint nine out of ten as to disappoint all ten without exception. Possibly President Wilson's policy as to appointments will bring relief not only to himself but to the Democratic Senators and Representatives as well. It is to be hoped so; for with a change of parties at the same time with a change of Presidents, the need of special relief to meet the specially hungry throng of seekers after office is obvious.

President Wilson is well known to be a firm believer in the merit system. This is shown in a practical way, not only by the policy regarding office-seekers, but specifically by one of his appointments. In reappointing Mr. Neill to be Commissioner of Labor Statistics President Wilson has made it clear that he intends to regard high public service as the supreme measure of a public officer. Commissioner Neill, though holding his office in two Republican administrations, has administered the duties of his office in a complete spirit of non-partisanship. In industrial disputes he has demonstrated his ability as conciliator time and time again. The opposition to his appointment offered by certain Senators is to his credit, for it has its origin in his reports about child labor in certain States. These are States in which organized labor is weak and—children have no votes. If these Senators are going to bring on a contest with the President on that point, they will be doing him a favor. There is nothing on which the most effective public sentiment is becoming more clear than the conviction that any industry that rests upon the toil of little children must find another basis.

Another of President Wilson's appointments, although it is that of a Democrat, calls attention to the extent to which non-partisanship has already had a place in the Federal Government. By the reappointment of Alvey A. Adee, as Assistant Secretary of State, President Wilson continues in public office a man who has been in the diplomatic service for forty-three years. He started as Secretary to the Legation at Madrid. From that time he rose through various posts until he became Third Assistant Secretary, and finally, in 1886, Second Assistant Secretary of State. The position he holds calls for continuity in tenure of office. Its occupant should be, as is Mr. Adee, an authority on every phase of foreign affairs. In addition to being a diplomat, Mr. Adee is a scholar, a linguist, and a scientist.

It would probably be too much to expect that this principle of continuity in office, so admirably illustrated by Mr. Adee's reappointment, should be exemplified in the reappointment of Assistant Postmasters-General. There is, however, no reason that we can see for changing these officials with the change of administration. Whatever change in policy is necessary is sufficiently secured by the

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selection of the Postmaster-General. While President Wilson's appointment of new Assistant Postmasters-General can hardly, perhaps, be made the subject of criticism, the time ought soon to come when those officials will have the same kind of continuity in office as has been exemplified in the position of Second Assistant Secretary of State.

On the whole, therefore, the new President's appointments carry the country one step farther towards a Civil Service that, so far as offices not dealing with questions of policy are concerned, is based wholly upon merit and not upon political affiliations.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

The following sentence occurs on page 302 of The Outlook for October 12: "I am accustomed to play solitaire, sometimes with a companion," etc. Do you approve of Christians playing cards? or was it merely an illustration to point your assertion?

It might be a sufficient reply to this question to quote the following paragraph from a lecture which I delivered on the "Ethics of Jesus" in 1909 at the University of Pennsylvania:

"The minister is continually asked to-day, 'Where shall I draw the line?' The answer of Jesus Christ, I think, would be, There are no lines. He would not teach that knocking balls around on a green lawn is right because that is croquet, and knocking balls around on a green table is wrong because that is billiards. He would not teach that cards are right if you have historical names on them, and wrong if you have hearts and spades on them. He would not teach that it is right to have a tableau or a charade in a church sociable, and wrong to see a play given by professionals in a theater. He would not teach that it is wrong to wear precious jewels and right to wear precious flowers. He would teach this: No enjoyment is right that does not help to develop manhood and womanhood."

But I think this question calls for a little fuller response.

In 1860–64 I was pastor of a church in Terre Haute, Indiana. Terre Haute is on the railway line between Indianapolis and St. Louis, both of which cities were great gambling centers. The gambling was largely carried on by the use of cards. I was told by a man, whom I believe to have been a professional gambler, that playing-cards were manufactured so that the gambler could tell the face of the card from marks upon the back of the card which would not be noticed by an ordinary player; that it was customary for one of a group of gamblers to go through the country selling this kind of playing-card at a low price to the hotels and stores; and then a few weeks later one of his companions would travel through the same country, inviting to games of cards, and avoiding the suspicion of being a professional gambler by buying the cards which were on sale in the village. Many a young man was at least temporarily injured and some were permanently demoralized by the gambling habit. Under those circumstances I refused to have a pack of cards in my house, or to give any countenance to them, or play them myself, or allow my children to play them.

On the other hand, I heard recently of a mother who found that her boy was surreptitiously playing cards with the coachman in the stable. Thereupon she bought a pack of cards, and, after supper one evening, proposed to have a game with him, and they played regularly every evening until he got weary of that form of recreation and began to look for something else. She was a wise mother.

There is nothing inherently wrong in playing games with cards. Whether such games are right or wrong depends wholly upon circumstances. I am told that there are women in certain circles of society who waste a great deal of time with bridge whist, though they are circles with which I have no personal acquaintance; and other women who gamble with cards, and invite young girls to gamble, sometimes to a very considerable extent. If my life were such that I was brought much into this circle, I should prefer not to know how to play whist, because it would be easier to refuse to play at all than to make selections and play with some and refuse to play with others. On the other hand, it is a decided misfortune for men or women to grow up to mature age without some genuine recreation in which they can take part, and which has sufficient intellectual interest in it to enable them for a time to forget the cares and responsibilities which press upon most of us in our strenuous American life. For such a purpose cards may be as innocent a recreation as dominoes, checkers, or backgammon.

There are some men who waste their time at billiards; others who play golf so vehe-

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mently one day that they are unfitted for their business on the following day. But there are also men and women who grow to be drudges because they have no such recreation as golf or billiards. There are some boys in college who give themselves so enthusiastically to athletics that they have little time for their studies. But there are other boys who so grind away at their studies that they acquire at college neither the physical nor the intellectual life which they need for their work when they graduate. There are boys and girls who in vacation go to the theater every night in the week, and, as a result, lose their interest in the problems of real life with which they have to deal. But there are also some boys and girls who grow up without any cultivation of their imagination, of their emotions, or what might be called their playing faculties.

The broad principle of life seems to me to be this: to have some work in hand in which one is interested, either because the work is interesting or because the product of the work is worth while; and to take that form of recreation which is best fitted to re-create the body, mind, and spirit, when exhausted by its toil, and so fit it for resumption of serious work upon the morrow. No recreation is wrong which really does re-create. No recreation is right which does not re-create. But in the choice of recreation every one should have regard for his social surroundings and the effect of his life and example upon others.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

FOR INTERNATIONAL HELPFULNESS

Dr. R. B. Teusler, who is about to visit the United States for the purpose of interesting Americans in the project for an International Hospital in Tokyo, has a right to claim the attention of our busy people. He has been in Japan twelve years; he came to Japan as a missionary physician and he is still a missionary physician. He has established himself as the foremost foreign surgeon in Japan and one of the foremost in the Far East. He has also gained universal confidence among the Japanese, and among foreigners as well. His devotion, his ability, his sympathy with the country, and his readiness to help, have made him one of the most influential men in Japan.

With him in charge of St. Luke's Hospital in Tokyo is associated Dr. Bliss, who is also a missionary physician. These gentlemen are receiving salaries of $2,250 from the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church. They are earning at least $25,000 a year by outside practice; this entire sum they are turning in for the support of the hospital. In other words, they are not only doing their own work with great skill, but they are paying for that work; they are devoting to the uses of the hospital five times the income they are receiving for their own services. This fact, and what they have accomplished in twelve years, give them a right to ask for aid both in Japan and America for an International Hospital.

St. Luke's has grown from a small beginning in a little Japanese house to an establishment substantially though not adequately housed, providing accommodations for about seventy-five patients. It is open to men of every race without conditions. It has attained such a reputation that it receives patients from all parts of the Far East. It commands the services of the most eminent Japanese surgeons, and the Professors of the medical faculty of the University of Tokyo, men of international reputation, lend it every aid and assistance. It is sorely needed in this great city of more than two million people. There are a number of Japanese hospitals, but they are not equipped or arranged for foreigners. The differences in ways of living, in heating, in food, and in management are so radical that a foreign patient introduces an element of disorder into any Japanese hospital, and, despite the skill and the high intentions of the Japanese surgeons and physicians, is likely to suffer serious injury from the difficulty of making himself understood, and from an environment which is radically different from any to which he has been accustomed. Tokyo not only has a large permanent foreign population connected with the embassies, with the universities and schools, and with the various missionary enterprises, but it is also a center for travelers from all parts of the world, and especially from America. There is just as real a need of a hospital for Americans in Tokyo as in New York or St. Louis or San Francisco.

An effort is now being made to enlarge this very successful but limited institution and to put it on an international basis by an endowment to be raised partly in Japan and partly in the United States. This movement has the cordial support of the most influential

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Japanese. The Prime Minister and other public men of high rank not only indorse it but are making generous contributions of money. Every foreign ambassador in Tokyo strongly commends Dr. Teusler's effort, and those Americans who have visited the country of late years, like President Eliot, are equally cordial in support of the movement.

Nothing could more effectively answer the absurd and mischievous stories which are circulated in America with regard to Japanese aggressions, or the misleading reports of American animosity which are constantly cabled to this country with the evident intention of keeping the Japanese in a state of irritation against the United States, than the establishment of an International Hospital open alike to the Japanese and the foreigner; ministering with the same hand to the needs of this country and of other countries; rising above the murky atmosphere of racial antagonism and dispelling the clouds of misinformation and apprehension which are always gathering on the horizon. As a preacher of peace no voice could be more eloquent or persuasive than the work of such an institution. Americans in Japan very strongly hope that Dr. Teusler's mission will be a success, and they are glad to commend him as a man whose purpose, knowledge, and judgment entitle him to the highest consideration.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Tokyo, Japan.

THE ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES

A POLL OF THE PRESS

PARLIAMENT'S OPENING DAY

LAST week, as King George V was proceeding to the Houses of Parliament to open the spring Parliamentary session, he was petitioned on the way by certain women, militant suffragists, or suffragettes as they are popularly called, to institute legislation to give women a larger voice in the government. Doubtless these women thought that they were acting in accordance with their constitutional privilege of right of petition. There is an ancient statute which expressly establishes the right of the subject to present a "public or private grievance or complaint to any member or members of Parliament, or to the King's Majesty, for any remedy to be thereupon had," says the New York "Evening Sun." But, it adds, "it is very well understood that this does not imply the right of every one who happens to have a grievance to press about the King's coach on his way to Parliament." The paper continues:

It is idle to point to precedent or to seek support in the statute of William and Mary which says "that it is the right of the subject to petition the King." The obvious fact is that it would be impossible for the monarch of the realm to be subject at all times and in all places to the complaints of every one with a grievance.

This was frankly admitted more than three years ago at the trial of eight women who claimed the "constitutional right" of forcing a petition upon the Premier. On that occasion the defendants' counsel granted that under modern conditions the "sacred person" of the King must be protected from superfluous petitioners, and that his duty in this matter "has now been delegated, and justly and properly delegated, to his officers." The constitutional right exists, but must be exercised reasonably. Yesterday's fooleries were in the last degree unreasonable.

The New York "Times" reminds the suffragettes that "if they are such friends of the British constitution as they declare, it behooves them to be content with their constitutional privilege to present their petition to his Majesty through his Ministers." The "Times" adds:

The course they are taking is more revolutionary than that of the Socialists. They [the Socialists] have learned that it is wise to separate theoretical and practical Socialism, because progress towards theoretical Socialism is feasible only through politics. By affiliating themselves with parties they are attaining many Socialistic aims to a degree that would be impossible if they acted as lawlessly as their theories in their rigor require. Direct attacks upon society harden society's heart, and excuse its procedure in self-defense in any manner necessary. The non-militant suffragists might well take the hint and improve upon it.

The New York "World" thus describes the opening of Parliament:

The King and Queen could not even reach Westminster without being waylaid by five suffragettes who tried to hand them petitions.

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All witnesses of the opening of Parliament were examined critically. Every one had to be personally vouched for. The search for explosives in the cellar of Parliament Buildings, a ceremony never omitted since Guy Fawkes's day, was no mere form, but meant looking into every coal-chute where a suffragette could conceal herself or a stick of dynamite. King George wore his crown, which was not the custom of his easy-going father; perhaps he half expected to be blown up and meant to be every inch a king whatever happened. But he never mentioned the universal fear. The "earnest desire to prevent hostilities from spreading" which the King expressed referred to the Balkans. Every one was thinking of "Votes for Women." It was a memorable occasion. Pleasanter to remember than to live through, perhaps.

THE FRANCHISE BILL

A notable feature in the history of the woman suffrage movement in England was the recent withdrawal in the House of Commons of the Franchise Bill. The technical point on which this withdrawal hung was Speaker Lowther's opinion that the male franchise bill would be so changed by the amendments permitting women to vote as to require a new bill. It is a tradition, if not a rule, that a bill must be withdrawn if amendments are added to it materially affecting its form and substance.

The amendments were four. One simply omitted the word "male" from the original bill. Another proposed universal adult suffrage; this would give the ballot to some thirteen millions of women. Another proposed to limit the ballot to women occupying houses, and to wives of occupants; this might enfranchise about seven millions. The fourth proposed that only those women entitled to vote in municipal elections should have the Parliamentary ballot; this number was estimated at something over a million.

The supposed justification of these amendments, says the London "Times," is that women have a "right" to the vote. "For most people that is a very recent discovery; but, whether recent or not, it is a private opinion which every one has the privilege to hold and advocate until a majority is won in favor of it, but which no set of men are entitled to force upon the country until that majority is declared." The London daily reflects the opinion of many other English papers as it thus proceeds:

> Neither man nor woman has any "right" to vote unless and until the right is created by the will of the majority, which is our only rough practical guide to what is best for the community. We do not ourselves believe that the country would gain any advantage from extending the franchise to women. But we readily admit that the thing would have to come, and women for the first time would have a right to the vote, if it were decided by a genuine and incontestable majority of the British people that they ought to have it. Until then there is no right in the case. When that majority is secured beyond doubt or question, the right will become unassailable. At present no one can pretend that such a majority has been proved to exist.

The abandonment of the plan to bring the matter to a vote seems to have been due as much to the divided condition of the Liberal Ministry as to any other cause, says the Louisville "Evening Post." The New York "Evening Post" says of the British Cabinet: "As everybody knows, it is divided on the subject of suffrage. The Cabinet contains several stout champions of the vote for women; it also has some convinced opponents, the Prime Minister among them." Those who agree with the Prime Minister are, affirms the Paris "Temps," Colonel Seely, Secretary of State for War; Mr. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Mr. Harcourt, Secretary of State for the Colonies. Those favoring woman suffrage are Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Haldane, the Lord High Chancellor; Lord Morley, Lord President of the Council; Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General. The danger, the "Temps" pointed out, was that, with this known division of opinion in the Cabinet, "a certain number of Liberals, hostile to woman suffrage, might range themselves in opposition to the bill. That would mean the fall of the Ministry." Thus, concludes the New York "Tribune:" "What the Government regarded as a great and pressing duty to the nation was shirked through fear of being compelled to line up for or against woman suffrage."

HYSTERIA

The Speaker's pronouncement greatly stirred the House, the London "Nation" informs us, "and it will, we are afraid, be used to the disadvantage of the women's cause." "All that the hysterical fighting suffrage women of England will say and do . . . in this matter no mere man can fully conjecture," says the Hartford "Courant," and adds: "They are an inventive bunch, and they have the courage of untrained children." The New York "Tribune" had already declared that the suffragette complications

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nust be regarded as the real cause of the withdrawal of the bill. One is reminded of Father Bernard Vaughan's statement of the real objection to it not long ago. Asked whether he would favor giving women the ballot, he answered: "Give women the ballot? Why, certainly! But stay; let me think! No; it will not do. You see, if we should give women the ballot the suffragettes would claim it also!" Hence, if any one is anxious to know the real reason why the British House of Commons did not give women the ballot, says the Chicago "Inter Ocean," the answer is, "The militant suffragettes!" It continues: "For this failure the women of England who really desire to vote and believe that they ought to have the suffrage can blame the violent measures of the militant suffragettes." These measures included window-smashing, letter-smearing, wire-cutting and the turning in of false alarms, the destruction of flower-beds, and other antics, all of which seemed to be intensified after the failure of the House of Commons to legislate as the militant suffragists wished. "The militant suffragists are showing their indignation at the abandonment of the Franchise Bill and the amendment by rioting," reports "America." "Shop windows are boarded up to protect them. The women threaten worse things than window-breaking, talking even of burning London. The Parisian pétroleuse of 1870 finds sisters among the ladies of England." Smashing the plate-glass windows of entirely innocent and mostly disinterested shopkeepers is a grotesque form of reprisal for governmental policy, declares the Milwaukee "Sentinel," and adds:

> Such reprisals in mere rowdyism and lawlessness provoke popular counter-reprisals of the same order, and it is no wonder that the street crowds are beginning to show an ugly temper. The London mob has never shown the tigerish ferocity of which the Paris mob is capable, but it can exhibit a rough brutality all its own.
>
> The London police were hard put to it last Tuesday to save the rioting mænads from rough handling. With further demonstrations the crowds are likely to get out of hand altogether, and the conventional sex immunity of the female rowdy from the physical liabilities of the male of the species may vanish. When women forget their sex and presume too far on its privileges, men are apt to forget it also. It will not be long before there will be a rule of something like equal physical treatment for the female and the male rowdy.

At all events, thinks another "Sentinel," that of Knoxville, Tennessee, "England will be glad to learn that Mrs. Pankhurst, the suffragette leader, is suffering from a nervous breakdown. The rest of the country is approaching a similar state."

GOLF AND SUFFRAGITIS

An amusing feature of militancy was the invasion of the park at Balmoral, the King's residence in Scotland. Says the New York "Times:"

> The whole world awaits an expression of the opinion—not of King George but of Queen Mary—of the militant women who invaded the royal grounds at Balmoral and substituted purple "votes for women" banners for the flags marking the holes on the King's private golf course.

But England, it appears, has also suffered in this respect. Says the New York "Sun:"

> In raiding the golf links of England the suffragettes have committed a sacrilege that pierces the complacency of the most stolid Englishman. There is nothing that he venerates more in these latter days than the Royal and Ancient Game. Wars may come and wars may go, but, lost to pride of lineage and oblivious of the renown of England on many a hard-fought field, he would rather drive off from the tee and hole out on the putting green than see his name in the Gazette. . . . But . . .
>
> There is a Ladies' Golfing Union, an influential and popular organization. The suffragettes had better have a care how they tamper with its links. A technical blunder may be made if they push their desecrations too far. The male golfers have no more courage than sheep in such a crisis, but a rally of the lady golfers would scatter the suffragettes and their cause like chaff.

With a similar lightness of touch, another New York paper, the "Tribune," suggests that it might be worth while for the Rockefeller Institute or the Pasteur Institute to investigate the case with a view to discovering and segregating the bacillus, bacterium, germ, or whatever it may be called, of suffragitis, and then, through successive cultures, producing a serum which will combat and counteract it.

It is the firm conviction of the Los Angeles "Express" that the British suffragette will gain time as well as save a great deal of wear and tear if she will consent radically to change her tactics, abandon her unwomanly assaults on individuals and attacks on property, rearrange her back hair, put her shoes on, throw away her horseshoes, cobble-stones, and pig-iron, and appeal to the real manhood of the British Empire. The paper adds:

> If the women of England rely on physical strength and outrage to win their fight, and expect their enemies to yield rather than perpetuate a warfare that is a national disgrace, the end of the struggle is probably far off. No woman ever won respect or lasting consideration

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by running amuck and making a nuisance of herself.

If the English suffragettes abandon this miserable and often disgraceful contest of physical strength and resort to saner methods, the inborn Anglo-Saxon love of justice will ultimately gain them that to which they are entitled.

WHAT DOES HISTORY SHOW?

And yet the Philadelphia "North American," referring to the violence of agitators, says: "Nearly every reform in British politics has been wrung from the ruling powers by riot;" to which the Milwaukee "Sentinel" adds:

The "physical force" wing of suffragism might plausibly plead that there is method, nay, historically demonstrated necessity, in its apparent madness.

It may cite the fact that the great ballot reform movement culminating in the "Chartist" tumults of 1849 gained the hearing that led to victory solely by dint of physical demonstrations which showed Parliament and the Government that it must be heard and attended to, or a resort to force would result.

It may cite Gladstone, who admitted that every great political reform in England has been more or less a concession to physical force or an imminent prospect of it, and, for instance, that "the Irish Church was disestablished, not by the spirit of liberalism, but by the explosion which wrecked Clerkenwell prison."

Not so, says the Louisville "Post:"

When the careful student turns to the long line of great reforms that were granted in Great Britain from the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832 to the demolition of the political power of the House of Lords in 1910, it will be seen that hardly one step was gained by "riot," and that many needed reforms have been held back because of lawless acts by some of their supporters.

The British Kingdom was in a ferment in 1832 over the question of Parliamentary reform, but the riots at Bristol and Edinburgh nearly killed the bill. It was finally passed because the people wanted it, and not until after the rioters had been sternly punished.

Home Rule for Ireland would have come years ago had it not been for certain acts of violence in that country. The improvement of the Irish land laws was delayed a full quarter of a century for the same cause.

There was no rioting in progress in England when Lord Ashley's factory laws were adopted. The Luddite riots of 1811 delayed those reforms a full thirty years.

In later times Mr. Gladstone pushed through some of the most memorable reforms ever enacted by Parliament without the aid of a single "riot" and unhampered by any violent supporters. The reforms brought about by the present Liberal Ministry have all been possible without rioting.

Very well, then: looking facts in the face, concludes the Milwaukee "Sentinel," it is an open question whether or not militant suffragetteism has accelerated votes for women in England. "One thing is certain; it has set all England to thinking about, and Parliament to debating seriously, a question which theretofore was a comparatively academic debating society topic."

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

It is difficult for the American observer to understand the furious and almost revolutionary spirit of the English suffragettes, comments the Baltimore "Evening Sun." It adds:

It is true that real enthusiasm and persistence are feminine traits the world over; and that when the female heart is enlisted in any cause, whether it be in peace or in war, she [woman] is far more uncompromising, far more relentless, far more deadly in her militancy than man. Witness the French Revolution, and witness every human struggle in which her sympathies have been keenly engaged.

But the question that occurs to every one on this side of the water is, Why is there such a difference between the methods and the spirit of the English suffragist women and their American sisters? Is there a difference in the situation, or is there a difference in the women of the two countries? Or is there a difference in the attitude of the men in England and in the United States? . . . Making full allowance for the radicalism and emotionalism of the feminine nature, it seems clear there must be elements in the English situation which give the struggle its peculiar bitterness and fierceness. For one thing, the suffrage battle has been a long one, in which the feminine hosts have been cheered by few victories and in which their hopes have been almost continuously disappointed. Their long years of failure have exasperated and incensed them, and they have become more desperate and reckless with every repulse. . . . But there is another reason for the difference in the suffragist attitude in England and in this country. . . . The comfort of the English husband and the future of the English son have been the first thought; the mother and the daughter came second. In the United States, as we all know, the case has been almost the reverse. Perhaps a third reason may partially account for the fact that this question has caused a conflagration in England, while it has produced only an appeal to reason with us. The large excess of women over men has increased to huge proportions the army of the unmarried, many of whom probably would be otherwise employed if they had some other objects of interest.

Be this as it may, concludes the Buffalo "Express," American women are rapidly gaining the ballot without rioting for it. "Englishwomen would better deserve to succeed and probably would succeed much sooner if they were content to appeal to reason."

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PRESIDENT WILSON
AND
HIS CABINET

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
SECRETARY OF STATE

WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

LINDLEY M. GARRISON
SECRETARY OF WAR

JAMES CLARK McREYNOLDS
ATTORNEY-GENERAL

ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON
POSTMASTER-GENERAL

JOSEPHUS DANIELS
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD
SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

WILLIAM B. WILSON
SECRETARY OF LABOR

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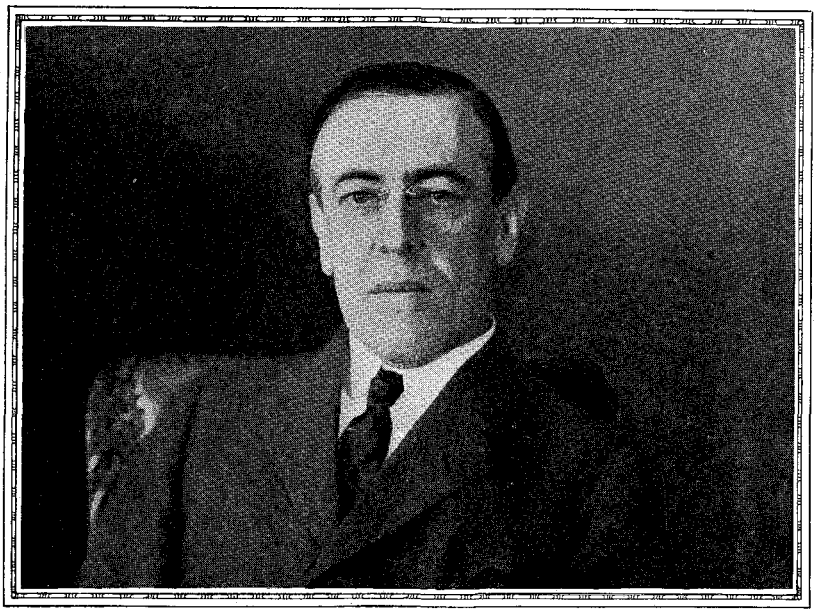
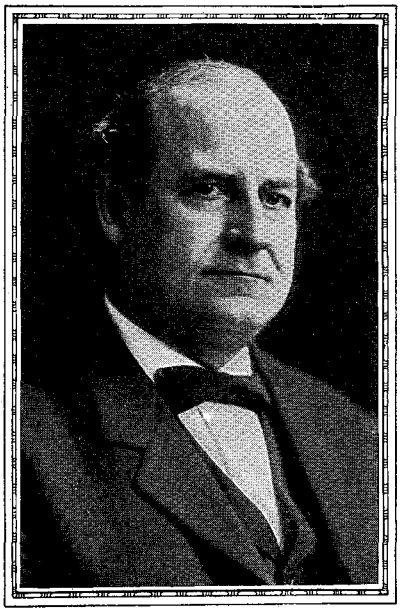
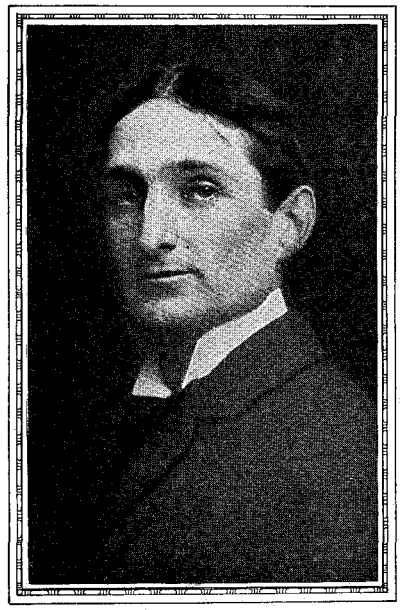


PRESIDENT WILSON



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

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LINDLEY M. GARRISON

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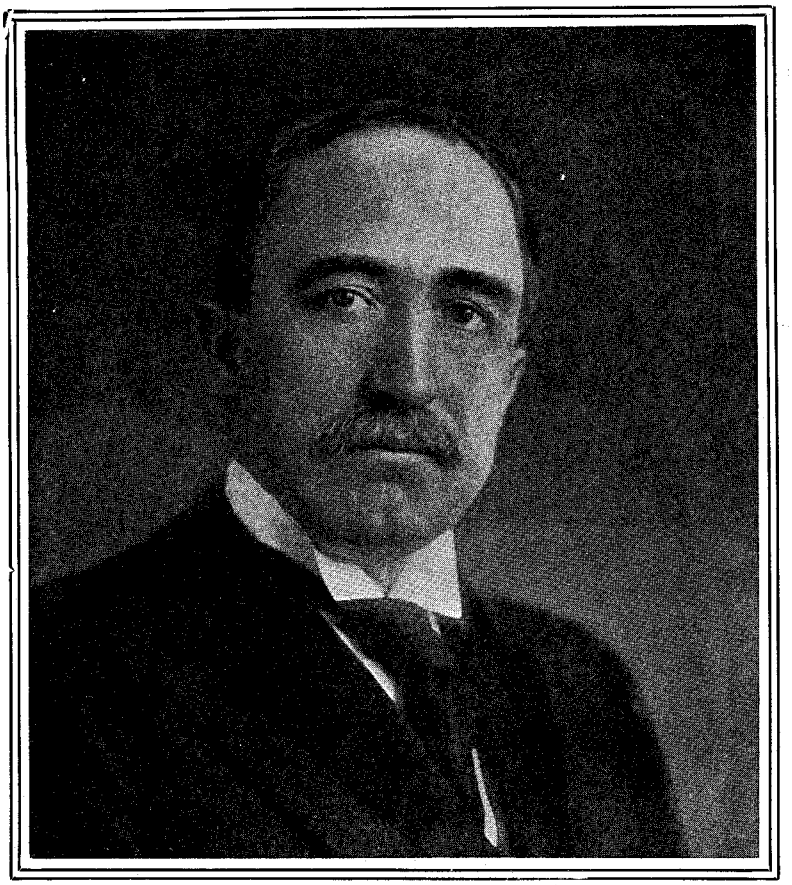

PHOTOGRAPH BY DUDLEY HOYT

A LEADER IN PUBLIC SERVICE

NEW YORK CITY'S great dual subway system has passed all but completely from the hazy realm of controversy and bargaining into the clear atmosphere of fact. Parts of the new system have, of course, been under construction for months; the operating contracts have been signed by the two companies, the Interborough and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit and the Public Service Commission. It only remains for the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the holder of the city's purse-strings, to give formally the approval of which its members have already given assurance. For the Public Service Commission the contracts were signed by its Chairman, who had been in office hardly a month. The fact that the new Chairman, after making a careful study of the contracts, affixed his signature without making a single material change, is an eloquent tribute to the work of his predecessor, William R. Willcox. Indeed, Mr. McCall, his successor, has generally given Mr. Willcox credit for the achievement represented by his own signature. This is especially striking when it is remembered that the new Chairman belongs to a different political party from the former Chairman, and that his appointment was brought about by absolutely different political forces.

Mr. Willcox was the first Chairman of the Public Service Commission for the First District, which covers the city of Greater New York. On February first he had filled the office for five years. During that time there has come a decided change in public and, more especially, corporate opinion toward the Commission. Just as railway rate regulation—a subject for acrimonious debate a few years ago—has become an accepted fact nationally, so has the regulation of public service companies in five years become an accepted fact in New York.

A great measure of the credit for bringing

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about this desirable condition belongs to the personnel of the Public Service Commission. And probably decidedly more than the proportionate share of the credit is due to its Chairman, Mr. Willcox. For the head of such a body has it largely in his power to make or to mar its work.

On the subway, through the introduction of side doors on all cars, the lengthening of platforms, and the improvement of running schedules, the Commission has brought about an immense betterment of the service rendered to the public. When it is considered that the present subway was built to carry four hundred thousand passengers a day and that it now carries a million a day, it is doubtful if there is any rapid transit line in any city in the world where better service is rendered. Conditions of travel are of course more satisfactory in many cities, but in none where the inevitable congestion of traffic is as great. Any one who has observed the reluctance with which the Interborough Company has entered upon the improvements in the service in the subway, and the patient and inflexible insistence with which the Commission has overcome that reluctance, will know how to apportion the credit.

The Commission has brought about other improvements in the relations of the public service companies of New York City too numerous to describe at length. It has reduced the rate on gas and electricity. It has put an end to the stock-watering of public utilities. It has improved the equipment of the surface lines and the service which they render. It has effectively established the principle that the prime consideration in the relation of those companies to the community must be that expressed in the name by which they are known—the service of the public.

But the greatest concrete work of the Commission is the contracts for the new subway system which will probably have the final stamp of approval before these lines are read. The construction and equipment of that system will involve the expenditure of three hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. It will provide two groups of rapid transit lines serving all the boroughs of the greater city and more than doubling the distance which may be traveled for a five-cent fare. It is true that there is criticism of the terms of the operating contracts and that many believe that the city would do better to undertake the operation of the subways itself before submitting to such conditions of private operation. But at least New York is to have the subways it so sorely needs, and to have them on terms infinitely more advantageous than the transit companies were willing to consider three years ago.

Mr. Willcox is an indefatigable worker. No hours have been too long for him to spend in his work for the well-being of the community. He has never hesitated to sacrifice his private interests and inclinations to the requirements of his great task.

A zeal for public service lies at the foundation of all that he has done.

As Park Commissioner of the city and later as Postmaster Mr. Willcox was a high-minded and efficient public servant. He inaugurated the plan of using the city's parks as playgrounds for the city's children. As Postmaster he established the principle that promotions shall be made for merit and faithfulness rather than as the result of political pull.

In his work on the Public Service Commission the qualities which distinguish him in his private capacity found especial scope for expression. An agreeable personality, a peculiar kindliness of nature, great tact, infinite patience, and a consideration of every question not in its multitudinous details but in its broadest aspects, qualified him not only to be an effective leader of his associates, but a successful negotiator on behalf of the city with those who control the city's public utilities. In the interminable conferences leading to the execution of the subway contracts his ability to appreciate the other side's point of view and his grasp of the points essential to the public interest enabled him to resolve many a strained situation. He was always able to distinguish the essential from the incidental, and often by yielding on minor points he secured greater concessions more vital to the interests of the community.

To all the members of the Public Service Commission for the First District, not only New York City but the whole country owes a debt of gratitude for the example which they have set of disinterested and efficient public service. To William R. Willcox, first Chairman of the Commission, an especial measure is due as the man whose spirit infused the whole Commission for the first five years of its existence, and whose leadership has raised a standard of fidelity, earnestness, and broad-minded devotion to the public welfare.

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THE MOTOR CONQUEST

A SURVEY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY REVOLUTION IN TRANSPORTATION

INCLUDING INTERVIEWS WITH THOMAS A. EDISON, HENRY FORD, W. H. WHITESIDE, HUGH CHALMERS, ARTHUR WILLIAMS, ROLLIN W. HUTCHINSON, HENRY B. JOY, GEORGE M. DICKSON, A. G. BATCHELDER, HARRY S. HOUPT, J. M. GILBERT, ROY W. CHAPIN, LAURANCE H. GRAHAME

BY

HENRY FARRAND GRIFFIN

INTRODUCTORY

BY the end of 1913 a million motor vehicles, representing an investment of considerably over a billion dollars, will be in use in the United States. Manufacturers of automobiles and motor parts will turn out during the present year approximately $400,000,000 worth of product.

It would be rash even to hazard a guess as to where these figures will stand ten years hence. Conservative estimates of leaders in the motor world you would probably call incredible—until you review what has been accomplished in the past decade.

Do you realize that it is hardly more than ten years since we stopped short on the streets to stare after the grotesque prototype of to-day's luxurious limousine? We take the motor conquest so much as a fact accomplished that most of us fail to appreciate that we are living in the midst of a revolution in transportation

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scarcely less far-reaching than that effected by the steam engine.

Yet the captains of the motor industry, who have wrought these marvels in less than a generation, will tell you that this revolution in transportation is still in its early stages. The industrial use of the automobile has barely begun. There are probably to-day not more than 45,000 self-propelled commercial vehicles in use in this country to-day, but it will not be many years before their number will dwarf the present total of a million-odd pleasure cars. The horse and wagon have just about as much chance of successfully competing with the motor truck as the stage-coach had with the locomotive.

A few weeks ago Thomas A. Edison stated the case to me this way:

"Fifty per cent of all the freight in the world is moved to and from railroad stations by the horse-drawn vehicle. The automobile truck of half the length takes double the freight and goes twice as fast."

He said no more, but looked up with a quizzical smile. To him the mere statement of the case made the conclusion axiomatic.

In truth, the miracle which is being wrought under our very eyes has come to pass so quietly, though swiftly, that it is hard for us to realize the changed aspect of our streets. Stand at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York late any afternoon and watch the two converging tides of traffic ebb and flow at the shrill command of the policeman's whistle. Alternately to east and west, to north and south, streams the torrent of motor cars, snorting, chuckling, whispering their story of speed and power, illimitable, but restrained and obedient to the crook of a finger. Limousine, touring car, runabout, coupé, delivery car, and motor bus—the horse is as scarce as the proverbial hen's molar, the occasional hansom looks like an anachronism on wheels. Here the motor conquest is all but complete.

Go to any of New York's great freight terminals, railway station, dock, or pier. Every day, in ever-increasing quantities, squadrons of huge motor trucks, swift, mobile, and efficient, sweep in to contest with the draught horses and their clumsy drays for the prize of freight. Long before the dawn motor trucks rumble through the streets bearing in to the markets and distributing stations incredible loads of food supplies, dairy products, coal—everything needful that the millions of inhabitants of a great city may eat and drink and be comfortable. From the big department stores motor trucks stream out through the suburban and country thoroughfares, making their regularly scheduled deliveries under all conditions of weather and road to distances of fifty miles and more. What chance has the horse to compete with speed, reliability, and efficiency like this?

In a very important sense the present year marks a turning-point in the automobile movement. Motor car types are becoming standardized. The motor truck has arrived, with its promise of permanent stability and volume to the entire industry. The motor conquest is not complete, but the end is in view. The automobile movement and industry have got into their stride. No one talks nowadays about the motor car as a passing fad or darkly hints that the automobile craze is doomed to repeat the bicycle fiasco. The motor car has come to stay. It is not only rapidly displacing and replacing the horse, but it has opened up great fields of pleasure and usefulness absolutely closed to the horse-drawn vehicle.

It is for these reasons that it seemed an appropriate time to take stock of the automobile situation, to review the very wonderful accomplishments of the past decade, and to obtain from the leaders of the motor world, who have so marvelously wrought, some account of their plans and expectations for the future. An effort has been made to group under separate headings the more important aspects of the automobile situation of to-day with its promise for the future, and to obtain upon these various aspects authoritative expressions of opinion from the pioneers and leaders in this revolution in transportation.

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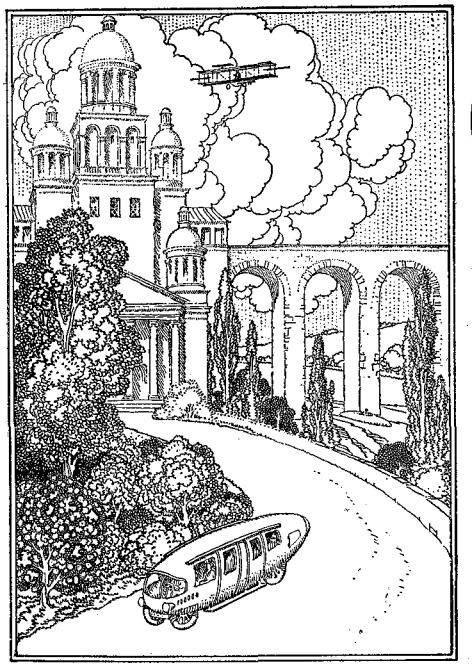

THE LONG LOOK AHEAD

THERE is perhaps no single problem which to-day presses so urgently for solution upon both maker and owner of the motor car as the question of the future fuel. The price of gasoline is rapidly becoming prohibitive, while the grade is going down just about as fast as the price goes up. Every one whose car is not equipped with a self-starter has doubtless noticed the increasing reluctance with which his motor responds to elbow grease at the crank handle. Don't swear at the motor. Nine times out of ten the responsibility rests with low-grade gasoline.

The car-owner when he receives his bill observes with disgust that he is paying for a poor quality of gasoline just about twice what he formerly paid for a good quality. The manufacturer is quite as deeply concerned as the owner. He may not be saying as much about it, but he is doing a lot of thinking. And the manufacturer is not merely taking it out in worrying. There is probably not an important maker of motor vehicles in the country who has not for some time past had experts hard at work on this same fuel problem.

The difficulty is not so much to obtain a satisfactory substitute for gasoline as it is to find a substitute which will readily attain the necessary universal distribution. Naphtha or kerosene, denatured alcohol or natural gas, would all make fairly satisfactory substitutes. Their use might necessitate more or less extensive changes in motor design to obtain the best results, but these difficulties are negligible compared to some of the problems solved in the development of the present up-to-date motor car. The complications of Government inspection keep the price of denatured alcohol at an unreasonably high figure, but this, too, is not an unsurmountable difficulty. Recent tests have proved that natural gas makes a very efficient fuel for the explosive engine, and it is quite possible for the motor car to carry enough gas stored under pressure in tanks to insure a reasonably large running radius. One test made with a standard automobile-motor showed that the cost of operation

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per hour with natural gas was only one-sixth as much as with gasoline. This proportion would, of course, vary with the cost of the two fuels as they may happen to be in different parts of the country.

It may be said, therefore, that the finding of a satisfactory substitute for gasoline is by no means the whole problem. The strongest argument against a change is that gasoline is now practically universally distributed. It may be obtained in any village or hamlet—almost at any farmhouse. It is estimated that over 400,000,000 gallons of gasoline are annually consumed by motor cars in the United States alone. How are we to find a fuel available in such enormous quantities and lending itself readily to the present practically universal distribution of gasoline?

Mr. Edison declares that this fuel problem is one of the biggest factors in the recent revival of interest in the electric vehicle, especially in the industrial field, where the question of dollars and cents cost is necessarily most closely figured. He holds that the soaring price of gasoline and the decreasing cost of current is forcing the electric vehicle forward as the logical solution of the fuel problem. Those interested in the present gasoline car naturally do not agree with this point of view, and they are, moreover, rather conservative in their attitude toward new fuels.

When questioned on this point, Mr. W. H. Whiteside, a prominent member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, replied without hesitation that all motor car manufacturers are of necessity giving a great deal of attention to the fuel problem.

"We are all deeply interested in the fuel problem of the future," he said. "A new fuel may make necessary a new type of motor or one modified from the present type, but for immediate relief from the high cost of gasoline the attention of scientists is being directed to finding a substitute for gasoline. Kerosene and alcohol each have their advocates, while benzol, distilled from coal, has received a great deal of attention abroad. From the manufacturer's point of view, the changes in motor design which may become necessary can be considered only as new fuels are placed in the hands of their engineers; but there will, inevitably, be a great many who will experiment with mechanics each time a new fuel is offered to the public."

The importance of the fuel problem is not easily exaggerated, for, as Mr. Whiteside pointed out in discussing the more general aspects of the motor car's future possibilities, fuel is necessarily a prime factor in determining all mechanical development, and it will increasingly be so.

"Fuel and materials," he declared, "will in a great measure govern the future mechanical development of the motor car. These, of course, affect every form of generative power and its application. The reduction in the weight of the body and its accessories which materials at hand to-day will allow, if properly used, naturally will lead to mechanical modification. Indeed, the body-designer, who already uses aluminum for the panels and should still further lighten the car by using it to a greater extent in the frame of the superstructure, will have much to do with coming changes.

"Of the improvements in the direction of increased comfort, those which affect the driver most may be considered first. Automatic starting without the use of a secondary power—that is, starting the car on its own fuel, so to speak—is perhaps most important among these. Next comes the development of the unit of power with greater accessibility to every part of the generating and operating mechanism. All strains it is possible to eliminate must be done away with, and those which of necessity result from the working of the motor and its driving connections must be reduced to a minimum. By incorporating a lighting system, fed from the fuel used by the motor, complications of construction can be reduced and weight lessened. I look forward, also, to a simplified control which will be automatically operated, yet will be so designed that its

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different factors will operate independently if occasion demands.

"Increasing the passenger's comfort lies largely in the body-designer's hands. Protection against weather, dust, and mud is part of his duty. With waterproof materials for the tops of open cars, which can be depended on to give perfect service, the next step would seem to be the concealment of the top in the body lines of the car when it is folded down. The beauty of outline which will play so prominent a part in future body design will be secured by making what are now treated as accessories integral parts of the car. This includes the wind-shield, for instance, which until now has required braces or supports that marred what otherwise might have been graceful in appearance. The concealment of the operating, control and signal devices will give greater neatness as well as convenience, in itself an advantage."

For the large high-priced car of the future there seems little doubt that the six-cylinder has definitely won its place as the standard. For runabout and small touring car the four-cylinder combines economy of construction, maintenance, and fuel consumption with satisfactory service, but in the larger powers the "six" seems to be pretty firmly established.

"The mechanical superiority of the six-cyclinder," said Mr. Whiteside, "is acknowledged to-day by engineers and generally recognized by the motoring public, as the increasing demand for it shows. The present popularity of the 'six' is not a fad, but is based on its very practical superiority—on the consideration which I believe will govern the whole future development of the motor car, namely, comfort. The six-cyclinder motor insures smoother running, surer control, greater reliability, and less mental and physical strain for everybody. In starting, accelerating, climbing and descending hills, in fact in every phase of automobile operation, the advantages given by the two extra cylinders are obvious to the uninitated as well as to the experienced motorist, to the passenger as well as to the driver."

This approach to standard motor equipment of four and six cylinders opens the way for a very desirable standardization of motor car construction as a whole. Probably the first important step in this direction must come through the gradual abandonment of annual models. This change will come most rapidly in the low and medium priced cars and in the commercial vehicles, and in the end the builders of the higher-priced cars will probably also find it advisable to continue their standard types from year to year. But, as Mr. Whiteside concisely and clearly expresses it:

"There is only one answer to the question, What does the public want? And that is, The latest. The motorist may regret exchanging a car because of its proved reliability; but if there is something new, something different, something which people may speak of as being essential to up-to-date motoring, our experience shows that the newer car meets with ready sale.

"The standardization of motor car construction is principally applicable to details and to minimum measures of quality. Like every other human product and every other engineering work, the automobile is strongly influenced by the incessant changes made by designers, either as the result of study, or of new materials becoming available, or in response to a demand of the motoring public. An unchanging type of motor car is out of the question. Standardization, then, can be only a governing factor, sanely applied to avoiding waste of materials, time, and expense, and confusion of unnecessary standard sizes and forms, and to increase the general efficiency and serviceability of the machines.

"Uniformity and interchangeability in the details of a car are desirable, and the motorist has a right to demand them. No manufacturer in this country or abroad is to-day building cars in which every bolt, nut, and screw-thread is at variance with the accepted standard. But if all builders agreed to standardize present designs for the sake of universal interchangeability, future progress would in all probability be too

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seriously restricted to have the approval of the public."

No survey of the future of the motor car would be complete without consideration of the tire question. Most motorists have had at one time or another very forcibly impressed upon them how completely automobile service and comfort are dependent upon satisfactory tires. The demountable rim, insuring speedy repairs, has robbed the puncture bugaboo of most of its terrors, but enough unpleasantness of this sort remains to cause a perennial interest in the will-o'-the-wisp chase for a puncture-proof tire.

The number of the patented substitutes for pneumatic tires is legion. Indeed the puncture-proof tire seems to have almost as much attraction for inventors as the perpetual motion machine. But the vast majority of motorists still prefer to ride on air, and the inventor has still to find a more comfortable and serviceable substitute before he can expect to drive the pneumatic from the field.

"Is the pneumatic tire permanent?" was the question put to J. M. Gilbert, as one entitled to speak with authority on tire problems.

"Many experts, throughly conversant with every detail of the situation," he replied, "maintain that the automobile never will rest satisfactory on any other footing. Others, perhaps equally well informed, are not so sure that this is a fact. But of one thing we are all sure—that up to the present time nothing practical has been created to supplant such a highly resilient substance as rubber in conjunction with compressed air, in providing a foundation for the motor car.

"The duties of an automobile tire are more exacting than the casual observer may imagine. Perhaps the first quality to be taken into account is that of endurance. A tire must be so constructed and made of such materials that it will yield a satisfactory mileage return on the cash investment. This question of mileage service is the one which appeals with particular force to the car-owner. However, there are other tire essentials, which, while probably not so conspicuous by their presence, would be decidedly conspicuous should they be eliminated by the tire manufacturer.

"Resiliency is an important feature of the pneumatic tire. This is the quality that absorbs the shocks of the road, furnishing easy riding not only to the passengers, but protecting the engine and mechanism of the car as well. Without resiliency a tire cannot perform its most important functions and the whole structure of the motor car suffers in consequence.

"It is for the lack of this element of resiliency that most of the patented substitutes for air and rubber fall down. For easy riding, and for affording complete protection to all parts of the car, pneumatic tires, at least up to the present time, stand supreme."

Mr. Gilbert's reply to the question, "What makes a good tire?" was epigrammatic.

"What makes a good tire?" he repeated. "The manufacturer! To be good a tire must be well made. It must represent, first of all, experience in tire-building. And it must be constructed of good materials—rubber, fabric, and exactly the proper proportion of mineral compounds to contribute the necessary wearing qualities which pure rubber does not possess. It is an exceedingly difficult matter for any one but an expert to distinguish a good tire from a bad one except through the medium of actual service.

"Incidentally," he continued, "it may interest you to know that the solid tire industry has become, within the past three years, a decidedly important proposition by itself. And the truck, as a practical utility, has depended in no small way upon the progress manufacturers have been able to make in the development of the solid tire. As proof that this development has been a substantial one, we have only to consider the fact that within the past eighteen months guarantees on solid tires have been increased 2,000 and in some instances 4,000 miles."

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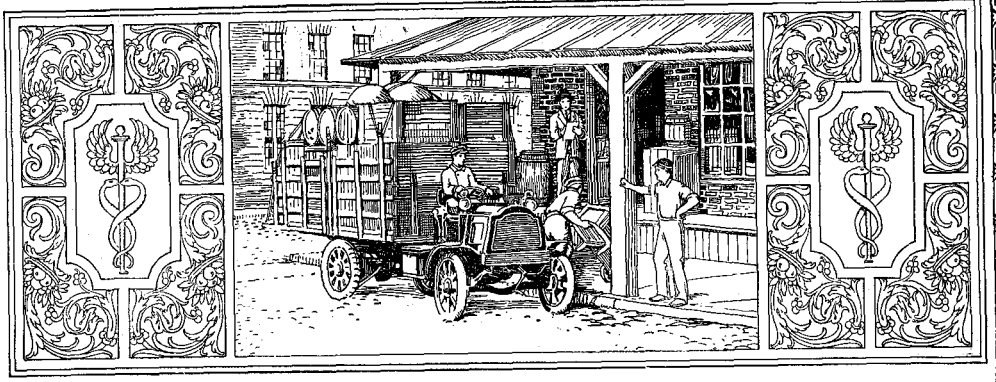

MOTORIZING BUSINESS

IT is significant to note how inevitably in any discussion of the motor car's future the question of the commercial vehicle crops up. The motor truck's progress during the past year has been phenomenal. Culminating as it did for the first time in the dignity of a separate National show in New York last January, it aroused widespread interest and enthusiasm in the automobile world, hitherto curiously apathetic toward the tremendous possibilities of the commercial car. Sixty-six companies had commercial vehicles of various types on exhibition, and among the crowds that attended the truck show were a great many substantial business men seriously interested in this latest factor in transportation. These men were not easily carried away by enthusiasm. They were hard-headed business men looking for facts and figures. They asked pointed questions about operating, repair, and garage costs, service guarantees, and delivery and routing problems. The whole truck show in effect resolved itself into a campaign of education. The results are still coming in and may be summarized in the statement that nearly 90,000 commercial cars, gasoline and electric, will be manufactured during the present year.

Efficient, economical, and satisfactory motor truck service is a far more complicated problem than that which the average pleasure car is expected to solve. So thoroughly do the reputable and responsible dealers realize this fact that they devote long and careful study to each prospective customer's individual requirements before attempting to close a sale.

"There are just two good reasons for the purchase of motor trucks," said Henry B. Joy, a prominent member of the National Association of Manufacturers. "These are increased efficiency and lowered cost of hauling. All dealers should make sure they can meet one or both of these requirements before accepting an order."

Many of the larger manufacturers maintain transportation cost bureaus, which make a careful investigation of delivery problems for prospective purchasers. Harry S. Houpt, who has played an important part in the recent remarkable growth of motor transportation, gave an interesting description of this feature of the movement.

"To assist the business man to determine whether he needs a motor truck," he said, "we have placed at their disposal a Transportation Cost Bureau, which is composed of engineers familiar with the problems of transportation. These engineers make a careful study of a delivery system. They figure exactly what it is costing to deliver under horse equipment. Motor trucks are applied to the business, and the tonnage of the motor truck which is most suitable for their business is specified by the engineers. They re-route hauls in order to get the greatest efficiency from the motor truck. Both the cost of horse delivery and the cost of delivery by motor trucks is then presented to the

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prospective purchaser in a concrete manner—by a blue-print.

"This department also gives advice as to the erecting of garages and the maintenance of trucks. Should Mr. Jones in the coal business of New York City desire cost of operation by motor truck, the Transportation Cost Bureau will furnish him with such figures, and if possible furnish him with figures of a house in the same line of business and in the same city. If these are not available, figures for motor trucks in a similar business under similar conditions are supplied."

The responsibility of the manufacturer and dealer by no means ends with the delivery of the type of motor truck best adapted to the individual business house's transportation problems. Service is an important element to any owner or operator of an automobile, but this holds true in even greater measure with the commercial vehicle.

"Every truck manufacturer, in order to be successful," said Mr. Houpt, "must maintain a service station where supplies and spare parts may be obtained within short notice. Under the jurisdiction of our Service Department we have a force of mechanical inspectors who inspect each one of our trucks at a stated period. These inspectors instruct the drivers how to drive, how to repair, and how to get the most out of their trucks. This inspection system is free.

"In Chicago we have started what is known as a night service; by this is meant that if any minor troubles should happen during the day, a truck can be brought to the service station after six o'clock or whenever the day's work is finished, and the truck be repaired and placed in service again the next morning, losing no time during the business day."

"Service by the dealer with provision for regular monthly inspection," declared Mr. Joy, in discussing the same question, "is a vital factor in the successful operation of motor vehicles.

"The truck problem cannot be solved by the manufacturer alone. General abuse and neglect of the machinery is putting a serious handicap on the performance of motor vehicles. Maintenance of the vehicle is as important in obtaining a satisfactory result as the details of material or design. In too many cases the owner absolutely neglects to see that his motor truck is intelligently driven and properly cared for.

"The bad condition of pavements and streets generally in many cities is the most vital factor in making the costs of freight transportation by motor truck high. In some cities the streets are in such condition that, if the normal truck speed is maintained, the resultant deterioration in the vehicle produces very high costs of maintenance. In most cities, however, the results are most gratifying to the owners and to the makers."

Interesting commentary on the comparative condition of streets in a number of our large cities was afforded by a table which Mr. Joy had compiled from sixty mileage reports on electric vehicle and ninety-two similar reports on gasoline vehicle tires. It may be said that truck mechanical deterioration is about proportional to tire wear.

These data included reports from some of the largest users of motor trucks in the country, such as express companies, department stores, breweries, etc., each using anywhere from twenty-five to several hundred vehicles. The table, which gives the average mileage per tire for both electric and gasoline trucks, follows:

City	Mileage
Baltimore	3,617.6
Pittsburgh	4,542.6
Boston	5,814.2
Cincinnati	5,861.1
San Francisco	5,869.8
Greater New York	6,576.7
Philadelphia	7,134.1
Buffalo	7,263.2
Chicago	7,945.9
St. Louis	10,245.5
Kansas City	10,571.4
Washington	11,065.4

Rollin W. Hutchinson, an authority on motor transportation, has compiled interesting statistics in an attempt to show that the horse has had a large share in the rapid increase in the cost of living. "Equine parasites" is the mildest of the names which he has for the twenty-five

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million horses in the United States. He declares that, with our rapid growth of population and the soaring cost of living, it is an economic waste to devote largely to the horse the vast acreage required to raise our seven-hundred-million-dollar hay crop, our three-hundred-million-dollar oat crop, and the two-billion-dollar corn crop which is for the most part consumed by the horse. Mr. Hutchinson adds other interesting statistics covering what he calls the "parasitical depredations" of the horse. He estimates that one and three-quarter million persons, hostlers, stablemen, blacksmiths, veterinaries, etc., are required to care for the equine population.

Iron consumed in horseshoes and the vast quantities of leather required for harness make an impressive total when reduced to dollars and cents. But the friend of the horse could probably compile equally startling figures as to the cost of gasoline and materials used in the manufacture and maintenance of the automobile. The horse has doubtless earned his keep in the past, just as the motor car will have to pay its way in the future.

Mr. Hutchinson makes out a stronger case against the horse when he brings up the question of sanitation. Every one knows how increasingly difficult it becomes to maintain our congested cities in a sanitary condition.

The horse and the housefly are inseparable companions, and where the housefly breeds in sufficient quantities typhoid fever is the inevitable result. Moreover, when it becomes necessary to keep horses in congested centers of great cities there is a very real economic loss in the space required for the stables. It is a conservative estimate that one motor truck, which will do the work of three double teams, will not occupy more than a quarter of the space required for these teams. When real estate values and rents soar to the recent records witnessed in New York and other great cities, considerations like these are of no small importance. There are, for instance, approximately 140,000 horses now quartered on Manhattan Island in New York City. The reduction by two-thirds of the space now necessarily devoted to these stables would mean a saving of many millions of dollars.

In general, the case for the motor truck was summed up by Mr. Haupt as follows:

"The city offers to the motor truck its greatest field. The business man is being forced to adopt the motor truck in order to give his customers prompt and efficient service; by virtue of the motor truck the manufacturer is enabled in many instances to come in direct contact with his out-of-town customers.

"Motor trucks have enabled manufacturers to move more goods a day and at a greater distance. At times of rush seasons and adverse weather conditions the evidence is against the horse. Motor trucks have enabled the business man to keep to his schedule. In the rush season a motor truck, unlike the horse, is not numbered in working hours, but will travel as fast at the end of the day as at the beginning, and carry just as big a load.

"A self-dumping and labor-saving device motor truck has enabled the manufacturer to save many valuable moments, as also have removable bodies. The problem of a business man to-day is to improve the unloading facilities at the end of their deliveries. When this problem is solved, it will then be possible to use motor trucks to their greatest efficiency.

"It must not be supposed, however, that the usefulness of the motor truck is limited to the cities. It has been stated by farmers that the motor truck has brought the farm to the city's gates. Trucks travel faster and carry bigger loads. Farmers with horses often have to start the day before or early in the evening to arrive at the market early the next morning. By motor truck the trip is made in a few hours. In the case of easily bruised and perishable fruits motor trucks have been a great saving."

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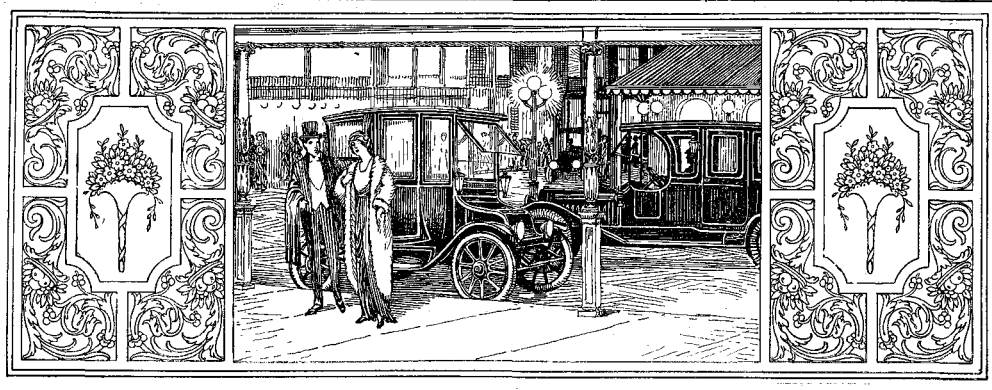

THE FUTURE OF THE ELECTRIC

IN the consideration of the motor car's development, past and future, a separate place has been reserved for the electric vehicle. Its growing importance in the motor conquest certainly deserves careful attention. The past two years have witnessed a remarkable revival of interest in the electric vehicle. Some thirty thousand electric cars are now in use in the United States, and of this total about ten thousand were manufactured during the past year. In New York between July 1, 1911, and July 1, 1912, their number grew 45 per cent, while an authority on electrical affairs estimates that in Chicago this method of transportation has increased 400 per cent during the last two years.

Mr. Edison's opinion on things electric is usually worth hearing. A few weeks ago, in his laboratory near West Orange, N. J., he spoke with unbounded enthusiasm of the future which lies before the electric vehicle. He does not look for any startling changes in the electric vehicle of the present day.

"Say, rather," he suggested, "a progressive development of what we have now. The electric is coming along faster than the gasoline car. This is a logical result of the increasing price of gasoline and the decreasing cost of electric current. And the price of gasoline has got to keep on going up. It is very bad in England now, and it will be worse in this country before long.

"A few days ago I saw the balance-sheet of a big New York department store covering the comparative cost of operation for three commercial gasoline cars and twenty electrics doing the same work. The cost for the three gasoline cars was $1,400, and the cost for the twenty electrics was $1,800 during the same period of time.

"That didn't take in the repairs, either," he added with a smile.

Mr. Edison believes that ultimately the gasoline and electric motor cars will be used with more discrimination as to the service required. He acknowledges that to give satisfactory service the electric vehicle must have good roads. For rough roads and for service requiring high speeds and great distances without stop for recharging batteries or replenishing fuel supplies, Mr. Edison readily admits that the electric is not in a position to compete with the gasoline car. But for city and suburban service over good roads he believes that the electric before many years will almost entirely supplant the gasoline-driven vehicle.

"Probably the greatest future field for the electric is in commercial transportation. It is rapidly doing away with the horse. The chief reasons for the enormous jump forward the electric has recently taken are its low operating cost and its extreme reliability. If you will look at the question broadly, you will see how impossible it would be to solve all the problems of commercial transportation with the gasoline-propelled vehicle. Sup-

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pose all the surface cars on Broadway were operated by gasoline motors. If one car broke down, it would stall all the cars on that line. The whole question resolves itself into a comparison between the electric motor with one moving part which revolves and the gasoline motor with hundreds of reciprocating parts all moving at a high velocity.

"Yes," he repeated, "the electric is the car of the future. The central lighting stations are waking up. Very soon you can go from Portland to Omaha with an electric car and never be out of reach of a charging station."

One very important cause for the recent revival of interest in the electric vehicle is the active campaign of education which has been conducted by the Electric Vehicle Association of America. In the past two years this association has brought about an ever-increasing amount of co-operation between manufacturers, accessory makers and central power stations, and the results are already showing in a very great improvement in service rendered to all users of electric vehicles.

Arthur Williams, President of the Association, gave an interesting description of the work already accomplished, and discussed some of the plans for the future.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that the Electric Vehicle Association of America has been the moving force in waking the electric automobile industry from its lethargy. This organization's history is brief, for it was formed only in the fall of 1910. At that time, current-propelled cars suffered from lack of concentrated effort to push them into public notice. Their makers found the cost of production high, owing to comparatively small sales; storage battery concerns had, accordingly, an extremely limited market for their output; and central station managers, seeing but little demand for current for charging, kept the price of such supply at discouragingly high figures. It was to change these conditions that delegates of these three separate and yet interdependent interests formed the Electric Vehicle Association of America. Its initial membership of 29 has grown to more than 350; that number at present representing a combined capital account of over $500,000,000.

"The keynote of the organization's plan was co-operation, and this has been followed consistently. Arrangements have been effected within the Association for the interchange of information and ideas, and for the study of pertinent problems. As results of these activities, the organization points, first of all, to the recent remarkable prosperity of the electric automobile industry. And it is an undeniable fact that this 'boom' has been felt since the Electric Vehicle Association of America began its efforts. Contributing causes to this success may be found in the multiplication of charging stations—brought about through the Association—and in the standardizing of the charging plug—also recommended by the Association. In addition, a uniform sign has been adopted for use throughout the country to indicate battery replenishing stations, and such a sign is at present being manufactured.

"The fact that this sign is to be alike throughout the country implies that electric vehicles are not by any means restricted to urban service and that they do travel from one city to another. This brings in the question of good roads; a question in which the Electric Vehicle Association of America takes active interest. Whether in town or country, a smooth roadbed results in less wear and tear on an automobile, to say nothing of its occupants; and, for this reason, the Association has considered methods of preparing and maintaining good street surfaces, together with the manner in which various sizes and styles of tire affect roadbeds.

"What the organization has done in the past, however, is only a small part of what it hopes to accomplish in future. It intends to carry the principle of co-operation still further, since it is through this practice that success has already come. Among other efforts, it will give attention to further standardization of various machine parts, including styles of batteries,

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lamp bases, and tire equipment. Interchangeableness of parts is a more important feature of the electric automobile than of the gasoline; and adoption of such improvements as seem practical will undoubtedly increase still further the popularity of electrics."

Mr. Williams followed this suggestive discussion of the immediate future and recent past of conditions in the electric car manufacturing industry by giving some striking figures covering comparative costs of gasoline and current.

"Ten years ago," he said, "the price of current for charging averaged about 23 cents per kilowatt-hour throughout the United States; but to-day it sells, on the average, for about 5 cents per kilowatt-hour, with a reduction to 3 cents for large consumers. Meanwhile the price of gasoline has soared. Though a decade ago it was only 10 cents a gallon, the same amount at present costs about 24 cents, and demand will continue to make it grow dearer. Current, on the other hand, since it can be generated in unlimited quantities, and since this particular form of supply constitutes an 'off-peak load,' will tend to fall still lower in cost."

"Years ago lack of convenient charging stations was an annoying hindrance in the way of using electric vehicles. But recently current replenishing depots have multiplied in cities and on routes between important towns, so that it is now an easy matter for a car to be recharged."

The extent to which large corporations and business houses are to-day using motor trucks is indicated in a list of electric commercial vehicles which Mr. Williams had compiled. The names of the companies and the number of cars they operate follow: The American Express Company, 300; the Adams Express Company, 250; the Ward Bread Company, 200; the New York Edison Company, 105; Gimbel Brothers, New York, 85; the Case & Martin Company of Chicago, 100; John Wanamaker & Company, New York, 94; The United States Government, 51; the Anheuser-Busch Company, of St. Louis, 57; B. Altman & Company, 70; Marshall, Field & Company, 18; The Fair, Chicago, 34; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, 20; and Frederick Loeser & Company, also of Brooklyn, 26.

"You must not think that the electric motor truck is an altogether recent development," said Mr. Williams in concluding what he had to say on this branch of the general subject under discussion; "it may be worth while to cite the case of one such machine—owned by the Bergdoll Brewing Company—which began its career in 1903, and is still running through the streets of Philadelphia. During four of these years of active service it was not out of commission a single day. Another veteran is the 'Mary Ann,' the original motor dray of the New York Central Brewing Company, which, built in the late nineties, still goes out on business in all weathers, and which costs her owners less than $100 a year for repairs. These old timers, holding their own after a decade's use, form a strong argument in favor of current-driven vehicles, one which is often overlooked on account of a popular notion that all early models were delusions and snares."

These are the enthusiastic beliefs and prophecies of the men who are to-day motorizing business. Talking with them, witnessing the records of their past accomplishments, and hearing of their great plans for the future, it is hard not to share their enthusiasm. They are pioneers of industry as truly as the men who built up the railway empires of the past century. Of the tremendous opportunities before them it is enough to say that the truckless hauling of this country has been estimated at sixteen times as much as that done by the railways.

The motor car to-day is prepared for the conquest of this vast field. Mechanically it is ready for the work. What remains to be accomplished is for the most part a general education of the public to the still greater possibilities of the motor car.

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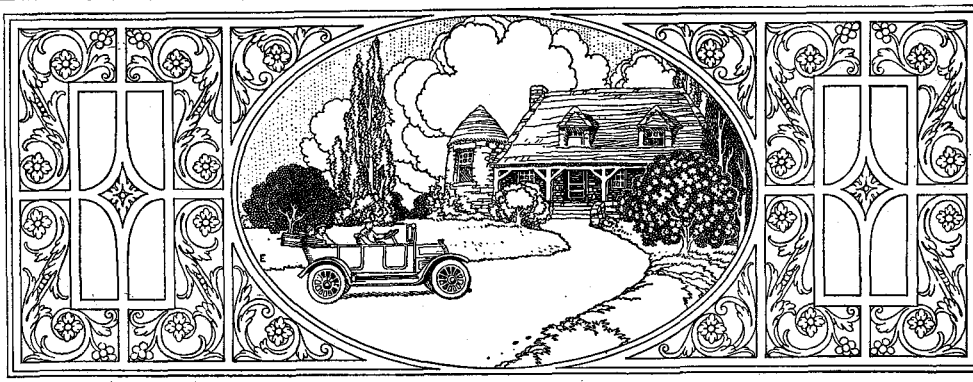

EVERYMAN'S CAR

PERHAPS no single factor is at present spreading this general education of the public as rapidly as the practical low-priced car which is being turned out in this country literally by thousands every working day of the year. Ranging in price from $500 to $1,000, this type of car has been developed to a degree of efficiency and reliability that is one of the most remarkable features of the automobile movement. The day is not distant, if it is not now here, when it will be for most people cheaper to keep an automobile than a horse. When the service proposed requires any considerable mileage, the verdict must inevitably be in favor of the automobile. Witness the case of the physician. Of all the professional men none has made such efficient business use of the motor car as the doctor. Any physician whose practice has passed a certain limit finds the motor car an economy, if not an absolute necessity. Reasonable speed and reliability are the prime requisites of the car for the physician. Especially is this true in the case of the country doctor who has to cover long distances in making his professional calls. More than one physician has bought a motor car after half-heartedly convincing himself that his professional use of it would atone for the apparent extravagance, only to find that his extravagance was a true economy. There are few up-to-date doctors nowadays who would dream of buying horses and carriages.

It has been possible to produce the low-priced, satisfactory, serviceable car only through the economies gained by manufacturing in enormous quantities. A single automobile factory early in this year was for a time turning out cars at the rate of over a thousand a day.

No one is entitled to speak with more authority on the popular priced car than Henry Ford. He built his first model, a two-cylinder, in 1892, and from the first has devoted all his energies to developing a motor car to sell at the lowest possible cost consistent with satisfactory service and quality.

"No one who has studied the growth of the automobile industry," said Mr. Ford, "can doubt for a minute but that its growth has been more remarkable in many ways than that of any other industry of history. In ten years the motor-driven vehicle has developed from a so-called freak into one of the most useful servants of man. One should not forget, either, that this growth has been during the period of experimentation and education. The first motor car was a crude affair when judged by present-day standards. People were inclined to be very much 'from Missouri' during the first few years of the industry. Every time a car was sold it was by overcoming prejudice. Only the very rich were willing and could afford to own a car. The man with the average income did not have the price to risk on something the benefits of which existed only in theory and had yet to be demonstrated.

"With the passing years the cars have been improved and their prices lowered,

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with decreasing costs of operation allowing an ever-increasing number of men to acquire them. Then different cars began to have records. When a dealer approached a prospect and attempted to make a sale, he no longer had to confine his talk to what his company hoped the car would do, but he could point out instance after instance of what the car had actually done and was doing. Already many of the large companies have records of achievement to which they can point with pride, and these companies' cars are accepted by a very large number of people as reliable.

"So it is no longer necessary to convince a man that a motor-driven vehicle is practicable. The whole problem to-day is one of the greatest value and dependability of service for the lowest price. In the car that combines efficiency, continued service, and low price, the practical man of to-day finds his ideal vehicle.

"In years to come there will be no incredulous persons to convince that the motor-driven vehicle is feasible. Therefore, with this unhampered field the coming years should see the sales of the past largely increased.

"Unquestionably the company that lays proper stress on and maintains a perfect service is bound to grow rapidly with the years. No matter how good a car a concern may turn out, if its service is defective, if it cannot furnish parts to replace without loss of time, that car will not succeed. The companies of the future will be those which, besides manufacturing a thoroughly efficient and low-priced car, have best solved in some reasonable way the service problem.

"There is another big reason that each day is becoming stronger," continued Mr. Ford, "why automobiles will be used in ever-increasing quantities. For every good road built, more automobiles are used, and with the use of every automobile the demand for more good roads increases.

"Never before in history has there been such a concerted and world-wide demand for improved highways. Never before have so many miles of good highways been laid in one decade as during that just past. Distances are now measured in minutes, not in miles. When that time comes, and it is rapidly approaching, when poorly constructed and maintained roads will no longer be tolerated, all the world (it may be said almost literally) will travel by motor car.

"Undoubtedly the farmer has done and is doing much toward the betterment of highways generally, for to-day, more than ever before, the farmer demands good highways, for he, too, has adopted the motor car as his method of transportation. Progressive farmers everywhere to-day think no more of doing without their cars than they do about doing without their self-binders and other farm equipment. The car has demonstrated to them that it is extravagant to travel behind the faithful old carriage horse. It has demonstrated that the farmer does as well to save his time, thereby saving his dollars, as does the city man.

"As a result of this development, passing years see more and more automobiles going to the rural districts. The modern farmer with his car has all the advantages of the town, now but a matter of minutes distant, combined with that wholesome life that comes to those who dwell in the wide open spaces apart from the crowded city streets."

It is an interesting fact that a very large proportion of the purchasers of low-priced cars, if their means permit, ultimately buy more expensive automobiles. The development of the medium-priced motor car has been in a very large sense a direct result of the demand from these graduates from the automobile primary classes. Hugh Chalmers, in discussing this phase of the automobile situation, declared that the medium-priced car brings automobile manufacturing to a true and sound economic basis.

He reasons that the average man who is able to buy a motor car is willing to spend enough money to secure the best of materials and construction without demanding what might be called motor car frills and furbelows. This demand, he

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believes, will prove the most enduring in future years.

"The automobile industry," said Mr. Chalmers, "like everything else, has been a matter of evolution. We started a few short years ago with motor-driven vehicles of little utility and even less reliability. It was prophesied in the early day that the motor car would be short-lived. It was called the 'rich man's toy'—'a fad.' The wiseacres said it would never have any general use.

"To-day the use of the motor car is world-wide. I know of but one limit to its possibilities, and that one is the limit of price.

"The first automobiles were expensive. It cost a lot to build them and it cost a lot to maintain them. Only the rich could afford them. To-day there is some kind of car to meet almost every sized purse. During the evolution of the automobile, from a mere man's size mechanical toy into a real, practical means of transportation, the cars of greatest utility at each stage of the evolution were high priced. Now, however, the motor car has reached a solid and even level.

"But the problem of the right price for the right car still confronts the possible purchaser.

"Within the past five years there has come to the front a type of motor car which has widened the field of motoring, and which has done more to develop the automobile industry than anything which went before or anything which is likely to come. I mean the medium-priced car. The field of the medium-priced car is practically unlimited, as all experts well know.

"Below a certain price it is impossible to secure a motor car which combines the reliability, the endurance, comfort, convenience, beauty, and general utility of the most advanced types of present-day automobiles. It is simply impossible to build below a certain figure a car which contains the best materials, which is designed according to the best standards, which is built with the necessary painstaking care, and which has the most desirable features of luxury. Because people do demand reliable and smooth-running cars, comfort, convenience, and beauty, the medium-priced car has come rapidly to the fore.

"Quantity production enables the builder of a medium-priced car to buy his raw materials at the lowest market prices. His product is thoroughly standardized. He does not do special work. He buys the most improved machine tools because they work faster and more accurately. He reduces overhead costs to a minimum. As a result of his quantity buying and his quantity production he can market a genuine quality car at a medium price.

"And here, in my opinion, lies the real future of the automobile industry. The medium-priced car brings automobile manufacturing to a true economic basis. It contains the highest dollar-for-dollar value. It takes the automobile out of the luxury class and puts it among the necessities.

"The United States is the most wonderful automobile market in the world—a market which will take care of an average production of perhaps 200,000 cars a year for a great many years to come. If I did not believe this, I should want to get out of the automobile business at once.

"But, like every other industry, the automobile business must continue as an economic manufacturing proposition. A few years ago they used to speak of the 'automobile game.' Building automobiles is not a game. It is a serious and stable business.

"It is unnecessary to discuss the permanency of the motor car. There is no question but that we shall have motor cars in some form as long as there are people to use them. Some day we may fly through the air. But the very nature of our lives and of our culture will make it necessary for us to spend most of our time on the ground. And certainly the most highly developed form of land transportation will always survive."

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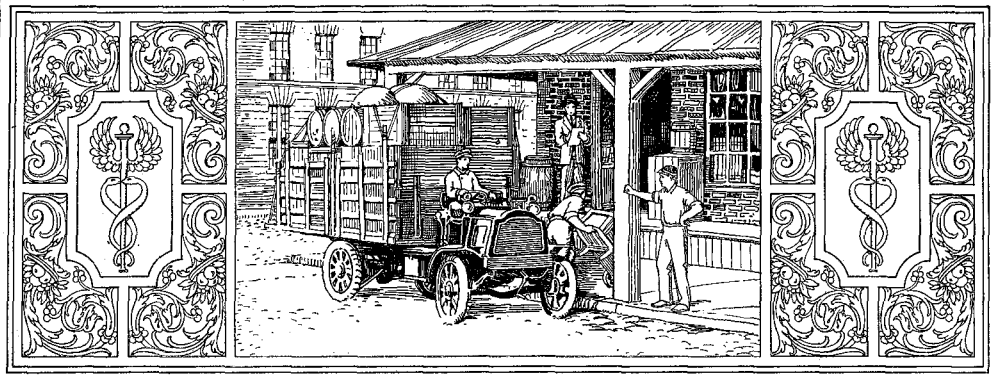

MANUFACTURING AND FINANCE

MR. CHALMERS spoke a true word when he objected to calling the motor car industry the "automobile game." The bonanza days of the automobile business are past, and no one is more relieved that this is true than the representative and reputable manufacturers. This is fortunate, too, for the motor car owner, who is not now as likely as he once was to be stranded with an automobile the maker of which has gone out of business over night.

Roy D. Chapin, Secretary of the Automobile Board of Trade, told how much has already been done to put the motor car industry on a safe and conservative financial basis.

"Twelve years ago," he said, "the volume of business in the automobile industry in this country was almost nothing. This year automobile and motor parts manufacturers will turn out $400,000,000 worth of product. Here is a tremendous industry grown to giant's size almost within a decade. No wonder that the banker at first was skeptical as to its stability. However, the representative manufacturers have proceeded along sane lines, and with a carefully worked out policy of expansion, amid all this rapid progress.

"Back of all this progress there has existed a friendly co-operation between the closest of competitors in each branch. These men realized that to acquire a reputation for safe and conservative manufacturing policies, frequent discussion of the problems that beset the industry was advisable. Hence the organization of the two manufacturers' associations which are just about to be merged into one big association called the Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

"These associations have done more to eliminate the undesirables in the manufacturing field—the men who by their methods have brought discredit upon the business as a whole—than any one factor. They have helped the industry weather successfully and recover from its boom days of some years ago. Detroit in 1909 reminded one of a Western mining camp which had just made some rich strikes. New companies were organized over night, and their stock floated on the market, when the promoters could show nothing more of a car than a blue-print of what it might possibly look like when finished. Happily, the public, as represented by the buying class in this country, combined with the more conservative manufacturers and manufacturers' associations rapidly to put these wildcat promoters out of business.

"It is a most peculiar feature in the sale of automobiles that the buying public are far more discriminating than would seem warranted when such a complicated piece of mechanism is involved. Either it is unusual knowledge of such mechanism that enables them to select one out of a number of satisfactory cars, or else perhaps it is the fear that if they do not buy a well-known make they are liable to get an unreliable vehicle.

"Thus the efforts of the stable manufacturers, together with this peculiar discrimination on the part of the public, have

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gradually brought about a strong, healthy condition within the industry. To-day the buyer is perfectly safe, and has been for several years past, in purchasing any of the well-known makes, and can feel confident that he will get full value for his money.

"In arriving at this strong condition, automatically, the motor car industry has placed itself upon an enviable credit basis. It is a seasonable business, and, like all seasonable businesses, must borrow money to a considerable extent during certain periods of the year. To-day the bankers of the country have come to look with great favor upon the larger percentage of automobile loans.

"As in any trade, there are still many manufacturers who cannot and will not be successful. However, the motor car now is such a subject of general discussion on the part of every man, woman, and child in the country that the successful makes are well known. To-day these successful makes have attained their strong position not by luck but by a deeply thought out policy, and the bringing together of highly trained and efficient organizations. The strength of the organization has much to do with the acquiring of this favorable reputation at the hands of the public.

"Motor car styles change yearly. Every big factory has numerous men in its employ who are always working two years ahead of the present model. They are reasoning out and developing improvements which must be tried out a year or so before the manufacturer can risk their adoption upon an output worth many millions of dollars a year. Once these models are decided on, they must be built in quantity, and with a better standard of workmanship and material every season. The motor car is the most extraordinary piece of mechanism to-day, when you consider that it is run over all kinds of roads, in all kinds of weather, by a driver who is rarely an experienced mechanic. Hence, back at the factory there must be gathered together an unusual collection of brains, who will anticipate the requirements of the public, build these cars well, and know how to sell them on the market. A large number of manufacturers have now acquired such capable organizations and produce in such quantity that year after year they will keep moving ahead, and always, through constant striving, sell a better car than ever produced before and not charge any more for it than now.

"These manufacturers and their product appeal to the banker. It is far easier now for this type of automobile maker to secure loans than ever before. The acid test has been applied, and these companies have proven themselves solid and substantial. To maintain this credit reputation, the manufacturers are rather avoiding being classed as either of two extremes. It is easy to be so radical in methods or type of product as to lose the confidence of the public and the good reputation of years all in one short season. On the other hand, with alterations being made every year, new improvements coming out, and the changing demands of the buyer, which must be taken care of, the ultra-conservative maker finds himself dropping behind the procession with a poor trade until he can again catch up. I should say that the phrase 'conservative progressive' might be applied to the successful maker of to-day. The research and brains of his engineering organization prevent him from making too radical changes in his product, which lead to trouble, and at the same time keep him up to date in all of the features that the public want.

"In times of financial stress in this country the automobile industry has moved ahead steadily and has never felt any serious setback. The demand has never been fully supplied, and there are tremendous fields for sales in America that as yet have not been opened up. To-day exports of American cars all over the world amount to an enormous figure. This business is really just starting.

"Such being the progress of the manufacturing side of the industry, it is apparent that the banker, observing these conditions, makes his loans accordingly. Manufacturers who are proceeding along the right lines and have acquired such a reputation are looked upon as excellent

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credit risks. This four-hundred-million-dollar industry has finally put itself upon the same basis as other staple industries. The average banker classes the different companies, their product, and their dealers as he would class other lines of trade. On his part it simply requires a proper discrimination to determine whether the maker of any particular product is well enough organized to insure continued success."

The boom days of the motor car industry have indeed, as Mr. Chapin points out, settled down into a more healthy and conservative development, but the automobile districts of a great motor car manufacturing center like Detroit still furnish picturesque sights and scenes. Single plants employing anywhere up to 15,000 persons; gigantic factory buildings, built of concrete and steel, so flooded with daylight that half the walls seem made of glass; machine shops so enormous that one may stand in the center and in every direction see nothing but an apparently interminable jungle of belts and machinery; vast halls where motors, wheels, radiators, springs, bodies, tops, tires, cushions, windshields, doors, mud-guards, pass by thousands in orderly procession through their various stages of completion and assembly until the finished product, spick and span, moves out for shipment—all these things and many more one sees to the point of bewilderment. Motors roar in the testing rooms; molten brass, aluminum, and iron gleam in the foundries; one stumbles into a hall where batteries of sewing-machines stitch all day upon tops and side curtains. The testers dash in and out of the plant, perched on crazy seats above stark motors and transmissions undergoing their trial of fire on the roads. You hear a strange language about you, and a smiling interpreter explains the significance of "bugs in the motor" or "canary birds in the body." And you go back to your hotel footsore and weary, for if you have gone through only a few factories you have walked many a long mile, and you swear that the next time you are asked to inspect any number of motor car plants you will bring roller skates with you.

There was a day when you would hear more than you do now, in the great automobile centers, of racing, as the supreme test of a car's quality. There is no doubt that racing served a useful purpose in the development of the present-day motor car, but the thing was rather overdone, and the number of bad racing accidents had an unfavorable effect upon public opinion. That part of the public to which this element of danger was merely a spice finds greater pleasure nowadays in aviation meets.

George M. Dickson, a prominent member of the Active Rules Committee of the Manufacturers' Contest Association, thus sums up the case for those who believe that racing contests are still of service in the development of the motor car:

"I believe in motor car racing, based on our experiences, as a part of manufacturing, testing, and perfecting processes in connection with automobile construction and development.

"I do not believe in racing merely for the exhilaration, sport, and excitement.

"The race-course has served its purpose with us the same as a laboratory where every ounce of power and fiber of strength in our cars has been tested under abnormal strains—and every race has been a 'school' for our engineers. Racing is an education, especially stock car contests, for the car-builders who enter in a serious manner, and who profit by their experiences. It is the best form of test we know of to evolve definitely a superior car.

"Automobile racing in America is the best governed of any country. The rules are rigid, and the enforcement absolutely unbiased. I believe there is no better manner in which to test a car's stamina and reliability, and no better way absolutely to satisfy both builder and public of a car's ability to perform satisfactorily under all conditions. Racing is certainly an honest demonstration upon the part of the builder as he risks his reputation before the eyes of the world—and speed with its terrible strain tells no lies."

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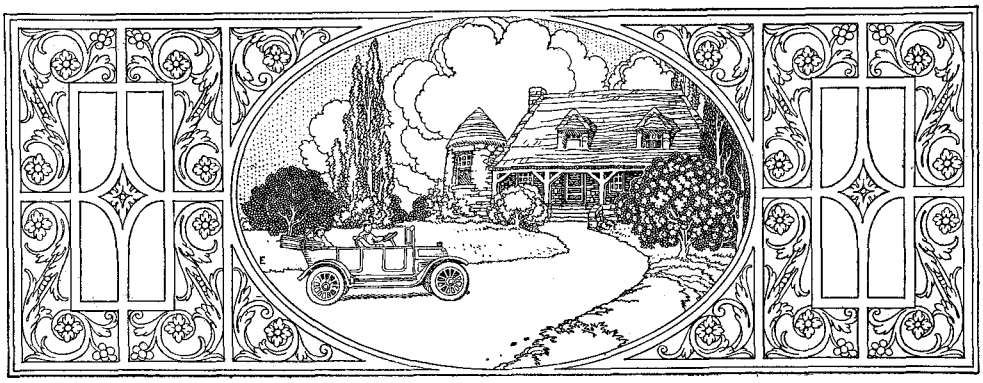

THE FLOWING ROAD

THERE is one question on which all persons interested in the motor car, owners, manufacturers, and drivers, are in enthusiastic agreement. There was not a man interviewed for this article who did not in some way refer to the good roads movement. A. G. Batchelder, Chairman of the Executive Board of the American Automobile Association, spoke not alone for his own organization, but for every friend of the motor car, when he said:

"Road travel to-day, as was the case years before the railway came, is no longer local; and, furthermore, it is now generally recognized that the good roads movement affects everybody. It is as inevitable that the motorist should concern himself with roads betterment, and examine the highways and byways, as it is certain that the boy must have that first swim in the creek on the earliest possible day in the spring. And in his use of a time-saving and distance-annihilating vehicle, town and county lines are a mere incident, for the motorist is an inter-State traveler.

"With the coming of the automobile the road question widened and enlarged. Conditions rapidly became known to the people in adjoining counties, and a growing comprehension of the whole highways question was inevitable. Because travel became more general and went farther afield, county roads succeeded town roads, and then State roads supplemented county systems for the same reason. Extended lines of road across a State, or between principal centers of population, have become a necessity of modern traffic. A long stretch of improved road is one of the best advertisements a State can have. It brings investors who are looking for advantageous locations. It induces agricultural investigation and consequent immigration and investment, not only along the line of the road, but in other accessible sections. It attracts a class of tourists who are able and willing to pay for entertainment. It changes, by the sheer force of publicity, backward localities into progressive ones, enhances values, and brings into general notice resources which before had been only locally known."

Mr. Batchelder was asked about the participation of the National Government in this country-wide good roads movement.

"There exists a pronounced and just demand for Federal assistance," he replied; "and something will come of it in the comparatively near future; but that something should be within reason, and of comprehensive National scope. The stimulus of transcontinental routes would be astounding. The transcontinental idea appeals to the imagination. It is American in conception, and typifies the progress of the Nation. The trip from coast to coast in an automobile, with its possibilities for an intimate examination of the country, is an education incomparable to anything else."

Mr. Batchelder was asked what actual progress has been made at Washington.

"As users of the road," he said, "our

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National association of owners, though working through State bodies and local clubs for State systems, has concerned itself with the Federal phase of the matter. A convention last January in Washington resulted in the subsequent creation of a Joint Committee of Congress to take up the subject and bring forth a concrete proposition. This committee, the chairman of which is Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of parcels post fame, has been busily at work for several months, and its report should prove of great value in shaping up effective legislation, which, however, will call for the attention of the incoming Administration.

"In this connection it is interesting to note the address which President-elect Woodrow Wilson made at the American Road Congress in Atlantic City some months ago. At that time he said: 'I tell you frankly my interest in good roads is not merely an interest in the pleasure of riding in autos. It is not merely an interest in the much more important matter of affording farmers of this country and residents in villages means of ready access to such neighboring markets as they need for economic benefit; but it is also the interest in weaving as complicated and elaborate a net of neighborhood and State and National opinion together as it is possible to weave. It is of the most fundamental importance that the United States should think in big pieces, should think together, should think ultimately as a whole, and I feel in my enthusiasm for good roads something of the old opposition that there always has been in me to any kind of sectional feeling.'

"There are many members of Congress who believe in the efficiency of highway improvement," concluded Mr. Batchelder, "looking upon it as one of the most important duties which the Federal and State governments have to perform, and consider that in interesting themselves in the roads question they are acting sanely and building wisely for the future. Roads development is now commanding the country-wide attention which it deserves, and which will give us ultimately a National Roads plan with correlated State systems embracing county market roads and township tributaries. Things are moving, and the light of roads communication is dawning where it never penetrated before."

The extension of the parcels post system should give a powerful impetus to the good roads movement. The economical transportation of mail and packages will be best secured by the use of motor trucks, and this will practically necessitate highway improvement in all parts of the country.

The good roads movement is, moreover, one of the most vital forces in the campaign to urge the inhabitants of congested cities "back to the land." No one questions nowadays that the surest cure for many of the economic and industrial troubles of our present civilization lies in the redistribution of the cities' overcrowded populations through the country. The more we eliminate the isolation of country life the easier we will find it to induce city dwellers to return to the land. Nothing tends to isolate the farmer so much as poor roads, difficult communication and transportation. The Government is spending millions of dollars to teach the farmers of the country how to raise the profitable crops. It will not be a very radical step forward to help the farmer profitably *market* the crops which he has raised. It has been said that it costs the farmer more to move a bushel of wheat over poor country roads than it does to ship that bushel from New York to Liverpool.

We are learning more and more in this country the necessity of conserving and using profitably our resources. The good roads movement is part and parcel of this campaign of conservation. Every mile of good road built is a National economy, and every new highway improved stops just so much National waste. It is therefore safe to call the good roads movement one of the greatest of the indirect benefits to the general public brought by the motor car.

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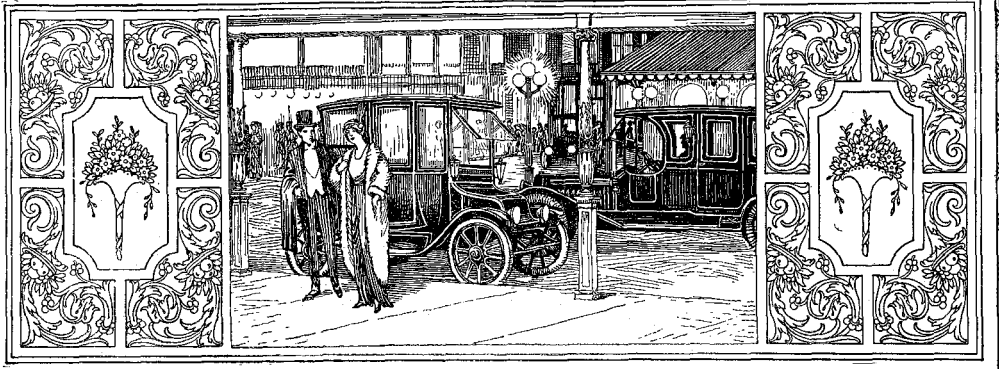

WHAT NEXT?

THIS, then, is the story, necessarily incomplete, of the revolution in transportation which may well be called the motor conquest. The story is incomplete because much of it is still history in the making. But enough has been accomplished to permit us to say that not since man first made beasts of burden of the ox and the horse, long before the shadowy dawn of history, has humanity taken such a long step forward in transportation facilities for the individual as that step of which we have been witnesses in the past decade. Every day our lives are being made more convenient, more comfortable, by the motor car. All this we calmly accept without really realizing how far-reaching the change has been. The truth of the matter is that we of the twentieth century have become so accustomed to accepting with equanimity these miracles of modern science that the old-time nine days' wonder is doing well if it stimulates curiosity for a few hours. We accept the motor car—and ask what next?

The swift aeroplane, the great dirigibles, veritable liners of the air—are these to rival the motor car almost before it has had time to displace the horse? Mr. Laurance H. Grahame, the well-known aviator, seems to think that it will be the flying boat, in which he expects soon to start on a trip across the continent. "Surely the strangest of all man's many inventions," says Mr. Grahame, "is this combination of vehicle, boat, and aeroplane, able to travel on land, in water, or mid-air."

This weird craft, exhibited in the recent New York motor boat show, is by no means an experiment, for it has to its credit a record of 1,600 voyages covering nearly 20,000 miles. It runs along the land, sails on the water at anything up to sixty-odd miles an hour, or darts through the air at sixty to sixty-five miles an hour. The operator may start from his garage, run over the land at whatever speed he likes, splash into the water anywhere, and go wherever he wishes at a speed almost of his own choosing.

When possibilities like these loom up in the future, one may well hesitate to declare the motor conquest final. But the average man will probably continue to do most of his business and find most of his pleasure on solid ground and not in mid-air. Moreover, the future that lies before the motor car is big enough to require no fear of rivals. It will be a wonderful story which the historian will have to tell a few decades hence when the motor conquest is complete. It will be the story of a conquest of peace and fruitful industry, less spectacular, perhaps, than the great conquests of war, but quite as far-reaching in consequence and of infinitely greater importance in the progress of civilization.

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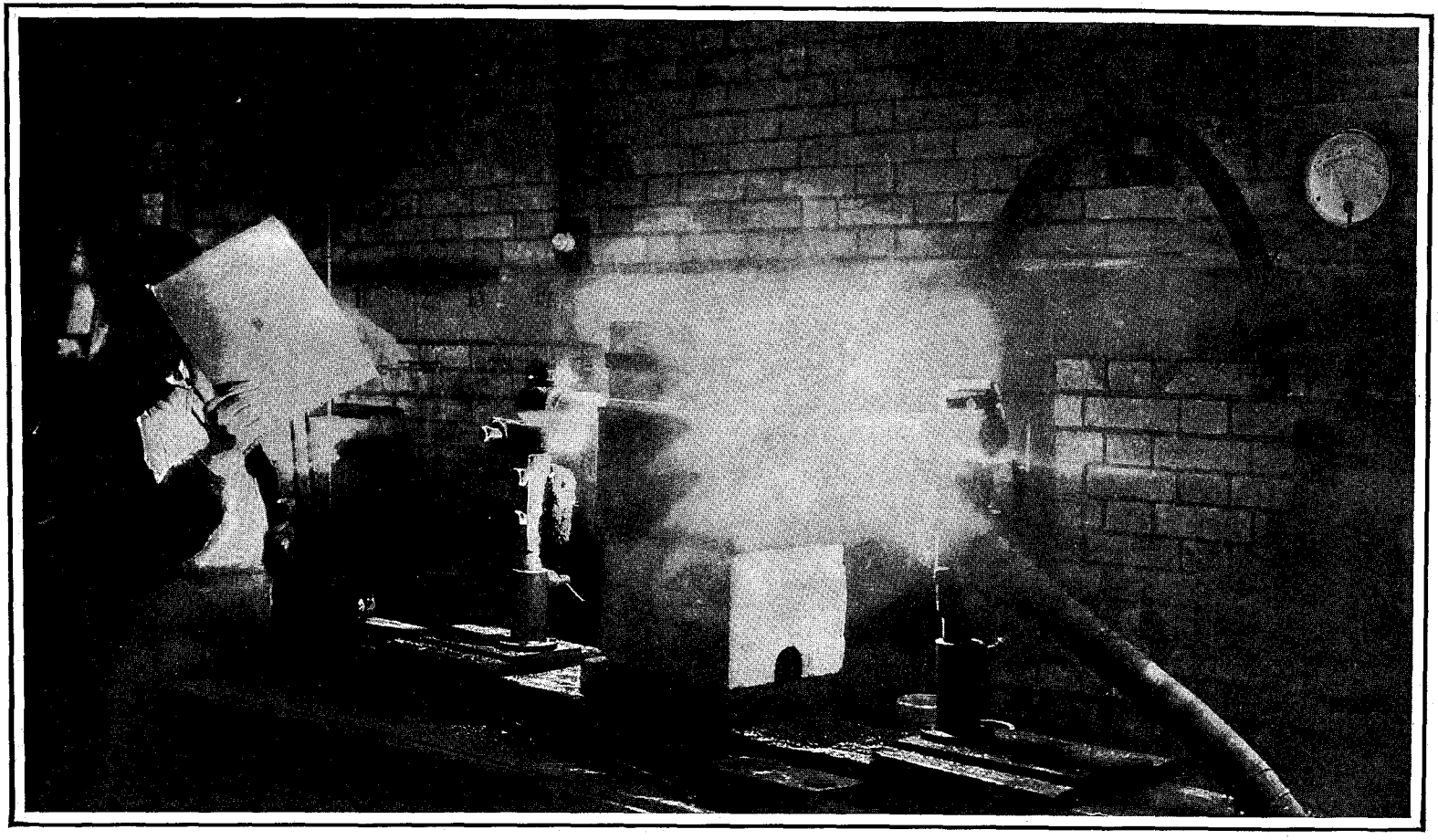

THE ELECTRIC FURNACE IN WHICH PROFESSOR MOISSAN MADE HIS ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS. SO INTENSE WAS THE ELECTRIC ARC EMPLOYED THAT IT COULD BE LOOKED AT IN SAFETY ONLY THROUGH COLORED GLASS

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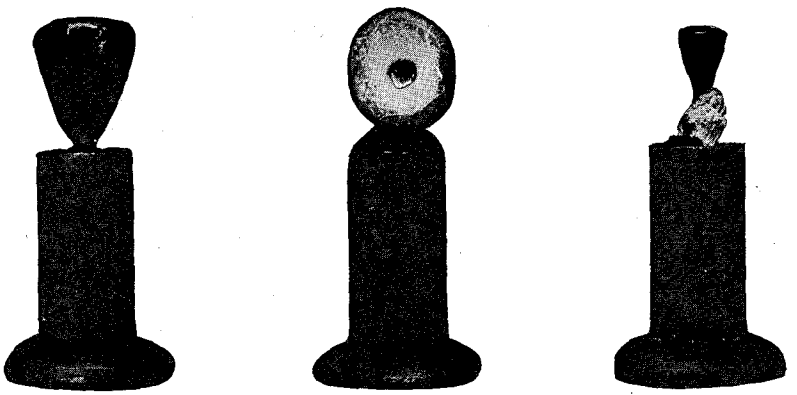

SYNTHETIC RUBIES WHEN THEY COME FROM THE FURNACE ARE PEAR-SHAPED. THEY ARE BUILT UP CONE-WISE FROM A COMPARATIVELY SMALL APEX. IN THE MIDDLE PICTURE ONE OF THESE "BOULES," AS THEY ARE CALLED, IS SHOWN LYING ON ITS SIDE

MAN-MADE GEMS

HOW THE MODERN CHEMIST HAS AT LAST SUCCEEDED IN PRODUCING REAL PRECIOUS STONES IN THE LABORATORY

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

WHY the mediæval alchemist should have plagued himself more with the task of converting base metals into gold rather than with the equally fascinating problem of making gems from ignoble material perhaps some scholar versed in the mysterious ways of the Rosicrucians and of those who sought the Philosopher's Stone can explain. Curiously enough, only the modern chemist has attempted to produce precious stones which lapidaries and jewelers will accept as genuine. For which reason the annals of the diamond and the pigeon-blood ruby contain no records of cryptic phrases mumbled in secret chambers at midnight over seething vessels, nor of necromantic passes with magic wands over misshapen retorts. Before he ever attempted to mimic nature the chemist first determined what is the exact composition of the few stones that are worth manufacturing. Without that knowledge he could hardly hope to construct a gem that nature herself might mistake for her own product.

Nothing could be simpler or sounder in principle, yet nothing more difficult of accomplishment. Ages after the fire has been extinguished, what do we know of the temperature of a planetary melting-pot, the contents of which were stirred and intermingled by terrific volcanic explosions? What do we know of the pressures that caused a priceless crystal to separate from a solution that boiled eons ago in some huge basin that is now a ruby mine in Burma or a diamond field in South Africa? The materials of which rocks are composed can be discovered easily enough; but obviously the processes that formed a living world, and incidentally studded that world with gems, cannot always be inferred with absolute accuracy. Yet, overwhelming in scope and in complication as the whole subject is, the scientist has grappled it with astonishing success.

The work that has been done in producing the diamond in the laboratory typifies the research methods that underlie the manufacture of all gems. For over a hundred and fifty years chemists have known that there is no chemical difference between charcoal and the finest stones that ever came out of Kimberley, that the diamond is but crystallized carbon, and that the whole problem of making a diamond in a factory is simply a matter of finding a way of crystallizing charcoal. The Kohinoor that blazes in the diadem of a potentate, the black rod of graphite lodged in the middle of your lead pencil, and the charcoal obtained from the burning of wood are all variant

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forms of carbon, just as ice is but another form of water. It seems so childishly simple to change one form into the other that the great chemist Liebig once wrote to his friend and colleague Woehler: "Soon I will send you a diamond as thick as your thumb." That was in 1839. Yet only in our own day was the secret of crystallizing carbon, of making real diamonds, discovered.

Perhaps Liebig wrote so confidently because it is no difficult matter to crystallize many elements. A shapeless mass of sulphur, for example, can be converted into beautiful yellow crystals by heating it in a crucible until it melts and allowing the molten mass to cool. On the walls of the crucible fine crystals are deposited by the vapors of sulphur rising from the molten mass. Unfortunately, charcoal is not so readily crystallized into diamonds because, when it is heated under ordinary conditions, it does not melt and form a liquid but flashes immediately into gas. For all that, the diamonds of nature were probably formed from liquid carbon; how was ascertained only after years of study and experimenting.

Sometimes an element may be crystallized from its solutions. Common table salt can be dissolved in water, but only in limited amounts. When the limit is reached, no more salt can be taken up. Heat the water, however, and you will find that a little more can be dissolved. When the solution cools, the excess salt, dissolved because the water was heated, is deposited in the form of crystals. A somewhat similar method has been tried with carbon. Molten iron will dissolve carbon, and the amount dissolved is governed largely by the temperature of the iron. When the iron is cooled, we expect to obtain crystals of carbon. We do. They are not the dazzling transparent crystals that we know as diamonds, but the black crystals that we call graphite.

To the late Professor Henri Moissan, a brilliant French chemist, we owe what we know of the artificial production of diamonds. Like every modern scientist, he began his work in the most sensible, the most logical way imaginable—by studying the diamonds of nature and the mode of their occurrence.

He analyzed diamonds carefully. To do that he had to burn them. That expensive proceeding was by no means novel. Moissan repeated it simply to confirm the analyses of his predecessors. All of them had said that in the ash of a burned diamond traces of iron could be detected. He, too, found that an infinitesimal amount of iron is contained in the purest stones. He learned that wherever a diamond is unearthed quartz is sure to be discovered near it, and quartz, Moissan knew, is formed only by great pressure. He also knew that molten iron had the property of dissolving carbon. Hence iron and great pressure were in some way necessary for the making of diamonds. These were his only scientific clues to a puzzle that had mystified chemists for over one hundred and fifty years. Possibly, he concluded—possibly, natural diamonds had crystallized under great pressure from a solution of carbon in molten iron.

Before he wasted time and energy in further experimenting he studied the literature of diamonds. He learned that a mineralogist of note, Dr. E. A. Foote, had actually discovered minute diamonds in the fragment of a meteorite picked up in Arizona. Foote's fragment was a chip of what is known as the Cañon Diablo meteorite. Some thousands of years ago—perhaps it was even tens of thousands of years ago—a blazing meteor had struck Arizona. In a crater-like formation, three-quarters of a mile in diameter and about six hundred feet deep, the earth still bears the scar of that encounter. The meteor, a huge mass of molten iron whirling through space, was scooped up, as it were, by the irresistible attraction of the earth. Like most meteors, it must have exploded soon after it entered the earth's atmosphere; for pieces of it, varying in weight from a fraction of an ounce to half a ton, are scattered over an area five miles in diameter. Ten tons of this meteoric iron have thus far been collected for the museums of the world. Dr. Foote proceeded to cut his specimen in two. His tools were ruined by something harder than mere iron—something which, upon chemical analysis, proved to be tiny diamonds, both black and transparent. Moissan immediately procured a specimen of the Cañon Diablo meteorite. He made an independent examination and verified all that Dr. Foote had stated.

Molten iron is like water in this respect. When it chills and solidifies, it expands. That pipes often burst when water within them freezes every one knows who has ever paid a plumber's bill. The molten iron of which the Cañon Diablo meteorite is composed had chilled until a hard crust had been formed with an intensely hot liquid interior. As the

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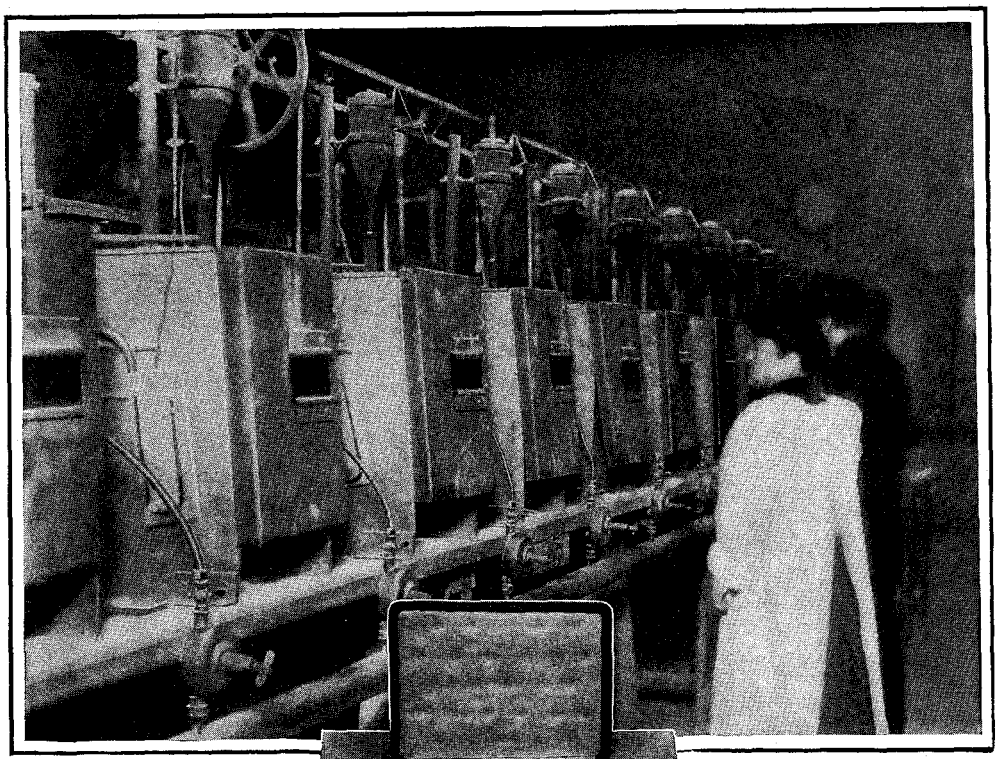
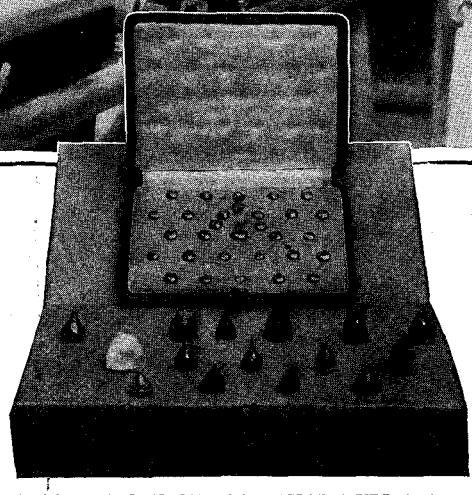


A BATTERY OF FURNACES IN WHICH REAL RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES ARE MADE. CHEMICALLY PURE ALUMINA, TO WHICH APPROPRIATE COLORING MATTER IS ADDED, IS THE RAW MATERIAL USED. THROUGH THE WINDOW OF EACH FURNACE THE CHEMIST CAN WATCH THE FORMATION OF THE SYNTHETIC SAPPHIRE OR RUBY. THE RAW MATERIAL (ALUMINA) IS CONTAINED IN THE FUNNEL-SHAPED VESSEL CONNECTED ABOVE EACH FURNACE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES BOYER

A COLLECTION OF ARTIFICIAL RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES—CUT AND UNCUT

liquid interior froze it expanded, and the outer crust resisted that expansion. An enormous pressure was created—just what was needed to crystallize the carbon from the iron and to form diamonds. Thus Moissan explained the presence of diamonds in the meteorite of Cañon Diablo.

The next step was the creation of an artificial, miniature meteorite, something in which intense heat and terrific pressure could be generated. Moissan built himself an electric furnace. It was very simple. A block of limestone and two electrodes connected with a dynamo—that was all of which it was composed. The limestone block was hollowed out to receive a crucible. In the crucible Moissan packed a mixture of pure iron and carbon made by burning sugar. When the powerful current was turned on—so powerful that every working minute cost Moissan one dollar—the crucible and its contents were raised to a temperature of over seven thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The sun is not much hotter. The iron became like hot, liquid wax and dissolved the sugar carbon. After a few minutes the limestone of the furnace itself began to melt and the iron to float off in clouds of vapor—so fierce was the heat. His eyes shielded by colored glasses, Moissan seized a pair of tongs and lifted the blinding white crucible—his miniature meteorite—and dropped it into ice-cold water.

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Exactly what happened thousands of years ago when the Cañon Diablo meteorite collided with the earth was repeated on a small scale, except that there was no explosion. A skin of chilled iron was formed that resisted the effort of the still liquid interior to expand. In that tremendous pressure diamonds were formed—not Kohinoors, but microscopic crystals, the biggest of which was only one thirty-second of an inch in diameter, and therefore too small for any practical purpose. Each microscopic diamond cost him about five times as much as a natural diamond of equal size; but a great geological secret had been revealed, something that was well worth the price paid in intellectual effort and in money. Moissan repeated the experiment many times in after years. Never was he able to obtain a diamond that a jeweler would dignify by calling it even a chip. Nor have others been more successful.

If we judge Moissan's results merely by the size of his diamonds, his achievement must seem as ridiculous as that of a circus clown who succeeds, after frantic efforts, in evoking a barely audible squeak from a gigantic megaphone. Yet scientific men consider Moissan's discoveries epoch-making. A Gradgrind may ask, "What is the use of spending years of time and thousands in money to produce a diamond that can be seen only with a magnifying-glass?" The answer is that, thanks to Moissan, the diamond is no longer a perennial puzzle, one of the "riddles of the painful earth," as a great poet once expressed it. We know exactly how nature's diamonds were produced, and what forces are essential to make them artificially in a factory. Moissan worked with high temperatures, but with comparatively small pressures. If we are to make a salable diamond, we must have far more powerful mechanism at our disposal than Moissan was able to command. Some day that mechanism will be provided, and the diamond factory of Niagara Falls will compete with the Premier Mine of South Africa.

That Moissan was right has been proved by others who sought to obtain great pressures and great heat in ways different from that which he employed. A few years ago Sir Andrew Noble, one of the greatest living authorities on explosives, detonated some cordite in closed cylinders of steel. A pressure of over fifty tons to the square inch and a temperature of over ninety-seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit were attained. Working with specially prepared explosives containing an excess of carbon, Sir Andrew collected the residue left in the cylinders and gave it to Sir William Crookes for analysis. Sir William found that true minute diamonds had been formed.

It must not be forgotten that nature made her diamonds with a great heat, applied, not for a few minutes, but for centuries, and perhaps for thousands of years; with a quantity of carbon measured, not by ounces, but perhaps by tons; and with pressures far exceeding those obtained by Sir Andrew Noble, and exercised, not for the fleeting fraction of a second during an explosion, but for protracted intervals of time. Perhaps the chemist will never succeed in making a Cullinan—a stone that weighed a pound and three-quarters in the rough—but some day he will elaborate Noble's simple apparatus and produce stones that the jeweler will not disdain to set in a necklace.

If Moissan himself never made a fortune out of his discovery, a French swindler named Lemoine did. No less a person than Sir Julius Wernher, a prominent officer of the South African diamond syndicate, fell a ready prey to Lemoine—proof, perhaps, that the owners of diamond mines do not view with equanimity the discovery of a commercial process for manufacturing Kohinoors. After having examined stones that Lemoine claimed had been produced by his secret process, Sir Julius Wernher advanced large sums for the building of a factory. No diamonds were forthcoming. Lemoine was arrested and brought to trial. Experts identified the gems that he had displayed to Sir Julius as diamonds bought from known sources. Sir Julius had pinned his faith on the statements contained in a certain sealed envelope that had been locked by Lemoine in a safe. On the day appointed for the opening of the envelope in court, the day which was to decide whether or not a historic swindle had been perpetrated, Lemoine wisely disappeared. In the court records the "secret" process, rather too literally translated from the French by some court clerk, is thus revealed:

> I, the undersigned, Henri Lemoine, declare that to make artificial diamonds it is sufficient to employ the following process: (1) Take a furnace; (2) take some powdered sugar carbon; (3) place the carbon in a crucible; (4) place the crucible in the furnace and raise the temperature to from 1,700 degrees C. to 1,800 degrees C. in order to obtain crystallization; (5) when this

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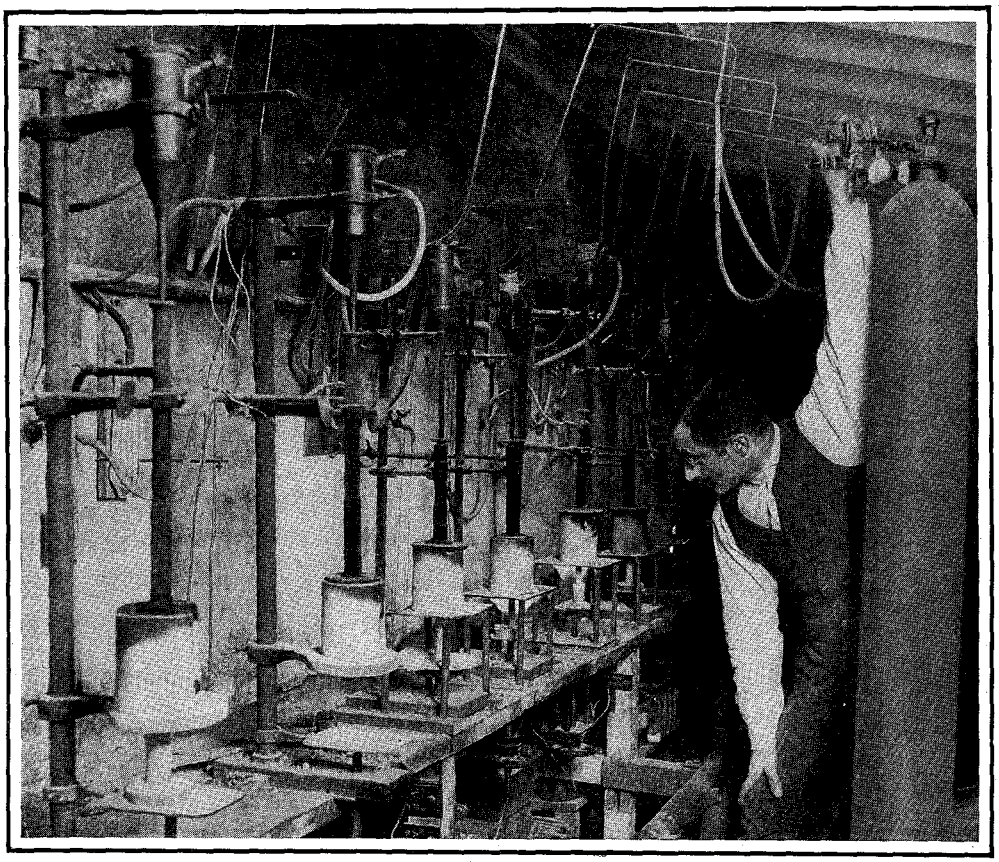
temperature has been obtained, apply pressure to the cover of the crucible. The diamonds will then be made, and it remains only to take them out.

The English and American press published derisive articles on Lemoine and Wernher. To make diamonds out of sugar carbon seemed deliciously preposterous. Yet that was exactly what Moissan had done. However absurd his pretended ability to make large stones, and however ridiculous was his secret process, Lemoine had at least wit enough to steal the general idea.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES BOYER

IN MAKING SYNTHETIC RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES AN INTENSELY HOT FLAME, PRODUCED BY THE COMBUSTION OF OXYGEN AND HYDROGEN, IS EMPLOYED. THESE GASES ARE COMPRESSED IN TANKS OF THE KIND ILLUSTRATED. THE CHEMIST IS HERE SHOWN ADJUSTING THE AMOUNT OF GAS FED FROM ONE OF THE TANKS TO THE FLAME

More successful than Moissan have been those chemists who have tried to make rubies and sapphires. Long ago the remarkable discovery was made that rubies and sapphires are but modifications of the common clay out of which earthen pots are fashioned—a clay called alumina. Change the formless alumina into crystals and you have what the chemist calls corundum. If your corundum crystal is opaque, your product is emery; if it is transparent, it is either a ruby or a sapphire, depending on its color. In other words, the ruby and the sapphire are as much related to each other as are red glass and blue glass. Whether your corundum is a ruby or a sapphire depends entirely on a little coloring matter—in either case a chemical impurity. Your Oriental pigeon-blood ruby owes its mysterious ruddy gleam to a minute quantity of chromium oxide. But what impurities gave the sapphire its deep rich blue or its occasional yellow and green hues has only recently been discovered.

If we are to make rubies in the factory, evidently we have only to melt the common clay alumina, so as to produce corundum, and then color it with a pinch of chromium oxide. As long ago as 1848 Ebelmen, the director of the famous porcelain works of Sèvres,

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made the experiment. His rubies were small and imperfect—worthless, in a word. Hundreds of attempts to make them of salable size and quantity proved futile. Frémy, a French chemist, succeeded better, after thirteen years of painstaking labor. But not until Professor A. Verneuil, of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, completed Frémy's work were we able to buy factory-made rubies—stones identical in color, optical properties, brilliancy, and chemical composition with the finest Burmese stones. Because the word "artificial" suggests an imposition, chemists and even jewelers prefer to call Verneuil's gems "synthetic rubies." Although man-made, they are genuine. Factories in which Verneuil's principles are commercially applied on a large scale have sprung up in France and Germany, with the result that the output of synthetic rubies amounts to about seven million carats annually, equivalent to about a ton and a half. Fine natural rubies are worth two hundred and fifty dollars a carat; exceptionally fine two-carat stones, as much as two thousand five hundred dollars. Since the manufacturing cost of crude synthetic rubies is only about two and a half cents a carat, and of the cut and polished crystal about forty cents, it is easy to picture the alarm of a Parisian association of jewelers that petitioned the French Chamber of Deputies to pass a law which would restrict the application of the word "ruby" to gems cut only from natural raw stones.

Verneuil's process is astonishingly simple. Just as Moissan's white-hot crucible, filled with molten iron in which carbon is dissolved, has its natural analogue in a meteorite or shooting star, so Verneuil produces his rubies by a method akin to that by which nature fashions an icicle. By the wind or some other chilling influence a flowing drop of water is transformed into an ice crystal. The succeeding drop spreads over that crystal in a thin film and freezes to it. And so layer on layer of crystalline ice is formed in the shape of an icicle. To the eye that icicle seems like a stalactite; but for all that, its internal structure is that of a single, regular, optically perfect crystal.

While Verneuil imitates nature's method of forming icicles, he modifies it in one important respect. An icicle grows downward, drop-wise, from a large base, and tapers to a point. A Verneuil synthetic ruby icicle grows upward, drop-wise, not from a broad base but from a point. It was found that if a ruby were built up on a large base, like an icicle, it would always be so cracked as to be unsuitable for gem-cutting; but that if the base were exceedingly small a perfect stone was obtained. A synthetic ruby, immediately after it is completed, therefore, resembles a small pear standing on its stem. The pear may weigh as much as eighty carats. No synthetic cut ruby of that size has yet been sold; for fully seventy-five per cent of the pear, whether it be big or little, is lost in the cutting.

The apparatus in which Verneuil makes his inverted pear-shaped ruby icicles is comprised essentially of a downwardly hanging blow-pipe to which two gases are fed—oxygen and illuminating gas. Ignited, the two burn with an intensely hot flame. Into this flame a fine powder, a mixture of chemically pure alumina (clay) and chemically pure chromium oxide, is dropped, a few grains at a time, to collect on the vertex of a clay cone or "foot." At regular intervals a little cloud of powder falls into the flame, melts, and freezes to the ruby that has crystallized on the foot. By careful adjustment of the conical clay foot a ruby pear is built up, drop by drop, to almost any desirable size. Although the pressure of the gases must be nicely regulated as the ruby is constructed, and although the adjustment of the clay cone or foot on which the molten powder falls requires much skill, a single workman can attend eight or nine furnaces. At the rate of ten carats an hour each of his flames produces rubies as beautiful and as hard as those which nature fashioned after the lapse of centuries.

Long experience in the manufacture of synthetic rubies has revealed much that was not clearly understood about the natural stone. Why, for instance, is the inferior Siamese ruby orange-red in color, and the highly prized Burmese ruby of a deep bloody hue? Verneuil finds that if there is the slightest trace of iron in the chromium oxide with which he mixes his alumina he obtains the Siamese ruby, and only when the chromium oxide is absolutely pure is his ruby pear a Burmese stone. Who can doubt that a particle of iron has spoiled the natural Siamese ruby for the connoisseur? If the amount of chromium oxide is very slight, a light-pink stone is obtained, which has been erroneously likened to the pink topaz—erroneously because the topaz, whatever its color, has not yet been synthetically produced. If

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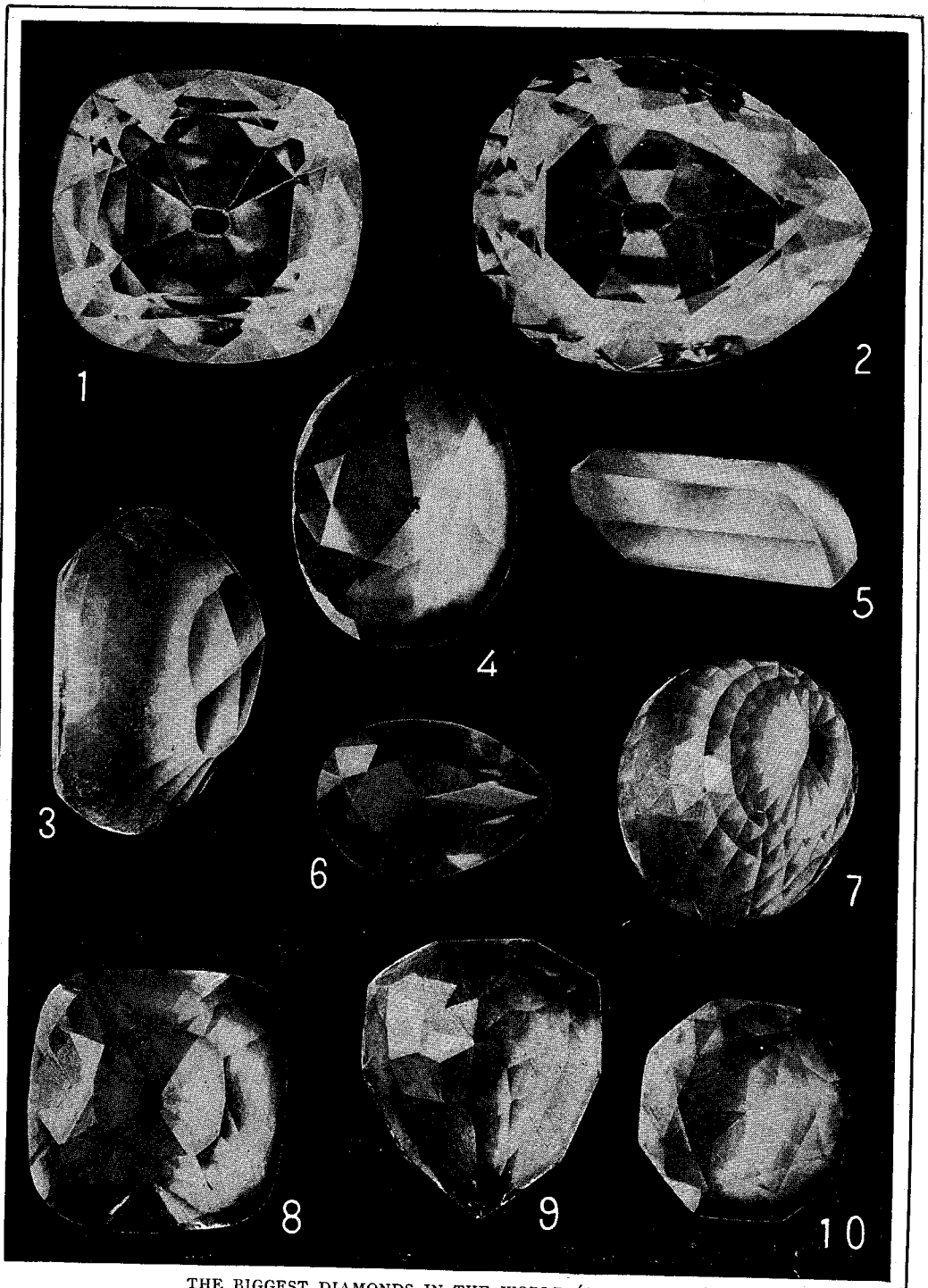

THE BIGGEST DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD (ACTUAL SIZE)

1 and **2.** The Cullinan diamond. When discovered in January, 1905, it weighed 3,025¾ carats. It was cut in 1908 into nine principal parts, the first (drop brilliant, 516½ carats) and the second (square brilliant, 309 3-18 carats) being the largest cut diamonds in existence. Fig. 1 represents the square stone, Fig. 2 the drop brilliant. **3.** The Kohinoor before its last cutting. In the fourteenth century, when the stone was brought to Delhi, it weighed perhaps 793 carats. When sold in 1673, it weighed only 279 carats. The East India Company presented the stone to the English crown in 1850. **4.** The Kohinoor after it was recut in 1852. The present weight is 106 1-16 carats. **5.** The Shah, 86 carats. **6.** The Dresden Green, 48½ carats. **7.** The Orloff, 194¾ carats. This stone is set in the scepter of the Czar of Russia. It was presented by Prince Orloff to Catherine II. **8.** The Regent, 136¾ carats. Remarkable for its purity and shape. It once decorated the hilt of Napoleon's sword. **9.** The Florentine, a yellow stone weighing a little over 133 carats and belonging to the Austrian crown collection. **10.** The Polar Star, 40 carats.

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the chromium oxide is omitted altogether, a true white sapphire is obtained.

Can a gem expert distinguish a natural from a synthetic ruby? That depends on the stone. The naked eye alone can perceive no difference. Under the microscope, however, minute brown crystals, called inclusions, and angular cavities are occasionally seen in the natural ruby, and round air bubbles in the synthetic ruby. That seems to be the only microscopic distinction between the two. If the microscope fails to reveal either inclusions or bubbles, it is impossible to state whether the stone is natural or synthetic.

The ruby and the sapphire, it has been said, are both crystallized forms of clay called alumina. By employing only the purest alumina and omitting all chromium oxide, Verneuil, as we have seen, succeeds in producing a water-clear sapphire. In order to obtain a deep-blue sapphire he must use appropriate coloring matter. That was not easy at first. First of all he tried to discover what was the chemical that gave the sapphire its characteristic tint. He failed, as every chemist who ever conducted the investigation failed, because the coloring matter is destroyed when a sapphire is melted. M. Picard, one of Verneuil's assistants, succeeded, after much difficulty, in obtaining a blue stone by mixing with the alumina a little cobalt and magnesia. Experts refused to accept the product as a pure sapphire, and with reason; for its blue was the blue of the vulgar cobalt glass and not the aristocratic velvety blue of the natural gem. Besides, it had none of the optical properties of a real sapphire. Financed by an American company and assisted by an American chemist, Dr. I. H. Levin, Professor Verneuil attacked the problem from a different angle. By adding a little titanium to the mixture of alumina, cobalt, and magnesia, a better, but by no means a perfect, blue resulted. Clearly titanium was the active colorant. After three years of hard work Verneuil and his American assistant decided that titanium and iron oxide (ferric oxide), if mixed with the clay, would produce an acceptable sapphire. The experiment was made. A white-hot pear was taken out of the furnace. When it cooled, it assumed the magnificent blue color of the finest natural sapphire. At last the problem of making a true sapphire synthetically was solved.

And so all the gems in the corundum family are now made synthetically on a commercial scale by Verneuil's process—the ruby, the sapphire, the yellow Oriental topaz (which is not a topaz despite its name), and other stones commonly called Oriental, such as the so-called violet Oriental "amethyst." The turquoise, too, is made artificially in Paris and Vienna, but by some process which is kept a profound secret. The only precious stones worth making that are not produced synthetically as yet are the emerald and the true topaz.

Almost as remarkable as the work that Verneuil is doing is the investigation that Professor Bordas has conducted to determine the effect of radium on precious stones. Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, found that the glass tube in which she had placed one of her first specimens had changed color. That discovery led Professor Berthelot to test the effect of radium rays on precious stones. He found that in nearly every case the color was changed to a degree dependent on the length of exposure. Bordas completed the work. He began his experiments with corundum crystals bought for two francs a carat. They were cheap sapphires and rubies. After they had been exposed to the effect of radium, he found that a white stone had assumed the yellow color of a topaz, a blue crystal had become as green as an emerald, and a violet crystal had been tinted a sapphire blue. Further experimenting yielded even more amazing results. A wine-yellow corundum had been converted into a fine ruby, and a cheap dark corundum had become violet. Bordas showed his transformed gems to the jeweler from whom he had bought them at the price of two francs a carat. An offer was promptly made of forty-five francs a carat for the lot, with the exception of the ruby. That the jeweler considered worth five hundred francs.

The experiments that Bordas has conducted in the laboratories of the Collège de France show that precious stones of the corundum group (the ruby, the sapphire, and the rest) can be changed in color successively by radium from red to violet, then to blue and green, and finally from green to yellow. Can it be that radium has played its part in producing the variegated hues of the natural ruby and sapphire?

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TALES OUT OF COURT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON GRANT

FOURTH TALE

IN OPEN COURT

HAD it not been for the words "Judge's Chambers" plainly printed on its door, a stranger entering the judicial sanctum of the Circuit Court at Belo might have suspected that he had accidentally strayed into the official junk shop of the county seat. Certainly the place looked more like a lumber-room than a private office, and every session of the court added to the discomfort of those for whose accommodation it had been designed. But none of the visiting jurists ever ventured to disturb even the dust upon its shelves for fear of destroying something of value belonging to an associate, and the natural result was an accumulation of material which taxed the limit of its capacity.

Great bundles of papers were tumbled in crazy heaps upon the floor; columns of the "Congressional Record" reared drunkenly toward the ceiling; stacks of stenographic minutes crowned the bookcases; maps, blue prints, surveys, photographs, broken umbrellas, odd overshoes, models, wrecked typewriters, discarded hats, bits of machinery, and other exhibits from long-forgotten lawsuits occupied every nook and corner; the shelves sagged under the weight of ponderous legal tomes in flaking and peeling sheepskin covers, showing here and there a gap (like a missing tooth) filled with a wedge of yellowing documents; the roll-top desk was almost hidden behind a rampart of papers weakened in spots by the bursting of elastic bands; the floor was littered with sheets spilled from the loose piles of official stationery; and in the midst of all this welter, with barely more than elbow-room, sat the Hon. Jacob Kinsley, supreme exponent of the law, for the time being, in Fraser County, and Abner Saltus, his confidential clerk.

Political necessity is notorious for all sorts of strange alliances, but it probably never paired two more hopelessly uncongenial human beings than the Judge and his right-hand man, and years of daily contact had failed to create any bond of sympathy between them. In Kinsley's eyes Saltus was nothing but a coarse-grained political hack whom Fate, in the guise of party expediency, had forced upon him; and to Saltus his Honor was merely a pompous outsider who gave himself superior airs on the strength of a political accident. Opportunities for correcting these early impressions of each other had not been lacking to either man. That the Judge had neglected more than one opportunity for removing his obnoxious subordinate was no secret to the clerk—that the clerk had again and again saved the judicial reputation of his chief by detecting legal "jokers" in the papers submitted for his signature was fully comprehended by the Judge. But neither the generosity of the one nor the watch-dog virtues of the other served to effect anything more than an armed truce between them until the term for which Kinsley had been elected was drawing to a close. Then self-interest had prompted Saltus to make the Judge's cause his own; but while his Honor did not underestimate the value of this support, he inwardly resented having anything in common with the ferret-faced limb of the law who had chosen to squire him in the fight for his official life.

That he would ever desire a renomination had seemed impossible to Kinsley during the early years of his career upon the bench. Indeed, he had often been heard to remark in those days that he would "far rather be a lawyer who voluntarily appeared in court against one opponent at a time than a judge who was forced to practice law against all the bar at once." But that bitter cynicism dated from the period when the unscrupulous element of the profession and his political enemies had attempted to blast his judicial career and had succeeded in unnerving him to such an extent that for months he had never put his pen to paper without fearing the explosion of some legal mine. This rough initiation into his new duties had at first utterly disgusted him with public service, but the ugly necessity of guarding himself from the tricks of the trade soon resulted in his complete estrangement from the bar, and he began to take a sort of fierce joy in wielding the vast powers at his command. Then he gradually realized that the expiration of his term

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would find him professionally isolated, clientless, and well advanced in age, and before long the very thought of surrendering his mighty office filled him with a sickly dread. It was not surprising, therefore, that he had kept in close touch with politics as a means of insuring the retention of his post; and this ambition had, little by little, become the all-absorbing passion of his life. Indeed, every word he had uttered and every step he had taken for years had been carefully considered with a view to his coming candidacy, and no mariner ever watched his barometer more keenly than Kinsley watched the trend of public opinion in the press.

It was this engrossing task that occupied him and his subordinate as they sat in the disordered chambers before the opening of court during one of the last days of the spring term at Belo. There was only one available chair in the room, and Kinsley occupied this, while Saltus perched on the seat of a mowing-machine which had recently figured in a jury case. Between them, in a small clearing on the rubbish-strewn desk, lay a bundle of newspaper clippings from which they helped themselves at will, rapidly scanning each slip before laying it aside or throwing it on the already littered floor. For a time neither man paused in his work or uttered a comment of any kind. Even when Saltus at last thrust one of his slips toward his chief, he did so without speaking or looking up, and the Judge took the paper mechanically without raising his eyes from his own reading. Then he brushed the clipping he had been perusing to the floor, glanced at the half-column of fine print that had been handed him, and frowned impatiently.

"Well, what's all this?" he demanded, sharply.

Saltus rolled an unlighted cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, crushed the slip he was reading into a pellet, flicked it away and picked up another.

"It's the same old thing," he answered, resuming his reading. "A lot of drool about Gedney's case. He's evidently going to try it in the newspapers, since he can't do it in the court. That's the third reference to it I've come across this morning, and I'll bet there's more of 'em in this batch. By Jiminy! I win already, for here's another. It's a bit shorter than the one you've got. Want to hear it?"

The Judge nodded.

"What is it from?" he inquired, indolently.

"Crosby Forks 'Record,'" responded the clerk. "Some fellow who signs himself 'An Observer' is addressing the editor.

"'Sir,' he writes, 'as an illustration of the administration of justice in this county, let me call your attention to the case of the Farmers' Supply Co. vs. Gedney & Son now on the Circuit calendar at Belo. This cause is the outgrowth of a trade war with the history of which most people in our community are tolerably familiar. I do not profess to know the merits of the controversy, but it is apparent to everybody that the corporation which brought the suit and presumably desired to submit its rights to the court is not anxious to proceed to trial, while the other side is straining every nerve to gain a public hearing. I know what I am talking about, for I have attended the last five sessions of the court and this case has been on the calendar each term, only to be adjourned at the instance of the plaintiff and against the protest of the defendants. Yesterday I took occasion to examine the records in the County Clerk's office, and I find that during the past year there have been eight motions and three appeals argued in this case on technical points of pleading and practice in no way involving the facts in dispute, and, as far as I can judge, the sole purpose of these maneuvers has been to subject the defendants to annoyance and delay. I hold no brief for those gentlemen, with whom I am not personally acquainted, but if the law can be juggled in this fashion no business man is safe, for he is liable to be haled into court and have his business interfered with, if not ruined, by any unscrupulous rival with sufficient resources to drag him through a long litigation. Such mockeries of justice will effect a revolution in our form of government if we suffer them to continue much longer.'"

Saltus laid aside the clipping and glanced inquiringly at his auditor.

"I reckon that 'Observer' used his ears as well as his eyes," he commented.

"But not his brains," snapped the Judge. "If that is meant for an attack on me, it's wide of its mark. Anybody but a fool ought to know that the law is made *by* the lawyers and *for* the lawyers. It's the business of a judge to administer the law as he finds it and not as he might wish it to be."

There was a note of defiant finality in Kinsley's voice, but his subordinate did not appear to be particularly impressed.

"Um! Seems to me I've heard some-

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thing like that before," he droned, and for a few moments he continued skimming the sheaf of clippings in his hands. Then he rapidly extracted half a dozen of the slips and shoved them toward his chief.

"They're squibbing us for fair on this thing, Judge," he commented.

Kinsley inwardly winced at the word "us," but he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a matter of indifference to me," he observed as he glanced at the items. "The case is at the head of to-day's calendar, and it will be either settled or tried this morning. So don't waste time on what will soon be ancient history. This is a very interesting review of my record," he continued. "You see, it tabulates my equity cases and my jury cases separately, proving that I have been less frequently reversed in the higher courts than any other judge in each class of work. My percentages show up even better this way, I think."

"Um!"

Saltus glanced disinterestedly at the proffered clipping and shot a swift side-glance at the speaker.

"Do you mean what you said just now, Judge?" he queried, as he bit the end off his cigar and groped in his pocket for a match.

Kinsley frowned impatiently.

"Mean what?" he demanded.

"That you're going to try Gedney's case this morning?"

"Yes, if it isn't settled."

The clerk whistled a few notes of a popular song, slipped down from his perch, and, lighting his cigar, stood silently puffing it as he leaned against the desk watching his chief.

"You haven't forgotten what I told you was happening down at the Forks day before yesterday, have you, Judge?" he inquired, after a pause.

Kinsley raised his head, and, pushing up his spectacles, pressed his fingers to his eyes for a moment as though reflecting.

"You mean about the Supply Company people taking an interest in the primaries," he observed. "Well, what of it?"

Saltus's eyes narrowed ominously.

"What of it?" he repeated. "Say, Judge, can't you and me talk man-talk? . . . Oh, well, never mind!" he continued, impatiently, as he noted Kinsley's haughty glance. "Play the game every way you like, but don't let's misunderstand signals. Listen to this item from the 'Record:'

"'The Honorable Wallace Dunham, familiarly known to the Metropolitan Bar as the Resurrectionist, stopped at the Forks last Wednesday on his way to the Circuit Court at Belo, where he is to represent the Farmers' Supply Company in its case against Gedney & Son, whose interests are in charge of Mr. Richard Poinder, of this county. An exciting legal battle is expected when these two champions meet.'"

His Honor readjusted his spectacles as the clerk paused, and, picking up another clipping, resumed his reading.

"That is not exactly what you would call news, is it?" he inquired, indulgently.

Saltus shook his head.

"No, it's corroboration of what I told you two days ago," he retorted, sharply. "You know Wallace Dunham's position in the party as well as I do, and when the Supply people get him to stay over a night at the Forks it means business. I tell you they don't intend to have the Gedney case tried this term, and if it is they're going to give you the fight of your life. Oh, I know you don't like plain talk, Judge, but what's the sense of mincing matters?"

An angry flush spread over Kinsley's sallow countenance.

"Let us drop the subject, if you please, Mr. Saltus," he remarked. "I've told you a great many times that I will not listen to kitchen gossip. Here's another original analysis of my record," he continued hastily. "It's rather clever, I think. The writer has examined all the opinions of the appellate courts, and states that I have been reversed only six times on questions involving the admission or exclusion of evidence."

He held out a clipping as he spoke, but Saltus made no motion to take it.

"Kitchen gossip?" he repeated, harking back to the offensive words. "You know of your own knowledge, Judge, that Artemus Peck, the Supply people's attorney, has been hanging around headquarters for weeks, and what I'm telling you comes from a young fellow I met there not long ago who turns out to be a sort of confidential secretary for the Resurrectionist himself. Could I get it any straighter?"

Kinsley twisted his swing chair toward the desk, and, clearing a small space for his official letter pad, began writing a note.

"You tell your informant," he directed over his shoulder, "that any one who attempts to influence the disposition of a case

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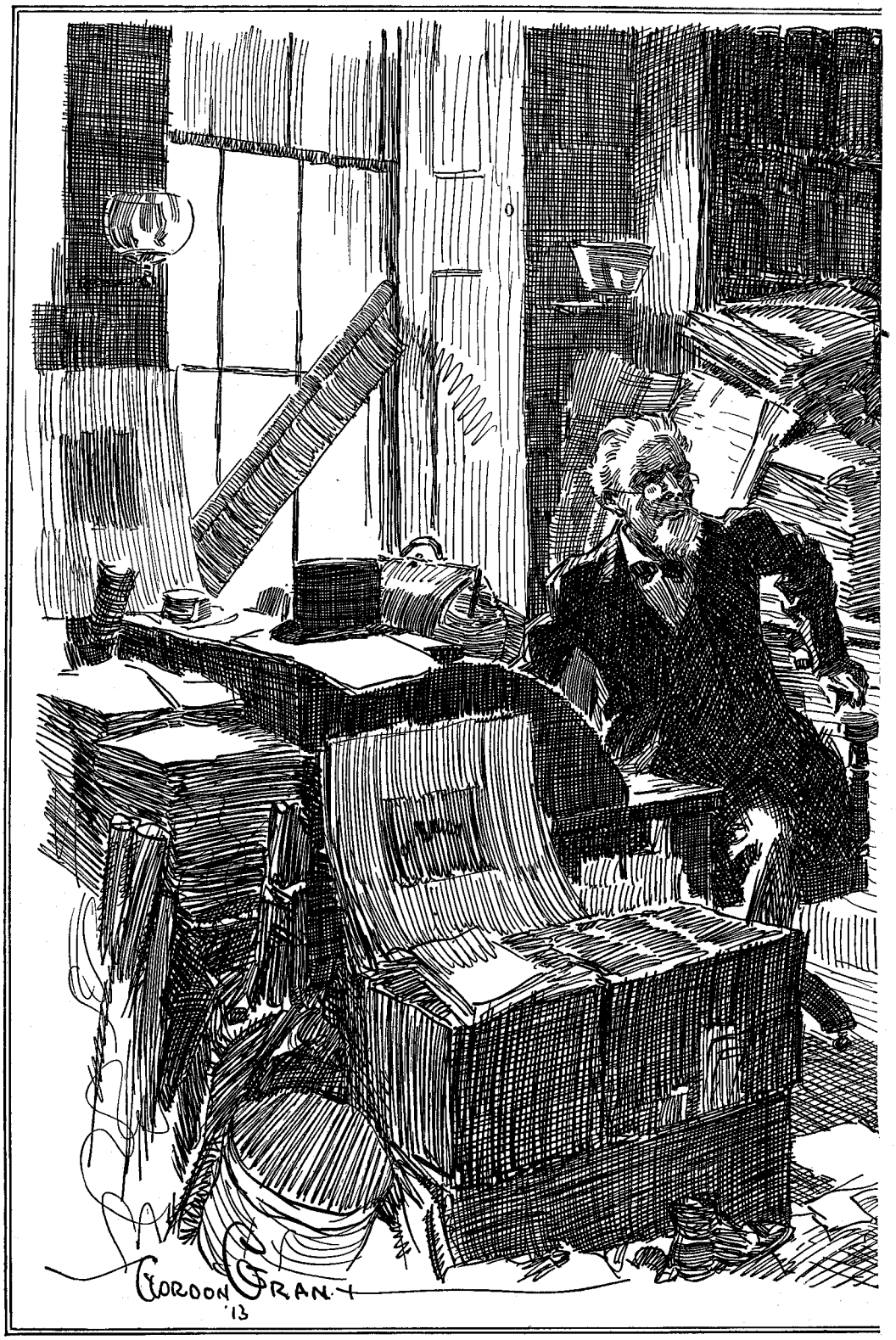

THERE WAS ONLY ONE AVAILABLE CHAIR IN THE ROOM, AND KINSLEY OCCUPIED THIS, WHILE SALTUS

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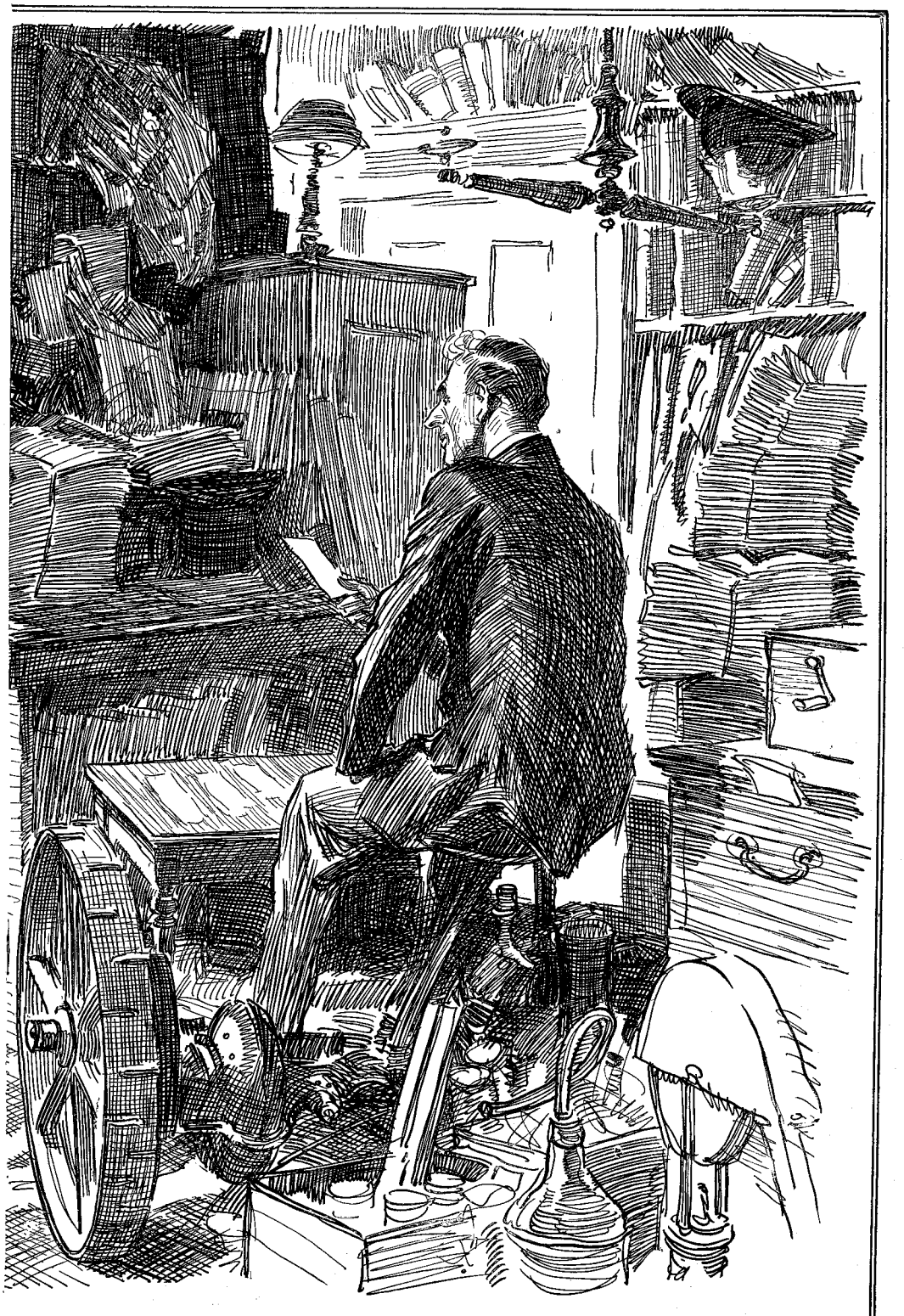

PERCHED ON THE SEAT OF A MOWINGM-ACHINE WHICH HAD RECENTLY FIGURED IN A JURY CASE

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on Judge Kinsley's calendar had best look to his own safety. But don't bring me his answer," he added. "I don't want to hear anything more about this matter."

Saltus nodded sneeringly, and, retiring to his seat, began sorting his papers into convenient piles.

"Then, of course, you don't want to hear what a hole those city people have got themselves into by playing politics in the country," he remarked, and waited for an invitation to proceed.

But his Honor continued his correspondence without displaying the slightest curiosity, and his indifference obviously nettled the clerk.

"Maybe you think it's more 'kitchen gossip,'" he observed, "and it *is* almost too funny to be true. But the whole thing in a nutshell is that the opposition which the Supply folks have been stirring up against you has run away with it by concentrating on Richard Poinder as the most available candidate."

The Judge stopped writing and half turned in his chair.

"Think of them sticking their fingers into our pie and picking out Gedney's attorney as the plum!" continued Saltus, with a chuckle. "It sounds impossible, but it's a positive fact."

His Honor swung toward the desk again and dipped his pen in the ink.

"Yes, I heard that a day or two ago," he responded, quietly. "It's very amusing."

For a moment the clerk regarded his superior with the deeply injured air of one who finds his news is already known and his surprise a failure. Then he nodded knowingly at the broad back opposed to him.

"It's a good joke all right as long as nobody takes it too seriously," he remarked, significantly. "But when I was at the Reeve House last night I overheard Old Man Reeve bet Foster ten dollars that Poinder would fight for the nomination tooth and nail if Gedney's case weren't tried this term. I guess you've heard that too—haven't you, Judge?" he continued, malevolently, "and that's why you've decided to try the case this morning. Eh?"

Kinsley swung slowly toward the speaker.

"Have you been drinking?" he demanded, sternly.

Saltus laughed.

"No, I've been thinking," he retorted, coolly. "What's the use of our trying to fool each other, Judge? Let's get down to business and talk right out in meeting. Here's the Supply people getting ready to dump our apple-cart if you try their case, and Poinder threatening to do the same or worse if you don't try it. That's a pretty raw deal for us. But one thing's certain. You can't please both parties. You've got to work with the one that's least dangerous, and I know what I'm talking about when I tell you to stick to the Supply people and let Poinder go to thunder. All his newspaper squibbing and opposition talk is meant to scare you into trying his case, Judge. He wouldn't take the nomination if it was handed to him on a silver plate, let alone fight for it. He might make a pass at running just to force your hand, but he wouldn't give up a good practice and retire to the Bench just to spite you. And Old Man Reeve knows that, too. He made that bet and let me overhear it for your benefit. That was a good trick when it was new, but this ain't my first campaign, and you can take it from me that it's all part of the same big bluff. But there's no nonsense about the Supply people. They mean business, and they'll camp on your trail till they get you if you give 'em trouble. This ain't their only lawsuit. They want to know who's whose on the Bench, and if you've got it in for them they'll double-cross you no matter what it costs. No, sir, you listen to me—"

"Don't you think I've listened to you about long enough, Mr. Saltus?"

The clerk shrugged his shoulders and stared offensively at the speaker.

"I don't know, Judge," he responded, insolently. "I've a notion that Poinder and his squibbing have got on your nerves and given you a hunch that public opinion demands the trial of this Gedney case."

"It has certainly been too long on the calendar of my Court, sir."

Saltus shot a menacing glance at the speaker.

"Oh, you think so, do you?" he sneered. "Well, you didn't think that way yesterday morning when you adjourned it to suit the Resurrectionist, nor yesterday afternoon when Corning's case threatened to block the calendar for the rest of the term. But if you've changed your opinion since then and have decided—"

"I've decided nothing, sir," interrupted Kinsley, petulantly. "My decisions are made in open court and nowhere else. When the matter comes up there I shall dispose of it

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NEAR THE COUNSEL'S TABLE HE COULD SEE MR. POINDER WHISPERING EARNESTLY TO HIS WHITE-HAIRED LITTLE CLIENT

then and not until then. Do you understand?"

Saltus nodded.

"Of course," he assented, with a cunning leer. "But I thought you said you'd made up your mind to try the case this morning, and that kinder scared me. Deciding things in open court is all right, Judge, but thinking them over in private is looking before you're leaped on, and I've given you the facts."

"To which I shall pay not the slightest attention, Mr. Saltus," retorted the Judge, decisively. "Meanwhile I advise you, sir, to confine yourself strictly to your own business," he continued, warningly.

The crafty expression of the clerk's face instantly deepened to an angry scowl.

"My own business!" he snarled. "Since when has your nomination been none of my business, Judge? Ain't we in the same boat? And do you suppose I'm going to keep my mouth shut when I see the Supply people getting ready to scuttle the ship right under my eyes? Well, I'm not built that way!"

Kinsley rose and calmly faced the speaker.

"You are suffering from an excess of zeal, sir," he observed, judicially. "And an excess of zeal at this crisis will merely serve to injure you and—and your friends. Is there anything in the clippings you've examined that requires my immediate attention?"

Saltus glowered at his chief for a moment in silence and then shook his head with a frown.

"Guess not," he muttered.

"Then please put these in my scrap-book. I'm going over to the hotel for a while, but I'll be back in time to open court at the usual hour."

His Honor laid a number of slips on the desk shelf as he spoke, and, picking up his hat, strode from the room.

For a few moments after the door closed Saltus continued glaring at it in moody silence. Then he slipped down from his perch on the mowing-machine, and, seating himself in the swing chair and pulling a huge scrap-book from the revolving bookcase beside him, slammed it open with angry impatience.

"Ha!" he scoffed, as an item caught his eye. "Judge Kinsley is a 'fearless advocate' of something or other, is he? Yes, I guess not! Spunk of a rabbit's about his size. Curse you!" he muttered to the book. "I'll break you in two if you don't stay open!"

He crushed back the covers of the offending volume as he spoke, and, creasing the pages with his arm, glared resentfully at their contents.

. . . What was the use of keeping up

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these fool press notices if the Old High-Cock-alorem was going to buck the Supply folks? They'd do for his obituary, but that's all they would be good for if he was bent on committing political suicide. Of course he had a perfect right to cut his own throat if he was fool enough to do it. But he'd have to cut other people's into the bargain, and he'd do it without giving them a thought. He always had been a selfish hog who thought the world began and ended with him. Look at the kind of piffle he stuffed this book with! "Judge Kinsley is a great lover of fiction," is he? You bet he is! Especially about himself! . . . "Noted for his courtesy and consideration," indeed! Yes, consideration for himself. Up to date he'd always managed to look out for Number 1 pretty sharply. . . . What was the matter with him now? He'd been dead set on getting the renomination for years, and he wasn't fool enough to think he could get it if he fought the Resurrectionist and his crowd. He hadn't the spunk to fight, anyway. He'd never been anything but a looking-glass fighter and a bluffer all his life. . . . Maybe he was bluffing now? Yesterday morning he'd given the Resurrectionist a day's adjournment, and in the afternoon he'd apparently tried to block the calendar by taking up the trial of a protracted cause. That was playing the game safe just as he always played it. . . . But this morning? . . . This morning he'd evidently swung around. . . .

Saltus paused in his bitter reflections and struck the bunch of clippings with his fist.

. . . It was all this rotten squibbing nonsense that had done the business! If the old nincompoop hadn't seen that stuff he wouldn't have lost his nerve! He was just jackass enough to get panic-stricken at a crisis and run in the wrong direction. Of course Poinder could beat him to a pulp if he really wanted to fight for the nomination, but nobody except a fool could believe that there was one chance in a hundred that Poinder would even cross the street to get it. On the other hand, it was a hundred to one that the Supply folks would fight from the drop of the hat! Only a dare-devil would take a risk like that. And Kinsley wasn't that kind of a devil. He never took a chance of any kind if he could help it. . . . Here was another of his favorite "Record" notices, informing the great and gullible public that he had been reversed only fourteen times during his ten years upon the bench, one less in the aggregate than any other jurist in the State. If there was one of those notices in the book, there were a hundred! What fun could the old bluffer get out of collecting repetitions of that puff? His "record," indeed! You might think it really amounted to something, the way he'd nursed and coddled and played for it all these years. How could he fool himself with it? But he did. He thought it proved that he was a great jurist. And how had he got this wonderful record? Simply by tying strings to all his rulings and practicing close to his chest and wabbling around so that nobody but an expert could ever get a clean-cut exception into the minutes of any trial. There weren't many experts in Fraser County, but, by Jiminy! the Resurrectionist was the king of them all and he was on deck now! He wouldn't do a thing to his Honor's curves, would he? Why, he'd bat the miserable old faker out of the box and out of his mind in about fifteen minutes. Nothing could save his precious record if Wallace Dunham once stepped to the plate. Nothing? . . . Nothing? . . . Well, of course, if a lot of good exceptions were taken to his rulings he might get scared. And if he got scared he might order a new trial to save his beloved record. . . .

Saltus's thought stopped.

. . . Was it possible that Kinsley had this crafty scheme in mind? To grant Poinder a trial now and give Dunham a *retrial* later? By the Lord High Harry! That *would* be playing it "both sides and down the middle!" And it'd be safe! Absolutely safe. As safe as . . .

"Now, Mr. Saltus."

The clerk sprang to his feet as though startled from a dream, stared at the Judge for a moment, and then, quickly stuffing the clippings into his pocket, hurried to the private hallway, and, partly opening the court-room door, banged on its panels with his fists to advise the waiting public that the Honorable Jacob Kinsley was about to take his seat upon the Bench.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All-persons-havin'-bus'ness-with-this-Circuit-Court-held-in-an'-for-the-County-of-Fraser-draw-near-an'-give-your-'tention-an'-you-shall-be-heard!"

Mr. Justice Kinsley slipped into his capacious chair as the crier concluded his gabbled formula, and, with a curt nod to the Bar and general public, picked up the printed calendar

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sheet lying before him on the official desk.

"No. 1. Farmers' Supply Co. vs. Gedney?" he announced inquiringly.

"Ready for the defendants!"

Every one in the audience recognized the speaker, for Richard Poinder was widely known throughout the county, and his almost defiant response in the case at bar had long since become familiar to the court.

"I fear we must again ask your Honor for indulgence."

The Judge glanced up to find the rat-like face of Artemus Peck projected from the human background of the crowded room. There was nothing surprising in his plea. Indeed, he had uttered it so often on behalf of the Supply Company that any other reply would have startled the audience, and Kinsley was disagreeably conscious of something very like a titter as the spectators stirred and rustled in their seats. He took no notice of the sound, however, but nodded gravely at the speaker.

"TELL HIM TO RAISE LAW POINTS, AND MORE LAW POINTS, AND THEN SOME MORE OF 'EM"

"It is with extreme regret that I have to announce the serious illness of my colleague in this case, your Honor," the attorney continued. "Mr. Dunham was feeling far from well yesterday when he attended court, but I hoped that he would be sufficiently recovered this morning to proceed with the trial of this cause. At the last moment, however, his physician has positively forbidden him to attempt it, and I have here a written certificate to that effect."

He handed a letter to the clerk as he spoke, and the official laid it upon the judicial desk, while the audience waited in breathless silence as the Judge, slowly adjusting his glasses, opened the envelope and peered at its contents. From his desk beside the rail guarding the Bench Abner Saltus glanced sharply at his chief and then allowed his gaze to wander over the room. Near the counsel's table he could see Mr. Poinder whispering earnestly to his white-haired little client, whose worn face and trembling hands showed the strained tension of his nerves, and close by them he noticed the ponderous form of Old Man Reeve. It always disquieted the clerk to encounter Peter Reeve's owl-like stare, and, quickly avoiding his gaze, he rapidly scanned the public benches. The Bar of Fraser County was certainly well represented, he reflected, as he recognized Mr. Foster and young Corning, Mr. Brundage,

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the State's Attorney, Dick Warren, Bob Hixon, and scores of other familiar faces. In fact, the entire population of Belo had apparently squeezed itself within the building, making it extremely difficult to single out any particular individual from the mass, and Saltus's glance traveled over the room more than once before he caught sight of the person he was seeking. Then, with an almost imperceptible signal, he turned to the Bench again just as his Honor glanced over his spectacles toward the counsel's table.

"Have you seen this, Mr. Poinder?" the Judge inquired, indicating the paper in his hand.

"No, sir."

Gedney's counsel did not rise as he spoke, and, barely glancing in the direction of the Bench, continued his whispered consultation with his client.

"Then you'd better look at it."

The Judge handed the paper to the clerk, but Poinder waved it aside.

"That is not necessary, your Honor," he responded, rising as he spoke. "I accept the statement of my learned adversary as to its contents, but I submit that Mr. Dunham's very regrettable indisposition affords no sufficient reason for the adjournment of this case. No one could possibly be more familiar with it than Mr. Peck, who has conducted it, wholly without assistance, up to within the last four and twenty hours. With able counsel present in court to represent its interest, the plaintiff has no excuse for requesting your Honor's indulgence, which I respectfully submit has already been somewhat abused. We are prepared to proceed."

Peck had risen as his opponent was speaking, but before he could address the Court Kinsley interposed.

"An adjournment was procured yesterday, Mr. Peck, to ascertain if there was not some way of settling this controversy out of court," he observed. "What was accomplished in that regard?"

"Nothing, your Honor," responded the lawyer, "because—"

"Because nothing was attempted," interrupted Poinder, significantly.

A ripple of laughter ran through the audience, which instantly subsided as Kinsley looked up sharply and reached for his gavel.

"That is a most uncalled-for insinuation," protested Peck, with an indignant glance at his opponent. "Mr. Dunham was taken ill while he was working out his plan for adjusting the differences of the parties, and it was impossible for him to discuss the subject with Mr. Poinder's clients. That, as your Honor has perceived, is precisely the point of my pending application. I am, it is true, generally familiar with this litigation, but I am not sufficiently conversant with my colleague's scheme of settlement to present the matter to the other side. I know enough, however, to advise the Court that the interests of justice will be far better served by compromise than by continued litigation."

The Judge leaned back in his chair, and, taking up the physician's certificate, re-examined it with care.

"What have you to say, Mr. Poinder?" he inquired, as he laid it aside.

"Very little, your Honor," responded the lawyer. "I advised the Court yesterday that there was no compromise in us short of the plaintiff's unconditional surrender, and that I could not bring myself to believe that it had retained Mr. Dunham merely to haul down its flag. My expectations in that regard have been fully realized. No proposition of any kind has reached us from the other side, and we are one day nearer the end of the term. It is idle to waste further time or words on this subject. For more than a year we have met with nothing but vexatious obstruction and delay," he continued, gazing steadily at the Bench and speaking with marked deliberation and emphasis. "So vexatious, indeed, that this case has now achieved an ugly notoriety, reflecting most unfortunately upon the administration of justice in this county, and I ask your Honor to put an end to the scandalous practices which have not yet succeeded in exhausting us, but have thus far defeated our rights."

Peck sprang angrily to his feet as his opponent paused.

"I object to the counsel's outrageous insinuations and resent his reflections on the Bench!" he exclaimed. "If there has been any scandal in the disposition of this cause, the Court must be a party to it, for all that has been done has had the sanction of its orders. I submit that my learned adversary forgets himself in impugning the good faith of a fellow-practitioner, but he is beyond *my* censure when he calls into question the honor of the Court."

The audience fairly gasped its astonishment, and Kinsley, flushing violently, rapped sharply with his gavel on the desk.

"The Court will maintain its own dignity and be the guardian of its own honor, Mr.

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Peck," he snapped. "You will kindly abate your zeal, sir. Have you any further reasons to advance for a continuance of this case?"

Saltus leaned forward on his desk and eagerly studied the Judge's face as his Honor uttered this ominous challenge, but his attention was almost immediately diverted to Peck, who stood confronting the Bench with an ugly scowl.

"I certainly have the gravest of reasons, your Honor," he responded. "My client, whose extensive interests in this community are a matter of common knowledge, regards the principles involved in this case as vital to the proper prosecution of its business, and if, as my opponent asserts, there is no compromise in his clients, it desires Mr. Dunham to present its contentions in person. He has made a long journey for that purpose and is now on the ground, within hail of this court-room, but is temporarily prevented from appearing before you by sudden illness. Mr. Poinder does not dispute, and would not dare to dispute, the accuracy of this statement, and it should be amply sufficient to sustain my motion. I cannot believe that your Honor will force me to trial under such circumstances, or single out my client for harsh treatment at the instance of the other side."

Every tone of the attorney's voice was menacing, and his eyes never left the Judge's face as he delivered his appeal. For a moment there was absolute silence in the Court. Then Kinsley suddenly broke the tension.

"The administration of justice can take no account of the convenience of parties, or distinguish between them in any way," he announced, with tightened lips. "Before this Court every individual is on an equal footing. The defendants are entitled to a hearing subject to the rules and practice of the tribunal before which they have been called. That those rules and those practices have subjected them to annoyance or delay is no reason for denying such accommodation to their opponents as may to the Court seem fitting and proper in the exercise of the discretion reposed in it by law."

The speaker paused, and Saltus felt his heart leap with joy as he listened to the sonorous sentences. . . . Thank the good Lord the old fool had come to his senses before it was too late! He was a bluffer all right, but he was playing the game well. And craftily too. There wasn't a word of what he was saying that couldn't be published on the dead-walls and . . .

"But on this occasion," proceeded his Honor, "the Court is unable to see that justice requires that the plaintiff should receive the accommodation that it seeks. One of its distinguished counsel is ill, but the other, present in court, is fully conversant with the case at bar and amply competent to protect all its interests. No hardship, therefore, is involved in the denial of its motion for a continuance. The cause is marked ready, and the clerk will call a jury forthwith."

With a muttered oath Saltus rose, and, hurriedly gathering his papers together, slipped quietly through the door behind the Bench.

"Well, you got my signal, did you? I thought you were never coming."

Saltus glared angrily at the Resurrectionist's confidential man as he stood confronting him in the private hallway.

"I came as soon as I could," retorted the visitor. "But what's the use of hurrying? The game's up now. Kinsley's done for himself and you too. What the devil could he have been thinking of?"

"It isn't what *he's* thinking but what *I'm* thinking that counts just now, my son," snapped the clerk, thrusting a bunch of papers into the speaker's hands. "See your boss at once, give him these clippings, tell him to read 'em and hustle over to court and fire exceptions into the record as long as he's got the brain to invent 'em or the breath to puff 'em out!"

The man glanced at the papers and then looked up uncomprehendingly.

"What good'll that do?" he growled. "Dunham doesn't want to try the case. He wants to delay matters and keep Gedney & Son in court and—"

"Then let him keep 'em in court!"

"How?"

"Tell him to raise law points, and more law points, and then some more of 'em, and fire exceptions into the record till he can't rest!" rattled Saltus, glancing apprehensively over his shoulder. "What's-the-use-of-that? What's-the-use-of-that?" he whispered, fiercely. "Go and ask the Resurrectionist, you chattering parrot! Did you never hear of a wabbler setting aside a verdict and ordering a new trial to avoid the risk of a reversal on appeal? Well, Kinsley's a wabbler with a record to sustain. Hustle and put your boss wise, you fool, if you want to keep your job!"

The fifth tale, entitled "The Thirteenth Juror," will appear in The Outlook of April 26

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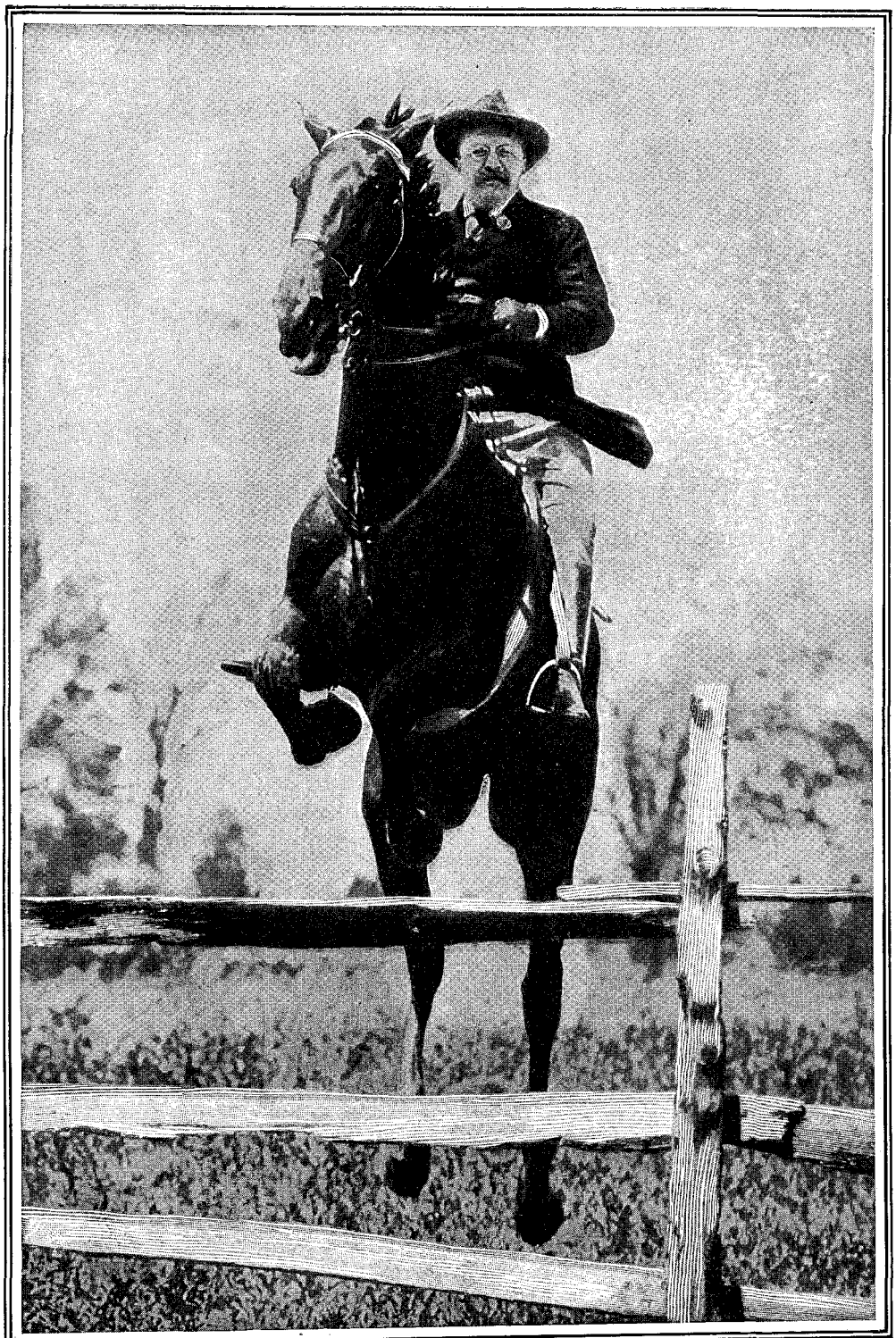

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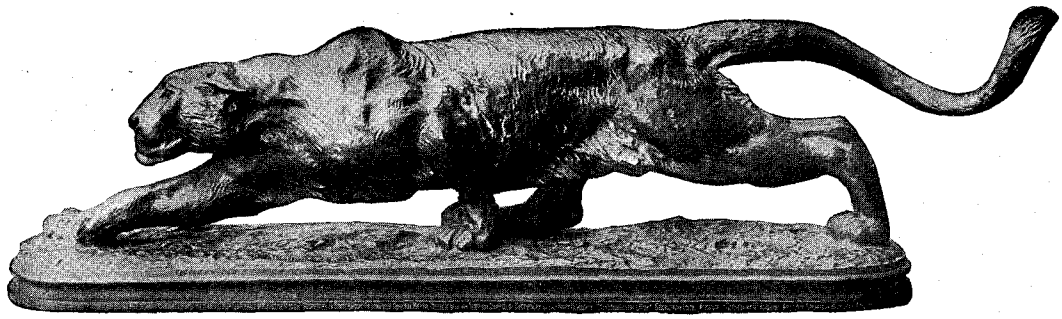

BRONZE COUGAR, BY ALEXANDER P. PROCTOR. PRESENTED TO MR. ROOSEVELT BY THE "TENNIS CABINET"

THE VIGOR OF LIFE

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF

"CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY"[1]

LOOKING back, a man really has a more objective feeling about himself as a child than he has about his father or mother. He feels as though that child was not the present him, individually, but an ancestor; just as much an ancestor as either of his parents. The saying that the child is the father to the man may be taken in a sense almost the reverse of that usually given to it. The child is father to the man in the sense that his individuality is separate from the individuality of the grown-up into which he turns. This is perhaps one reason why a man can speak of his childhood and early youth with a sense of detachment.

Having been a sickly boy, with no natural bodily prowess, and having lived much at home, I was at first quite unable to hold my own when thrown into contact with other boys of rougher antecedents. I was nervous and timid. Yet from reading of the people I admired—ranging from the soldiers of Valley Forge, and Morgan's riflemen, to the heroes of my favorite stories—and from hearing of the feats performed by my Southern forefathers and kinsfolk, and from knowing my father, I felt a great admiration for men who were fearless and who could hold their own in the world, and I had a great desire to be like them. Until I was nearly fourteen I let this desire take no more definite shape than day-dreams. Then an incident happened that did me real good. Having an attack of asthma, I was sent off by myself to Moosehead Lake. On the stage-coach ride thither I encountered a couple of other boys who were about my own age, but very much more competent and also much more mischievous. I have no doubt they were good-hearted boys, but they were boys! They found that I was a foreordained and predestined victim, and industriously proceeded to make life miserable for me. The worst feature was that when I finally tried to fight them I discovered that either one singly could not only handle me with easy contempt, but handle me so as not to hurt me much and yet to prevent my doing any damage whatever in return.

The experience taught me what probably no amount of good advice could have taught me. I made up my mind that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position; and having become quickly and bitterly conscious that I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would try to supply its place by training. Accordingly, with my father's hearty approval, I started to learn to box. I was a painfully slow and awkward pupil, and certainly worked two or three years

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before I made any perceptible improvement whatever. My first boxing-master was John Long, an ex-prize-fighter. I can see his rooms now, with colored pictures of the fights between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, and Heenan and Sayers, and other great events in the annals of the squared circle. On one occasion, to excite interest among his patrons, he held a series of "championship" matches for the different weights, the prizes being, at least in my own class, pewter mugs of a value, I should suppose, approximating fifty cents. Neither he nor I had any idea that I could do anything, but I was entered in the lightweight contest, in which it happened that I was pitted in succession against a couple of reedy striplings who were even worse than I was. Equally to their surprise and to my own, and to John Long's, I won, and the pewter mug became one of my most prized possessions. I kept it, and alluded to it, and I fear bragged about it, for a number of years, and I only wish I knew where it was now. Years later I read an account of a little man who once in a fifth-rate handicap race won a worthless pewter medal and joyed in it ever after. Well, as soon as I read that story I felt that that little man and I were brothers.

This was, as far as I remember, the only one of my exceedingly rare athletic triumphs which would be worth relating. I did a good deal of boxing and wrestling in Harvard, but never attained to the first rank in either, even at my own weight. Once, in the big contests in the Gym, I got either into the finals or semi-finals, I forget which; but aside from this the chief part I played was to act as trial horse for some friend or classmate who did have a chance of distinguishing himself in the championship contests.

I was fond of horseback-riding, but I took to it slowly and with difficulty, exactly as with boxing. It was a long time before I became even a respectable rider, and I never got much higher. I mean by this that I never became a first-flight man in the hunting field, and never even approached the bronco-busting class in the West. Any man, if he chooses, can gradually school himself to the requisite nerve, and gradually learn the requisite seat and hands, that will enable him to do respectably across country, or to perform the average work on a ranch. Of my ranch experiences I shall speak later. At intervals after leaving college I hunted on Long Island with the Meadowbrook hounds. Almost the only experience I ever had in this connection that was of any interest was on one occasion when I broke my arm. My purse did not permit me to own expensive horses. On this occasion I was riding an animal, a buggy horse originally, which its owner sold because now and then it insisted on thoughtfully lying down when in harness. It never did this under the saddle; and when he turned it out to grass it would solemnly hop over the fence and get somewhere where it did not belong. The last trait was what converted it into a hunter. It was a natural jumper, although without any speed. On the hunt in question I got along very well until the pace winded my ex-buggy horse, and it turned a somersault over a fence. When I got on it after the fall I found I could not use my left arm. I supposed it was merely a strain. The buggy horse was a sedate animal which I rode with a snaffle. So we pounded along at the tail of the hunt, and I did not appreciate that my arm was broken for three or four fences. Then we came to a big drop, and the jar made the bones slip past one another so as to throw the hand out of position. It did not hurt me at all, and as the horse was as easy to sit as a rocking-chair, I got in at the death.

I think August Belmont was master of the hunt when the above incident occurred. I know he was master on another occasion on which I met with a mild adventure. On one of the hunts when I was out a man was thrown, dragged by one stirrup, and killed. In consequence I bought a pair of safety stirrups, which I used the next time I went out. Within five minutes after the run began I found that the stirrups were so very "safe" that they would not stay in at all. First one went off at one jump, and then the other at another jump—with a fall for me on each occasion. I hated to give up the fun so early, and accordingly finished the run without any stirrups. My horse never went as fast as on that run. Doubtless a first-class horseman can ride as well without stirrups as with them. But I was not a first-class horseman. When anything unexpected happened, I was apt to clasp the solemn buggy horse firmly with my spurred heels, and the result was that he laid himself out to do his best in the way of galloping. He speedily found that, thanks to the snaffle bit, I could not pull him in, so when we came to a down grade he would usually put on steam. Then if there was a fence at the bottom and

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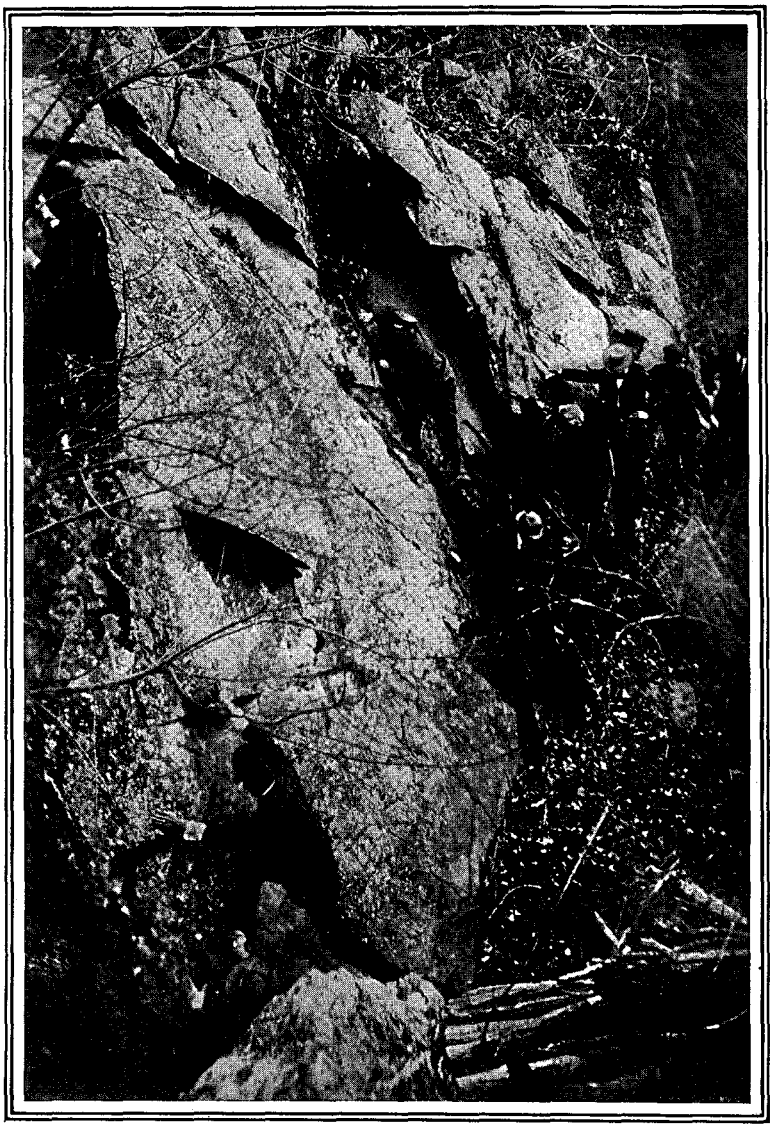

"ONCE I INVITED AN ENTIRE CLASS OF OFFICERS WHO WERE ATTENDING LECTURES AT THE WAR COLLEGE TO COME ON ONE OF THESE WALKS; I CHOSE A ROUTE WHICH GAVE US THE HARDEST CLIMBING ALONG THE ROCKS AND THE DEEPEST CROSSING OF THE CREEK; AND MY ARMY FRIENDS ENJOYED IT HUGELY—BEING THE RIGHT SORT, TO A MAN"

he checked at all, I was apt to shoot forward, and in such event we went over the fence in a way that reminded me of Leech's picture, in "Punch," of Mr. Tom Noddy and his mare jumping a fence in the following order: Mr. Tom Noddy, I; his mare, II. However, I got in at the death this time also.

I was fond of walking and climbing. As a lad I used to go to the north woods, in Maine, both in fall and winter. There I made life friends of two men, Will Dow and Bill Sewall: I canoed with them, and tramped through the woods with them, visiting the winter logging camps on snow-shoes. Afterward they were with me in the West. Will Dow is dead. Bill Sewall was collector of customs under me, on the Aroostook border. Except when hunting I never did any mountaineering save for a couple of conventional trips up the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau on one occasion when I was in Switzerland.

I never did much with the shotgun, but I practiced a good deal with the rifle. I had a rifle range at Sagamore Hill, where I often

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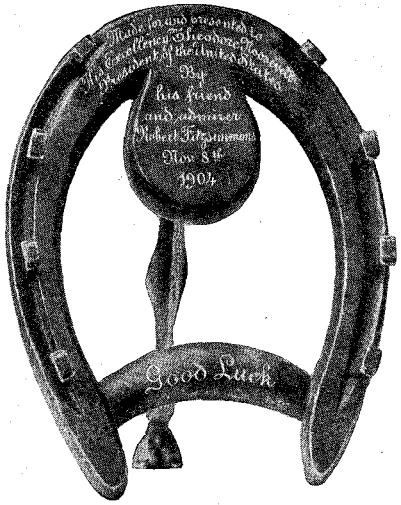
took friends to shoot. Once or twice when I was visited by parties of released Boer prisoners, after the close of the South African War, they and I held shooting matches together. The best man with both pistol and rifle who ever shot there was Stewart Edward White. Among the many other good men was a stanch friend, Baron Speck von Sternberg, afterwards German Ambassador at Washington during my Presidency. He was a capital shot, rider, and walker, a devoted and most efficient servant of Germany, who had fought with distinction in the Franco-German War when barely more than a boy; he was the hero of the story of "the pig dog" in Archibald Forbes's volume of reminiscences. It was he who first talked over with me the raising of a regiment of horse riflemen from among the ranchmen and cowboys of the plains. When Ambassador, the poor, gallant, tender-hearted fellow was dying of a slow and painful disease, so that he could not play with the rest of us, but the agony of his mortal illness never in the slightest degree interfered with his work. Among the other men who shot and rode and walked with me was Cecil Spring-Rice, who has just been appointed British Ambassador to the United States. He was my groomsman, my best man, when I was married—at St. George's, Hanover Square, which made me feel as if I were living in one of Thackeray's novels.

My own experience as regards marksmanship was much the same as my experience as regards horsemanship. There are men whose eye and hand are so quick and so sure that they achieve a perfection of marksmanship to which no practice will enable ordinary men to attain. There are other men who cannot learn to shoot with any accuracy at all. In between come the mass of men of ordinary abilities who, if they choose resolutely to practice, can by sheer industry and judgment make themselves fair rifle shots. The men who show this requisite industry and judgment can without special difficulty raise themselves to the second class of respectable rifle shots; and it is to this class that I belong. But to have reached this point of marksmanship with the rifle at a target by no means implies ability to hit game in the field, especially dangerous game. All kinds of other qualities, moral and physical, enter into being a good hunter, and especially a good hunter after dangerous game, just as all kinds of other qualities in addition to skill with the rifle enter into being a good soldier. With dangerous game, after a fair degree of efficiency with the rifle has been attained, the prime requisites are cool judgment and that kind of nerve which consists in avoiding being rattled. Any beginner is apt to have "buck fever," and therefore no beginner should go at dangerous game.

Buck fever means a state of intense nervous excitement which may be entirely divorced from timidity. It may affect a man the first time he has to speak to a large audience just as it affects him the first time he sees a buck or goes into battle. What such a man needs is not courage but nerve control, cool-headedness. This he can get only by actual practice. He must, by custom and repeated exercise of self-mastery, get his nerves thoroughly under control. This is largely a matter of habit, in the sense of repeated effort and repeated exercise of will power. If the man has the right stuff in him, his will grows stronger and stronger with each exercise of it—and if he has not the right stuff in him he had better keep clear of dangerous game hunting, or indeed of any other form of sport or work in which there is bodily peril.



A PENHOLDER WITH THE INSCRIPTION "MADE FOR AND PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT BY HIS FRIEND AND ADMIRER, ROBERT FITZSIMMONS"

After he has achieved the ability to exercise wariness and judgment and the control over his nerves *which will make him shoot as well at the game as at a target*, he can begin his essays at dangerous game hunting, and he will then find that it does not demand such abnormal prowess as the outsider is apt to imagine. A man who can hit a soda-water bottle at the distance of a few yards can brain a lion or a bear or an elephant at that distance, and if he cannot brain it when it charges he can at least bring it to a standstill. All he has to do is to shoot

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MIKE DONOVAN AND HIS FAMILY

"A type of American citizenship of which we have a right to be proud"

From left to right, standing, Arthur, Eileen, John Danaher (Katharine's husband), Maria, John, Lucy, Mr. Donovan
Seated, Margaret, Katharine and her daughter Alice, Mrs. Donovan, Cecilia (Katharine's daughter)
Another son, Harry, does not appear in the group

as accurately as he would at a soda-water bottle; and to do this requires nerve, at least as much as it does physical address. Having reached this point, the hunter must not imagine that he is warranted in taking desperate chances. There are degrees in proficiency; and what is a warrantable and legitimate risk for a man to take when he has reached a certain grade of efficiency may be a foolish risk for him to take before he has reached that grade. A man who has reached the degree of proficiency indicated above is quite warranted in walking in at a lion at bay, in an open plain, to, say, within a hundred yards. If the lion has not charged, the man ought at that distance to knock him over and prevent his charging; and if the lion is already charging, the man ought at that distance to be able to stop him. But the amount of prowess which warrants a man in relying on his ability to perform this feat does not by any means justify him in thinking that, for instance, he can crawl after a wounded lion into thick cover. I have known men of indifferent prowess to perform this latter feat successfully, but at least as often they have been unsuccessful, and in these cases the result has been unpleasant. The man who habitually follows wounded lions into thick cover must be a hunter of the highest skill, or he can count with certainty on an ultimate mauling.

The first two or three bucks I ever saw gave me buck fever badly, but after I had gained experience with ordinary game I never had buck fever at all with dangerous game. In my case the overcoming of buck fever was the result of conscious effort and a deliberate determination to overcome it. More happily constituted men never have to make this determined effort at all—which may perhaps show that the average man can profit more from my experiences than he can from those of the exceptional man.

I have shot only five kinds of animals which could fairly be called dangerous game—that is, the lion, elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo in Africa, and the big grizzly bear a quarter of a century ago in the Rockies. Taking into account not only my own personal experience, but the experiences of many

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veteran hunters, I regard all the four African animals, but especially the lion, elephant, and buffalo, as much more dangerous than the grizzly. As it happened, however, the only narrow escape I personally ever had was from a grizzly, and in Africa the animal killed closest to me as it was charging was a rhinoceros—all of which goes to show that a man must not generalize too broadly from his own personal experiences. On the whole, I think the lion the most dangerous of all these five animals; that is, I think that, if fairly hunted, there is a larger percentage of hunters killed or mauled for a given number of lions killed than for a given number of any one of the other animals. Yet I personally had no difficulties with lions. I twice killed lions which were at bay and just starting to charge, and I killed a heavy-maned male while it was in full charge. But in each instance I had plenty of leeway, the animal being so far off that even if my bullet had not been fatal I should have had time for a couple more shots. The African buffalo is undoubtedly a dangerous beast, but it happened that the few that I shot did not charge. A bull elephant, a vicious "rogue," which had been killing people in the native villages, did charge before being shot at. My son Kermit and I stopped it at forty yards. Another bull elephant, also unwounded, which charged, nearly got me, as I had just fired both cartridges from my heavy double-barreled rifle in killing the bull I was after—the first wild elephant I had ever seen. The second bull came through the thick brush to my left like a steam plow through a light snowdrift, everything snapping before his rush, and was so near that he could have hit me with his trunk. I slipped past him behind a tree. People have asked me how I felt on this occasion. My answer has always been that I suppose I felt as most men of like experience feel on such occasions. At such a moment a hunter is so very busy that he has no time to get frightened. He wants to get in his cartridges and try another shot.

Rhinoceros are truculent, blustering beasts, much the most stupid of all the dangerous game I know. Generally their attitude is one of mere stupidity and bluff. But on occasions they do charge wickedly, both when wounded and when entirely unprovoked. The first I ever shot I mortally wounded at a few rods' distance, and it charged with the utmost determination, whereat I and my companion both fired, and more by good luck than anything else brought it to the ground just thirteen paces from where we stood. Another rhinoceros may or may not have been meaning to charge me; I have never been certain which. It heard us and came at us through rather thick brush, snorting and tossing its head. I am by no means sure that it had fixedly hostile intentions, and indeed with my present experience I think it likely that if I had not fired it would have flinched at the last moment and either retreated or gone by me. But I am not a rhinoceros mind reader, and its actions were such as to warrant my regarding it as a suspicious character. I stopped it with a couple of bullets, and then followed it up and killed it. The skins of all these animals which I thus killed are in the National Museum at Washington.

But, as I said above, the only narrow escape I met with was not from one of these dangerous African animals, but from a grizzly bear. It was about twenty-four years ago. I had wounded the bear just at sunset, in a wood of lodge-pole pines, and, following him, I wounded him again, as he stood on the other side of a thicket. He then charged through the brush, coming with such speed and with such an irregular gait that, try as I would, I was not able to get the sight of my rifle on the brain-pan, though I hit him very hard with both the remaining barrels of my magazine Winchester. It was in the days of black powder, and the smoke hung. After my last shot, the first thing I saw was the bear's left paw as he struck at me, so close that I made a quick movement to one side. He was, however, practically already dead, and after another jump, and while in the very act of trying to turn to come at me, he collapsed like a shot rabbit.

By the way, I had a most exasperating time trying to bring in his skin. I was alone, traveling on foot with one very docile little mountain mare for a pack pony. The little mare cared nothing for bears or anything else, so there was no difficulty in packing her. But the man without experience can hardly realize the work it was to get that bear-skin off the carcass and then to pack it, wet, slippery, and heavy, so that it would ride evenly on the pony. I was at the time fairly well versed in packing with a "diamond hitch," the standby of Rocky Mountain packers in my day; but the things I was accustomed to pack were not wet and slippery. With infinite labor I would get

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the skin on the pony and run the ropes over it until to all seeming it was fastened properly. Then off we would start, and after going about a hundred yards I would notice the hide beginning to bulge through between two ropes. I would shift one of them, and then the hide would bulge somewhere else. I would shift the rope again; and still the hide would flow slowly out as if it was lava. The first thing I knew it would come down on one side, and the little mare, with her feet planted resolutely, would wait for me to perform my part by getting that bear-skin back in its proper place on the McClellan saddle which I was using as a makeshift pack saddle. The feat of killing the bear the previous day sank into nothing compared with the feat of making the bear-skin ride properly as a pack on the following three days.

The reason why I was alone in the mountains on this occasion was because, for the only time in all my experience, I had a difficulty with my guide. He was a crippled old mountain man, with a profound contempt for "tenderfeet," a contempt that in my case was accentuated by the fact that I wore spectacles—which at that day and in that region were usually held to indicate a defective moral character in the wearer. He had never previously acted as guide, or, as he expressed it, "trundled a tenderfoot," and though a good hunter, who showed me much game, our experience together was not happy. He was very rheumatic and liked to lie abed late, so that I usually had to get breakfast, and, in fact, do most of the work around camp. Finally one day he declined to go out with me, saying that he had a pain. When, that afternoon, I got back to camp, I speedily found what the "pain" was. We were traveling very light indeed, I having practically nothing but my buffalo sleeping-bag, my wash kit, and a pair of socks. I had also taken a flask of whisky for emergencies—although, as I found that the emergencies never arose and that tea was better than whisky when a man was cold or done out, I abandoned the practice of taking whisky on hunting trips twenty years ago. When I got back to camp the old fellow was sitting on a tree-trunk, very erect, with his rifle across his knees, and in response to my nod of greeting he merely leered at me. I leaned my rifle against a tree, walked over to where my bed was lying, and, happening to rummage in it for something, I found the whisky flask was empty. I turned on him at once and accused him of having drunk it, to which he merely responded by asking what I was going to do about it. There did not seem much to do, so I said that we would part company—we were only four or five days from a settlement—and I would go in alone, taking one of the horses. He responded by cocking his rifle and saying that I could go alone and be damned to me, but I could not take any horse. I answered "all right," that if I could not I could not, and began to move around to get some flour and salt pork. He was misled by my quietness and by the fact that I had not in any way resented either his actions or his language during the days we had been together, and did not watch me as closely as he ought to have done. He was sitting with the cocked rifle across his knees, the muzzle to the left. My rifle was leaning against a tree near the cooking things to his right. Managing to get near it, I whipped it up and threw the bead on him, calling, "Hands up!" He of course put up his hands, and then said, "Oh, come, I was only joking;" to which I answered, "Well, I am not. Now straighten your legs and let your rifle go to the ground." He remonstrated, saying the rifle would go off, and I told him to let it go off. However, he straightened his legs in such fashion that it came to the ground without a jar. I then made him move back, and picked up the rifle. By this time he was quite sober, and really did not seem angry, looking at me quizzically. He told me that if I would give him back his rifle he would call it quits and we could go on together. I did not think it best to trust him, so I told him that our hunt was pretty well through, anyway, and that I would go home. There was a blasted pine on the trail, in plain view of the camp, about a mile off, and I told him that I would leave his rifle at that blasted pine if I could see him in camp, but that he must not come after me, for if he did I should assume that it was with hostile intent and would shoot. He said he had no intention of coming after me; and as he was very much crippled with rheumatism, I did not believe he would do so.

Accordingly I took the little mare, with nothing but some flour, bacon, and tea, and my bed-roll, and started off. At the blasted pine I looked round, and as I could see him in camp, I left his rifle there. I then traveled till dark, and that night, for the only time in my experience, I used in camping a

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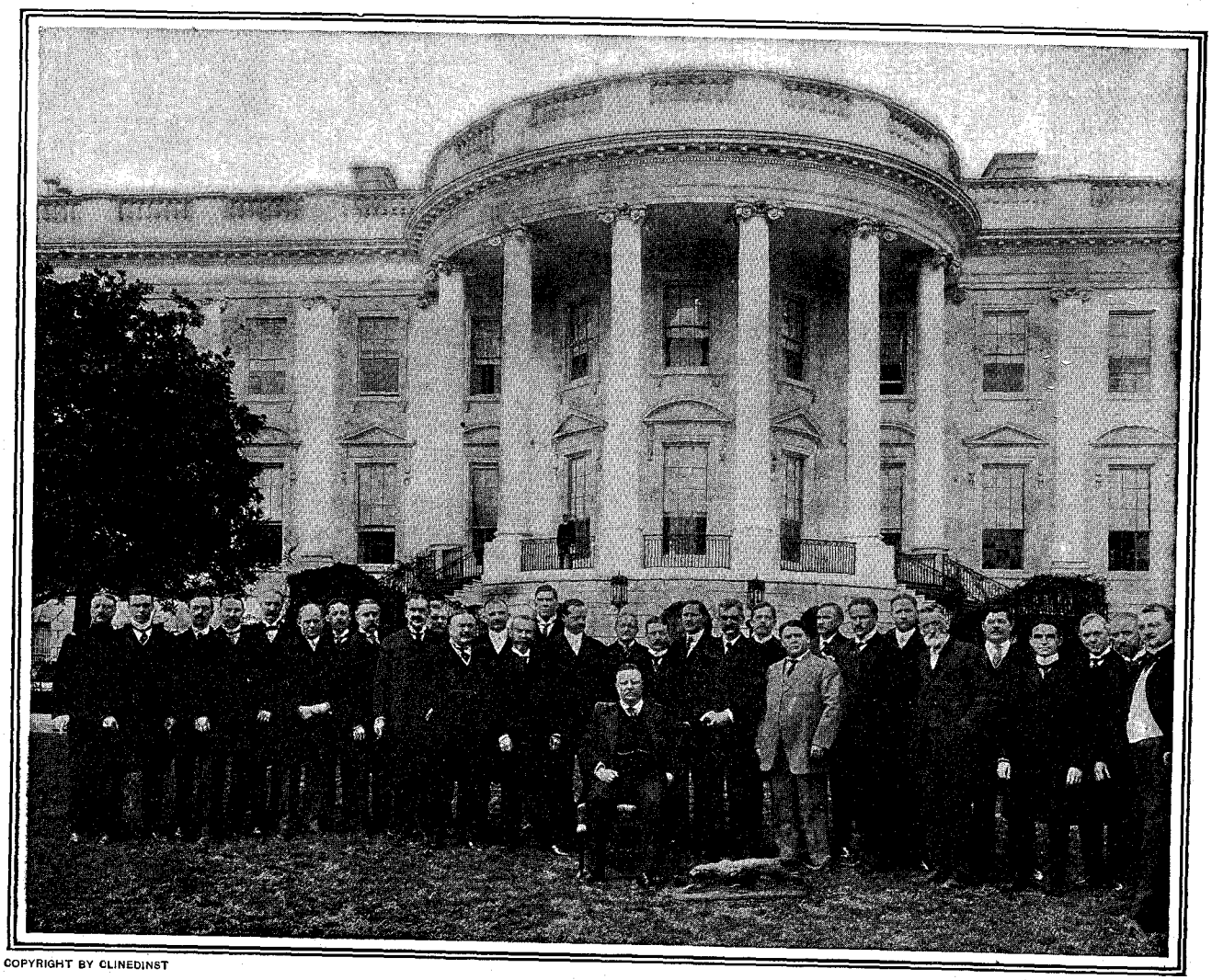
THE TENNIS CABINET

The names of those standing behind Mr. Roosevelt are, from left to right: Captain Archibald Butt; William Phillips, Assistant Secretary of State; Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations; Beekman Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Forestry Service; Lawrence O. Murray, Comptroller; Henry L. Stimson, District Attorney; Herbert Satterlee, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; John J. McIlhenny, Civil Service Commissioner; Judge John C. Rose; Truman H. Newberry, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. George Woodruff, Counsel to the Forestry Service; M. Jusserand, French Ambassador; Mr. C. E. Heffelfinger; George von L. Meyer, Postmaster-General; Francis Leupp, Indian Commissioner; Mr. Justice Moody; James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior; Marshal Seth Bullock; Solicitor-General Hoyt; John C. Abernathy; Luther Kelly, Indian Agent; Robert Bacon, Secretary of State; C. P. Neill, Labor Commissioner; William D. Sewall, Collector of Customs; D. J. Keefe, Commissioner of Immigration; John C. O'Laughlin, Assistant Secretary of State; J. B. Reynolds; Dr. H. C. Pritchett; William Loeb, Jr., Secretary to the President.



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trick of the old-time trappers in the Indian days. I did not believe I would be followed, but still it was not possible to be sure, so, after getting supper, while my pony fed round, I left the fire burning, repacked the mare and pushed ahead until it literally became so dark that I could not see. Then I picketed the mare, slept where I was without a fire until the first streak of dawn, and then pushed on for a couple of hours before halting to take breakfast and to let the little mare have a good feed. No plainsman needs to be told that a man should not lie near a fire if there is danger of an enemy creeping up on him, and that above all a man should not put himself in a position where he can be ambushed at dawn. On this second day I lost the trail, and toward nightfall gave up the effort to find it, camped where I was, and went out to shoot a grouse for supper. It was while hunting in vain for a grouse that I came on the bear and killed it as above described.

When I reached the settlement and went nto the store, the storekeeper identified me by remarking: "You're the tenderfoot that old Hank was trundling, ain't you?" I admitted that I was. A good many years later, after I had been elected Vice-President, I went on a cougar hunt in northwestern Colorado with Johnny Goff, a famous hunter and mountain man. It was midwinter. I was rather proud of my achievements, and pictured myself as being known to the few settlers in the neighborhood as a successful mountain-lion hunter. I could not help grinning when I found out that they did not even allude to me as the Vice-President-elect, let alone as a hunter, but merely as "Johnny Goff's tourist."

Of course during the years when I was most busy at serious work I could do no hunting, and even my riding was of a decorous kind. But a man whose business is sedentary should get some kind of exercise if he wishes to keep himself in as good physical trim as his brethren who do manual labor. When I worked on a ranch, I needed no form of exercise except my work, but when I worked in an office the case was different. A couple of summers I played polo with some of my neighbors. I shall always believe we played polo in just the right way for middle-aged men with stables of the general utility order. Of course it was polo which was chiefly of interest to ourselves, the only onlookers being the members of our faithful families. My two ponies were the only occupants of my stable except a cart-horse. My wife and I rode and drove them, and they were used for household errands and for the children, and for two afternoons a week they served me as polo ponies. Polo is a good game, infinitely better for vigorous men than tennis or golf or anything of that kind. There is all the fun of football, with the horse thrown in; and if only people would be willing to play it in simple fashion it would be almost as much within their reach as golf. But at Oyster Bay our great and permanent amusements were rowing and sailing; I do not care for the latter, and am fond of the former. I suppose it sounds archaic, but I cannot help thinking that the people with motor boats miss a great deal. If they would only keep to rowboats or canoes, and use oar or paddle themselves, they would get infinitely more benefit than by having their work done for them by gasoline. But I rarely took exercise merely as exercise. Primarily I took it because I liked it. Play should never be allowed to interfere with work; and a life devoted merely to play is, of all forms of existence, the most dismal. But the joy of life is a very good thing, and while work is the essential in it, play also has its place.

When obliged to live in cities, I for a long time found that boxing and wrestling enabled me to get a good deal of exercise in condensed and attractive form. I was reluctantly obliged to abandon both as I grew older. I dropped the wrestling earliest. When I became Governor, the champion middleweight wrestler of America happened to be in Albany, and I got him to come round three or four afternoons a week. Incidentally I may mention that his presence caused me a difficulty with the Comptroller, who refused to audit a bill I put in for a wrestling-mat, explaining that I could have a billiard-table, billiards being recognized as a proper Gubernatorial amusement, but that a wrestling-mat symbolized something unusual and unheard of and could not be permitted. The middleweight champion was of course so much better than I was that he could not only take care of himself but of me too and see that I was not hurt—for wrestling is a much more violent amusement than boxing. But after a couple of months he had to go away, and he left as a substitute a good-humored, stalwart professional oarsman. The oarsman turned out to know very little about wrestling. He could not even take care of himself, not to speak

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of me. By the end of our second afternoon one of his long ribs had been caved in and two of my short ribs badly damaged, and my left shoulder-blade so nearly shoved out of place that it creaked. He was nearly as pleased as I was when I told him I thought we would "vote the war a failure" and abandon wrestling. After that I took up boxing again. While President I used to box with some of the aides, as well as play singlestick with General Wood. After a few years I had to abandon boxing as well as wrestling, for in one bout a young captain of artillery cross-countered me on the eye, and the blow smashed the little blood-vessels. Fortunately it was my left eye, but the sight has been dim ever since, and if it had been the right eye I should have been entirely unable to shoot. Accordingly I thought it better to acknowledge that I had become an elderly man and would have to stop boxing. I then took up jiu-jitsu for a year or two.

When I was in the Legislature and was working very hard, with little chance of getting out of doors, all the exercise I got was boxing and wrestling. A young fellow turned up who was a second-rate prize-fighter, the son of one of my old boxing teachers. For several weeks I had him come round to my rooms in the morning to put on the gloves with me for half an hour. Then he suddenly stopped, and some days later I received a letter of woe from him from the jail. I found that he was by profession a burglar, and merely followed boxing as the amusement of his lighter moments, or when business was slack.

Naturally, being fond of boxing, I grew to know a good many prize-fighters, and to most of those I knew I grew genuinely attached. I have never been able to sympathize with the outcry against prize-fighters. The only objection I have to the prize ring is the crookedness that has attended its commercial development. Outside of this I regard boxing, whether professional or amateur, as a first-class sport, and I do not regard it as brutalizing. Of course matches can be conducted under conditions that make them brutalizing. But this is true of football games and of most other rough and vigorous sports. Most certainly prize-fighting is not half as brutalizing or demoralizing as many forms of big business and of the legal work carried on in connection with big business. Powerful, vigorous men of strong animal development must have some way in which their animal spirits can find vent. When I was Police Commissioner I found (and Jacob Riis will back me up in this) that the establishment of a boxing club in a tough neighborhood always tended to do away with knifing and gun-fighting among the young fellows who would otherwise have been in murderous gangs. Many of these young fellows were not naturally criminals at all, but they had to have some outlet for their activities. In the same way I have always regarded boxing as a first-class sport to encourage in the Young Men's Christian Association. I do not like to see young Christians with shoulders that slope like a champagne bottle. Of course boxing should be encouraged in the army and navy. I was first drawn to two naval chaplains, Fathers Chidwick and Rainey, by finding that each of them had bought half a dozen sets of boxing-gloves and encouraged their crews in boxing.

When I was Police Commissioner, I heartily approved the effort to get boxing clubs started in New York on a clean basis. Later I was reluctantly obliged to come to the conclusion that the prize ring had become hopelessly debased and demoralized, and as Governor I aided in the passage of and signed the bill putting a stop to professional boxing for money. This was because some of the prize-fighters themselves were crooked, while the crowd of hangers-on who attended and made up and profited by the matches had placed the whole business on a basis of commercialism and brutality that was intolerable. I shall always maintain that boxing contests themselves make good, healthy sport. It is idle to compare them with bull-fighting; the torture and death of the wretched horses in bull-fighting is enough of itself to blast the sport, no matter how great the skill and prowess shown by the bull-fighters. Any sport in which the death and torture of animals is made to furnish pleasure to the spectators is debasing. There should always be the opportunity provided in a glove fight or bare-fist fight to stop it when one competitor is hopelessly outclassed or too badly hammered. But the men who take part in these fights are hard as nails, and it is not worth while to feel sentimental about their receiving punishment which as a matter of fact they do not mind. Of course the men who look on ought to be able to stand up with the gloves, or without them, themselves; I have scant use for the type of sportsmanship which consists merely in looking on at the feats of some one else.

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DRAWN BY PAUL BRANSOM

"I HAVE SHOT ONLY FIVE KINDS OF ANIMALS WHICH COULD FAIRLY BE CALLED DANGEROUS GAME—THAT IS, THE LION, ELEPHANT, RHINOCEROS, AND BUFFALO IN AFRICA, AND THE BIG GRIZZLY BEAR"

Some as good citizens as I know are or were prize-fighters. Take Mike Donovan, of New York. He and his family represent a type of American citizenship of which we have a right to be proud. Mike is a devoted temperance man, and can be relied upon for every movement in the interest of good citizenship. I was first intimately thrown with him when I was Police Commissioner. One evening he and I—both in dress suits—attended a temperance meeting of Catholic societies. It culminated in a lively set-to between myself and a Tammany Senator who was a very good fellow, but whose ideas of temperance differed radically from mine, and, as the event proved, from those of the majority of the meeting. Mike evidently regarded himself as my backer—he was sitting on the platform beside me—and I think felt as pleased and interested as if the set-to had been physical instead of merely verbal. Afterwards I grew to know him well

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both while I was Governor and while I was President, and many a time he came on and boxed with me.

Battling Nelson was another stanch friend, and he and I think alike on most questions of political and industrial life; although he once expressed to me some commiseration because, as President, I did not get anything like the money return for my services that he aggregated during the same term of years in the ring. Bob Fitzsimmons was another good friend of mine. He has never forgotten his early skill as a blacksmith, and among the things that I value and always keep in use is a penholder made by Bob out of a horseshoe, with an inscription saying that it is "Made for and presented to President Theodore Roosevelt by his friend and admirer, Robert Fitzsimmons." I have for a long time had the friendship of John L. Sullivan, than whom in his prime no better man ever stepped into the ring. He is now a Massachusetts farmer. John used occasionally to visit me at the White House, his advent always causing a distinct flutter among the waiting Senators and Congressmen. When I went to Africa he presented me with a gold-mounted rabbit's foot for luck. I carried it through my African trip; and I certainly had good luck.

On one occasion one of my prize-fighting friends called on me at the White House on business. He explained that he wished to see me alone, sat down opposite me, and put a very expensive cigar on the desk, saying, "Have a cigar." I thanked him and said I did not smoke, to which he responded, "Put it in your pocket." He then added, "Take another; put both in your pocket." This I accordingly did. Having thus shown at the outset the necessary formal courtesy, my visitor, an old and valued friend, proceeded to explain that a nephew of his had enlisted in the Marine Corps, but had been absent without leave, and was threatened with dishonorable discharge on the ground of desertion. My visitor, a good citizen and a patriotic American, was stung to the quick at the thought of such an incident occurring in his family, and he explained to me that it must not occur, that there must not be the disgrace to the family, although he would be delighted to have the offender "handled rough" to teach him a needed lesson; he added that he wished I would take him and handle him myself, for he knew that I would see that he "got all that was coming to him." Then a look of pathos came into his eyes, and he explained: "That boy I just cannot understand. He was my sister's favorite son, and I always took a special interest in him myself. I did my best to bring him up the way he ought to go. But there was just nothing to be done with him. His tastes were naturally low. He took to music!" What form this debasing taste for music assumed I did not inquire; and I was able to grant my friend's wish.

While in the White House I always tried to get a couple of hours' exercise in the afternoons—sometimes tennis, more often riding, or else a rough cross-country walk, perhaps down Rock Creek, which was then as wild as a stream in the White Mountains, or on the Virginia side along the Potomac. My companions at tennis or on these rides and walks we gradually grew to style the Tennis Cabinet; and then we extended the term to take in many of my old-time Western friends such as Ben Daniels, Seth Bullock, Luther Kelly, and others who had taken part with me in more serious outdoor adventures than walking and riding for pleasure. Most of the men who were oftenest with me on these trips—men like Major-General Leonard Wood; or Major-General Thomas Henry Barry; or Presley Marion Rixey, Surgeon-General of the Navy; or Robert Bacon, who was afterwards Secretary of State; or James Garfield, who was Secretary of the Interior; or Gifford Pinchot, who was chief of the Forest Service—were better men physically than I was; but I could ride and walk well enough for us all thoroughly to enjoy it. Often, especially in the winters and early springs, we would arrange for a point to point walk, not turning aside for anything—for instance, swimming Rock Creek or even the Potomac if it came in our way. Of course under such circumstances we had to arrange that our return to Washington should be when it was dark, so that our appearance might scandalize no one. On several occasions we thus swam Rock Creek in the early spring when the ice was floating thick upon it. If we swam the Potomac, we usually took off our clothes. I remember one such occasion when the French Ambassador, Jusserand, who was a member of the Tennis Cabinet, was along, and, just as we were about to get in to swim, somebody said, "Mr. Ambassador, Mr. Ambassador, you haven't taken off your gloves," to which he promptly responded, "I think I will leave them on; we might meet ladies!"

We liked Rock Creek for these walks

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because we could do so much scrambling and climbing along the cliffs; there was almost as much climbing when we walked down the Potomac to Washington from the Virginia end of the Chain Bridge. I would occasionally take some big-game friend from abroad, Selous or St. George Littledale or Captain Radclyffe or Paul Niedicke, on these walks. Once I invited an entire class of officers who were attending lectures at the War College to come on one of these walks; I chose a route which gave us the hardest climbing along the rocks and the deepest crossings of the creek; and my army friends enjoyed it hugely—being the right sort, to a man.

On March 1, 1909, three days before leaving the Presidency, various members of the Tennis Cabinet lunched with me at the White House. "Tennis Cabinet" was an elastic term, and of course many who ought to have been at the lunch were, for one reason or another, away from Washington; but, to make up for this, a goodly number of out-of-town honorary members, so to speak, were present—for instance, Seth Bullock; Luther Kelly, better known as Yellowstone Kelly in the days when he was an army scout against the Sioux; and Abernathy, the wolf-hunter. At the end of the lunch Seth Bullock suddenly reached forward, swept aside a mass of flowers which made a centerpiece on the table, and revealed a bronze cougar by Proctor, which was a parting gift to me. The lunch party and the cougar were then photographed on the lawn.

Some of the younger officers who were my constant companions on these walks and rides pointed out to me the condition of utter physical worthlessness into which certain of the elder ones had permitted themselves to lapse, and the very bad effect this would certainly have if ever the army were called into service. I then looked into the matter for myself, and was really shocked at what I found. Many of the older officers were so unfit physically that their condition would have excited laughter had it not been so serious to think that they belonged to the military arm of the Government. A cavalry colonel proved unable to keep his horse at a smart trot for even half a mile, when I visited his post; a Major-General proved afraid even to let his horse canter, when he went on a ride with us; and certain otherwise good men proved as unable to walk as if they had been sedentary brokers. I consulted with men like Major-Generals Wood and Bell, who were themselves of fine physique, with bodies fit to meet any demand. It was late in my administration; and we deemed it best only to make a beginning—experience teaches the most inveterate reformer how hard it is to get a totally non-military nation to accept seriously any military improvement. Accordingly, I merely issued directions that each officer should prove his ability to walk fifty miles, or ride one hundred, in three days. This is, of course, a test which many a healthy middle-aged woman would be able to meet. But a large portion of the press adopted the view that it was a bit of capricious tyranny on my part; and a considerable number of elderly officers, with desk rather than field experience, intrigued with their friends in Congress to have the order annulled. So one day I took a ride of a little over one hundred miles myself, in company with Surgeon-General Rixey and two other officers. The Virginia roads were frozen and in ruts, and in the afternoon and evening there was a storm of snow and sleet; and when it had been thus experimentally shown, under unfavorable conditions, how easy it was to do in one day the task for which the army officers were allowed three days, all open objection ceased. But some bureau chiefs still did as much underhanded work against the order as they dared, and it was often difficult to reach them. In the Marine Corps Captain Leonard, who had lost an arm at Tientsin, with two of his lieutenants, did the fifty miles in one day; for they were vigorous young men, who laughed at the idea of treating a fifty-mile walk as overfatiguing. Well, the Navy Department officials rebuked them, and made them take the walk over again in three days, on the ground that taking it in one day did not comply with the regulations! This seems unbelievable; but Leonard assures me it is true. He did not inform me at the time, being afraid to "get in wrong" with his permanent superiors. If I had known of the order, short work would have been made of the bureaucrat who issued it.

In no country with an army worth calling such is there a chance for a man physically unfit to stay in the service. Our countrymen should understand that every army officer—and every marine officer—should be summarily removed from the service unless he is able to undergo far severer tests than those which, as a beginning, I imposed. To follow any other course is to put a premium on slothful incapacity, and to do the gravest wrong to the Nation.

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I have mentioned all these experiences, and I could mention scores of others, because out of them grew my philosophy—perhaps they were in part caused by my philosophy—of bodily vigor as a method of getting that vigor of soul without which vigor of the body counts for nothing. The dweller in cities has less chance than the dweller in the country to keep his body sound and vigorous. But he can do so, if only he will take the trouble. Any young lawyer, shopkeeper, or clerk, or shop-assistant, can keep himself in good condition if he tries. Some of the best men who have ever served under me in the National Guard and in my regiment were former clerks or floor-walkers. Why, Johnny Hayes, the Marathon victor, and at one time world champion, one of my valued friends and supporters, was a floor-walker in Bloomingdale's big department store. Surely with Johnny Hayes as an example, any young man in a city can hope to make his body all that a vigorous man's body should be.

I once made a speech to which I gave the title "The Strenuous Life." Afterwards I published a volume of essays with this for a title. There were two translations of it which always especially pleased me. One was by a Japanese soldier who knew English well, and who had carried the essay all through the Manchurian campaign, and later translated it for the benefit of his countrymen. The other was by an Italian lady, whose brother, an officer in the Italian army who had died on duty in a foreign land, had also greatly liked the article and carried it round with him. In translating the title the lady rendered it in Italian as "Vigor di Vita." I thought this translation a great improvement on the original, and have always wished that I had myself used "The Vigor of Life" as a heading to indicate what I was trying to preach, instead of the heading I actually did use.

There are two kinds of success, or rather two kinds of ability displayed in the achievement of success. There is, first, the success either in big things or small things which comes to the man who has in him the natural power to do what no one else can do, and what no amount of training, no perseverance or will power, will enable any ordinary man to do. This success, of course, like every other kind of success, may be on a very big scale or on a small scale. The quality which the man possesses may be that which enables him to run a hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds, or to play ten separate games of chess at the same time blindfolded, or to add five columns of figures at once without effort, or to write the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," or to deliver the Gettysburg speech, or to show the ability of Frederick at Leuthen or Nelson at Trafalgar. No amount of training of body or mind would enable any good ordinary man to perform any one of these feats. Of course the proper performance of each implies much previous study or training, but in no one of them is success to be attained save by the altogether exceptional man who has in him the something additional which the ordinary man does not have.

This is the most striking kind of success, and it can be attained only by the man who has in him the quality which separates him in kind no less than in degree from his fellows. But much the commoner type of success in every walk of life and in every species of effort is that which comes to the man who differs from his fellows not by the kind of quality which he possesses but by the degree of development which he has given that quality. This kind of success is open to a large number of persons, if only they seriously determine to achieve it. It is the kind of success which is open to the average man of sound body and fair mind, who has no remarkable mental or physical attributes, but who gets just as much as possible in the way of work out of the aptitudes that he does possess. It is the only kind of success that is open to most of us. Yet some of the greatest successes in history have been those of this second class—when I call it second class I am not running it down in the least, I am merely pointing out that it differs in kind from the first class. To the average man it is probably more useful to study this second type of success than to study the first. From the study of the first he can learn inspiration, he can get uplift and lofty enthusiasm. From the study of the second he can, if he chooses, find out how to win a similar success himself.

I need hardly say that all the successes I have ever won have been of the second type. I never won anything without hard labor and the exercise of my best judgment and careful planning and working long in advance. Having been a rather sickly and awkward boy, I was as a young man at first both nervous and distrustful of my own prowess. I had to train myself painfully and laboriously not merely as regards my body but as regards my soul and spirit.

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When a boy I read a passage in one of Marryat's books which always impressed me. In this passage the captain of some small British man-of-war is explaining to the hero how to acquire the quality of fearlessness. He says that at the outset almost every man is frightened when he goes into action, but that the course to follow is for the man to keep such a grip on himself that he can act just as if he was not frightened. After this is kept up long enough it changes from pretense to reality, and the man does in very fact become fearless by sheer dint of practicing fearlessness when he does not feel it. (I am using my own language, not Marryat's.) This was the theory upon which I went. There were all kinds of things of which I was afraid at first, ranging from grizzly bears to "mean" horses and gun-fighters; but by acting as if I was not afraid I gradually ceased to be afraid. Most men can have the same experience if they choose. They will first learn to bear themselves well in trials which they anticipate and school themselves in advance to meet. After a while the habit will grow on them, and they will behave well in sudden and unexpected emergencies which come upon them unawares.

It is of course much pleasanter if one is naturally fearless, and I envy and respect the men who are naturally fearless. But it is a good thing to remember that the man who does not enjoy this advantage can nevertheless stand beside the man who does, and can do his duty with the like efficiency, *if he chooses to*. Of course he must not let his desire take the form merely of a day-dream. Let him dream about being a fearless man, and the more he dreams the better he will be, always provided he does his best to realize the dream in practice. He can do his part honorably and well provided only he sets fearlessness before himself as an ideal, schools himself to think of danger merely as something to be faced and overcome, and regards life itself as he should regard it, not as something to be thrown away, but as a pawn to be promptly hazarded whenever the hazard is warranted by the larger interests of the great game in which we are all engaged.

The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "Practical Politics." It will appear in The Outlook of April 26

THESE WERE MEN!

BY J. DONALD ADAMS

God, there is fame of Spartan men,
Who met death in the hills;
I think I see them stand again,
And how the pass before them fills
With Persian hosts, far to the vale below—
And how the thronging stars look out and throw
A tender glory on the dead.
And there is fame of blue-clad men, of Custer and his band,
How that they fought the whole long day in the lone western land—
While painted men who never fled
Closed in on every hand.

Here off the coast, where great ships pass,
Men felt the huge Titanic search the sea,
While they, with sob and smile,
Guarded the narrow file
Of those who filled the boats and floated free.
God, these were men! high on the Grecian hills,
Low on the dusty plains,
And deep in the northern sea.

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NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

APRIL—MONTH OF BURSTING BUDS

SPRING comes forward with shy and hesitating steps, like a timid girl adventuring into an unwonted place. April is the month of unfolding leaves, and the woods take on a singular and fleeting beauty—a misty, gauze-like robe of the most delicate green and pale red, formed by starting foliage, and speedily outworn. The meadows are emerald, and every blade and stem is juicy and delicious to the fattening kine. In sheltered places one finds the season's first flowers—frail species, close to the ground. White, often flushed with pink or honey color, is the prevailing tint. The trailing arbutus opens its chalices of perfume beneath the drifted leaves, tufts of saxifrage and bending sprays of Dutchman's-breeches gleam upon rocky ledges, and at their base stand the snowy flakes of the bloodroot. Spring-beauties, hepaticas, ugly wake-robins star the woodland carpet, thousands of adder's-tongues gild damp hollows, and the showy domes of the shadbush glow against every bushy hillside. The humming of countless small and early insects strikes the ear, while in the flowery tops of such honey-giving trees as the basswood the bees are eagerly beginning their year's toil. A few small dull-colored butterflies and many little gray moths appear, the latter laying their mischievous eggs in the fruit-buds of our orchards.

The brimming watercourses and ponds are alive with busy creatures. Tadpoles of the largest frogs swarm there, but wood-frogs, peepers, toads, and salamanders are still spawning, the newts fastening their eggs in bunches to water-plants. Hungry turtles and

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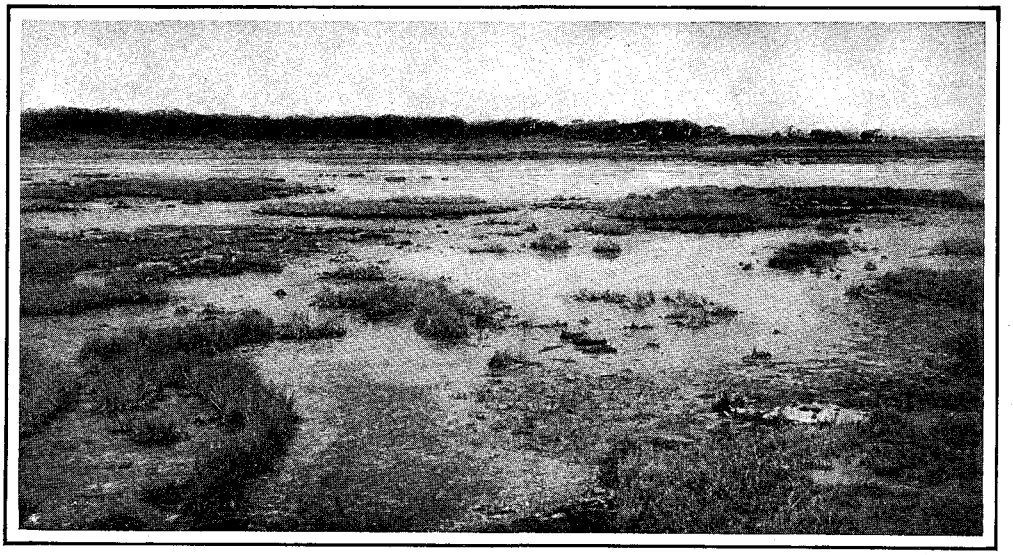
fishes fatten on an abundance of crustaceans and snails, or on insects and larvæ, and begin their own domestic life. Now the perch hangs its black dots of eggs in glutinous ribbons upon twigs and stones in quiet waters—a dainty for innumerable little mouths, which leave few to fall into some safe crevice and become fry, and fewer of these escape other enemies and grow to be perches. More cautious, the sunfishes, brilliant in a new spring dress, form saucer-like nests in sandy shallows and protect with fierce jealousy the large eggs concentrated therein. One may find groups of these guarded nurseries along the margins of the ponds. The males of all the small river fishes (minnows) glow with nuptial colors and court their mates, their flocks constantly dispersed in a panic by such rushing bandits as the bass, pike-perch, pickerel, and catfish. Now, too, come into the rivers the annual migrants from the sea—young eels by the thousand, lampreys, alewives, the luscious shad and the lordly salmon; while the harbors throng with tomcod, tautog, sheepshead, herring, and their ilk. Mollusks begin to shed their eggs, and crabs and lobsters approach the shore.

April witnesses both the coming and going of many birds. Ducks and shore-birds are constantly passing northward, and a few stop and seek nesting-sites in the marshes, in company with arriving herons, mudhens, and rails. The winter-wrens, foxy and tree sparrows, disappear northward, followed lingeringly by the whitethroats, singing as they go; but Southern sparrows come to take their places. The phœbe-bird complains as of old in the door-yard. Swallows and swifts dart hither and yon athwart the bright sky, or skim the mill-pond, where the rattle of the kingfisher resounds again, answered from the orchard by the reckless mockery of the thrasher, catbird, and Carolina wren. We are likely, indeed, before May Day to add to the list the humming-bird, the kingbird and its small cousin the chebec, the red-eyed and other vireos; the Blackburnian, black-throated blue, yellow-rumped, spotted Canada, and similar warblers; the Nashville, ovenbird and worm-eater, and the princely thrushes. All are in gayest mood.

April is the birth-month of many of the smaller mammals. Flying squirrels and red squirrels bring forth their young early in the month, and in a larger tree-hollow the raccoon introduces a litter of coonlets to their leafy world. The fur-bearers are no longer harried by trappers, for their pelts are ragged and changing to the thin summer coat; and the otter and mink by the stream, the skunk and fox in their burrows, the muskrat in her bank-den, the weasel in the stone heap, and wild mice everywhere, are producing or nursing young. In the dense thickets the does of the forest deer slyly seclude themselves in anticipation of maternal cares, while the bucks wander timorously along the edge of the woods, quiet and peaceful, for their brows begin to ache with the starting of new antlers.



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MOTOR CARS OF TO-DAY AND THEIR ANCESTORS

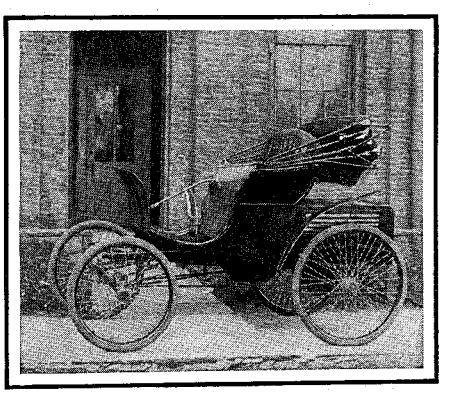
BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON

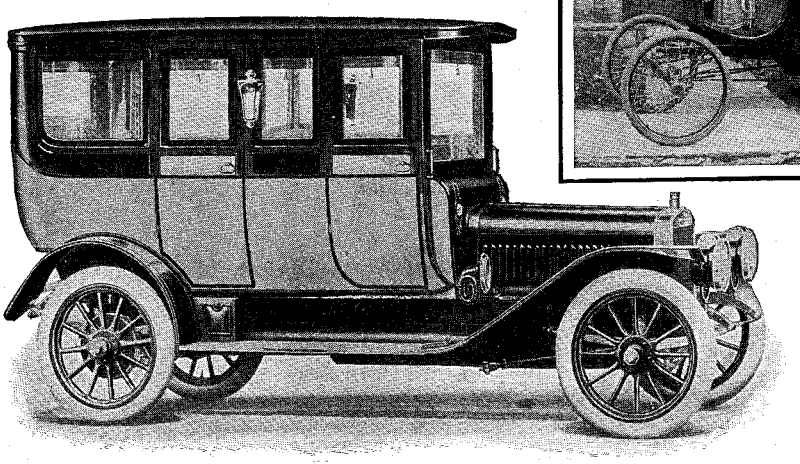
DURING the latter part of 1895 the winner of an important motor car race was followed throughout the entire distance by the inventor—who drove a team of horses!

Seventeen years later a great 500-mile race was won at a rate nearly three times as fast as the most famous trotter in the world could cover a mile. What the horses thought who followed this first chugging, coughing thing for the better part of the fifty-four-mile course, and found themselves put to their best efforts to keep it in sight, we can only imagine; but the feelings of the inventor as he saw the product of his skill and imagination gradually bettering the speed and endurance of a team of horses we can know, for this occurred less than two decades ago, and this pioneer motor car builder is still in the prime of life.

To realize fully the wonderful strides that have been made in motor car design and construction during the past fifteen-odd years it is but necessary to contrast present-day conditions of automobile ability and performance with those that obtained at the time of this first important race. Witness what the inventor reported when damage to the steering gear delayed the "wagon" fifty-five minutes: "In the meantime the second wagon had passed us and gotten 35 minutes ahead, while a third rolled into sight several blocks back." But was the inventor discouraged at this lead in the midst of the race—a lead which nowadays would suffice to cover almost the entire fifty-four-mile course? Not a bit of it. "As we got into the deep snow of Lincoln Park (Chicago) our horses gained on our wagon, and we followed it without difficulty. Here the faulty steering was quite apparent, and the wagon could not make the speed it otherwise would have made. Still it kept up a good gait, and we believed we were gaining on the wagon ahead." This gain proved to be actual and not apparent, and within the next few miles the 35-minute lead of its competitor was entirely overcome. But even at this, the "good gait" referred to above brought the average speed of the winner to seven and one-half miles an hour, allowing only for the actual running time.

Seven and one-half miles an hour seven-





WHEN BICYCLE WHEELS WERE FIRST USED IN 1898. A POPULAR MACHINE IN ITS TIME AND FORERUNNER OF THE FIRST SIX-CYLINDER CAR TO BE BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY. ITS DESCENDANT, THE 1913 CLOSED CAR OF THE SAME FACTORY

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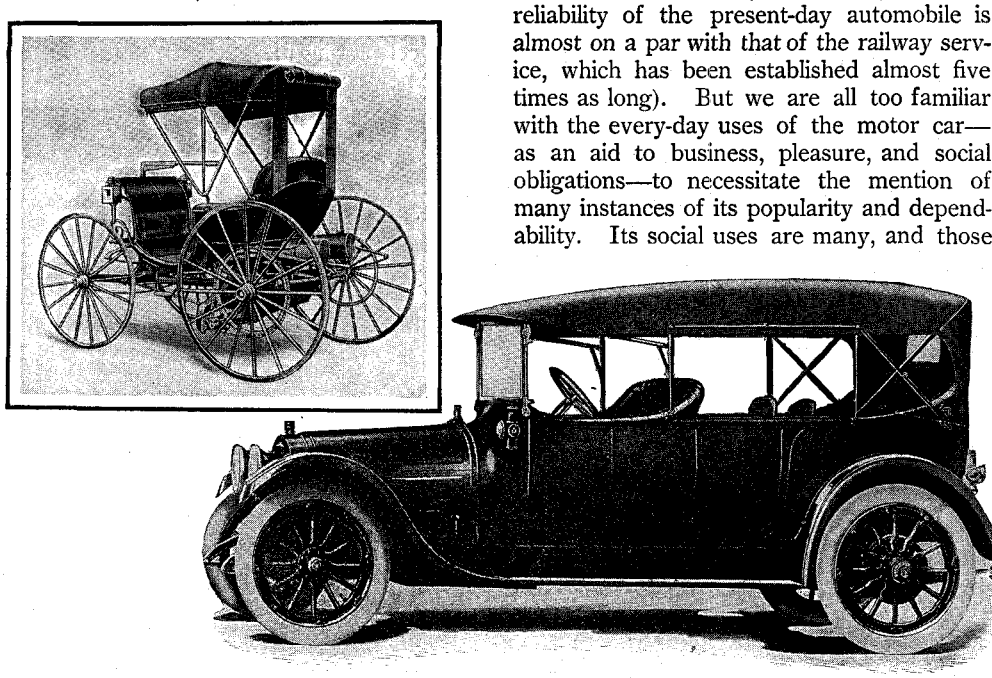
teen years ago! If a speed ten times faster than this is not maintained in a race twice as long nowadays, the excitement-loving public wants its "money back." But the inventor and the public were then content with this early performance, for though "horseless carriages" or "motor wagons" had been heard of for four or five years previous to this race, the contest in question gave evidence of the "reliability" that attended the operation of the newer vehicles. The inventor says, with evident satisfaction, when reviewing the race, "We had no occasion to get out and push," and, in speaking of the speed maintained through the snow and of the distance covered, "Horses could, perhaps, have traveled as fast for a shorter distance, but it would have required at least two relays of teams to have accomplished what our wagon has done."

After this race the wagon was tested by the judges and found "to develop an actual *four* horse-power!"—as the inventor announced with a considerable amount of satisfaction. Four horse-power!—and the modern car of average size develops ten times that amount, while some of the special racers are driven by 200-horse-power motors.

But this history-making race impressed not only those who had entered vehicles in the contest; the judges could see the writing on the wall, and after a thorough examination of the winner announced that "the performance could have been repeated immediately by the winner," and that the wagon "stood the test of the journey, with all of its hardships, in a magnificent manner"—the "hardships" consisting of a foot or so of snow throughout the course of the race, which was laid in the outlying districts of Chicago. Contrast this as an "endurance contest" with those which are held every month or so nowadays—trips in midwinter to the Pacific Coast and back to the Atlantic, over snow, ice, and mountain ranges; non-stop runs in which the motor is operated for thousands of miles; hill-climbs up the sides of mountains over a surface of loose rock or crushed stone; tours over roads hub-deep in mud and across fords in which the water rises nearly to the carburetor—these are feats of so frequent occurrence that they are hardly chronicled in the same papers that only a decade and a half ago issued "extras" every time an automobile completed the ninety-mile trip between Philadelphia and New York under its own power.

And now many a business man will travel between the two cities in his own car in preference to the train (an indication that the reliability of the present-day automobile is almost on a par with that of the railway service, which has been established almost five times as long). But we are all too familiar with the every-day uses of the motor car—as an aid to business, pleasure, and social obligations—to necessitate the mention of many instances of its popularity and dependability. Its social uses are many, and those



ONE OF THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL MOTOR "WAGONS" IN THIS COUNTRY, AND WINNER OF THE FIRST RACE REFERRED TO IN THIS ARTICLE. ITS DESCENDANT OF 1913

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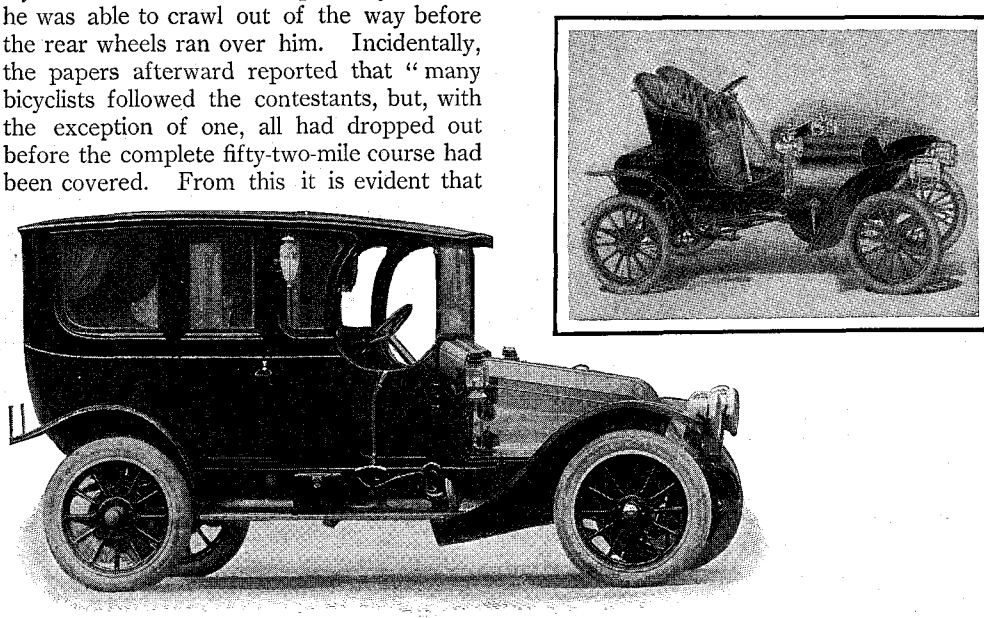
fortunate enough to be so situated drive their cars to the country club for golf, tennis, a tea, or a dance; while those who still own horses for the mere love of "horseflesh" have one or more cars that they use when they really want to "get anywhere."

But it has been only during the last few years that conditions have been such. The motor car has not been "fashionable" during all of the two decades of its life. Witness an incident that attended the conclusion of another race held during 1896 when there were more manufacturers of motor cars than there were buyers. The course of this race in question lay over the route from the City Hall in New York to Tarrytown and return, a distance of fifty-two miles for the round trip. The original route included Central Park, but the Park Commissioner decided at the last moment that it would be unwise to allow motor-propelled vehicles to race at top speed through the driveways of the Park—particularly as the contest was to be held on a holiday and horses were then unaccustomed to the new type of vehicle that was so soon to become their deadly rival. This "conservatism" on the part of the Park Commissioner, however, did not interfere to a great extent with the conduct of the race, for all of the entrants ran at top speed through the crowded streets from the City Hall to Tarrytown. But one person was struck, and his injuries were not serious—probably because he was able to crawl out of the way before the rear wheels ran over him. Incidentally, the papers afterward reported that "many bicyclists followed the contestants, but, with the exception of one, all had dropped out before the complete fifty-two-mile course had been covered. From this it is evident that the motor wagon will soon become a serious competitor of the bicycle." But the promoters of the previous race evidently took the opposite view, and feared that the bicycle might wrest the laurels from the motor-driven machines, for one of the conditions of this first race read: "No vehicle will be admitted to the competition which depends in any way upon muscular exertion except for the purpose of guidance." Imagine the necessity for any rules nowadays which would close a motor car race and endurance contest to bicyclists! You might as well bar a bantam from a bull-fight, or prevail upon the Hague Conference to stipulate that canoeists are not allowed to participate in a battle of dreadnaughts!

But to return to the New York-Tarrytown race of sixteen years ago. One of the purposes of this contest was to introduce the motor wagon to society. On the day of the race, one of the exclusive country clubs of the lower Hudson was to be formally opened, and the new club-house was to be one of the objective points of the contestants. The promoter of the race announced, "The round-up at the —— Country Club will afford inventors an opportunity of exhibiting their vehicles before a large number of possible purchasers and investors who will be assembled there with the double purpose of viewing the race and celebrating the opening of this magnificent new club-house."



ONE OF THE FIRST FOUR-CYLINDER CARS TO BE BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY, AND ITS DESCENDANT OF 1913

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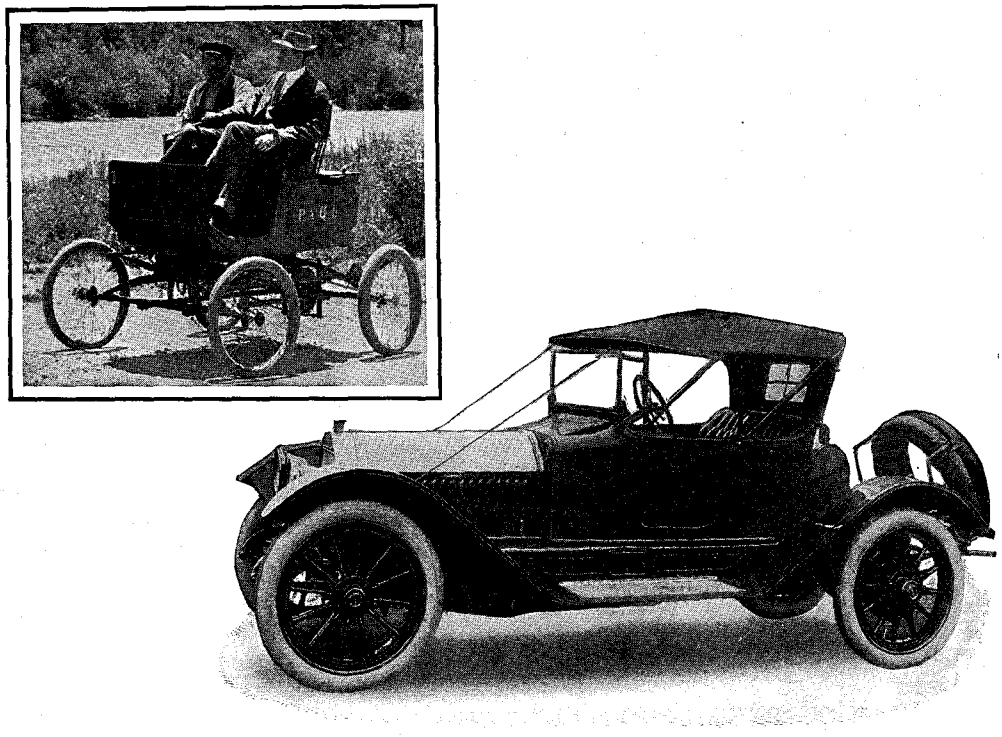

WHEN THE STEAM CAR WAS "ALL THE RAGE." THE PRESENT DAY GASOLINE PRODUCT OF THE SAME FACTORY

Did the motor wagon make its impression on the "possible purchasers and investors" there assembled? It made an impression, assuredly, but hardly the one that would induce these persons eventually to become the greatest supporters of the motor car industry —the position that they hold to-day. The grounds surrounding the new club-house were hardly completed, and the road was unfamiliar to all of the contestants. The club-house is situated at the top of a steep hill and is reached by a winding road, which at that time was covered with a top dressing of loose crushed stone. This proved too much for each of the wagons, even on low gear, and the "representatives of society there assembled for the double purpose of viewing the race and celebrating the opening" were treated to the sight of the three vehicles that finished the race being pushed by their drivers up the winding road that led to the club-house. The beginning of the return trip must have been equally mortifying to the contestants, for, as none of the wagons was geared for this kind of a hill, each was pushed and pulled across a new-made lawn and up a steep and soft dirt hill to reach another driveway that led out of the club grounds. It is stated, in a report of the race that appeared the next week, that ". . . the distinguished judges . . . paid little attention to the vehicles, while the assembled élite regarded them rather in the light of curiosities." And it is this same "élite," members of this same club, who now drive their "motor wagons" up this same hill "on the high"—and care not whether the road surface is crushed stone or macadam. (Evidently the first impression of the "curiosities" has been changed somewhat.)

Such were the cars of yesterday, such was the beginning of an industry the annual product of which now reaches the value of nearly half a billion dollars; such was the position occupied by the automobile a little more than a decade and a half ago. Those first cars are pictured in the minds of all of us; we can remember the awe and wonder, or the contempt—depending upon our sex and our age—with which we viewed these initial efforts at self-propulsion. Perhaps we rode in some of the "bone-shakers," or even owned one; but most of us were content to wait until "they made them a little better" before we cared to risk an investment in a "horseless carriage." We are prone to forget

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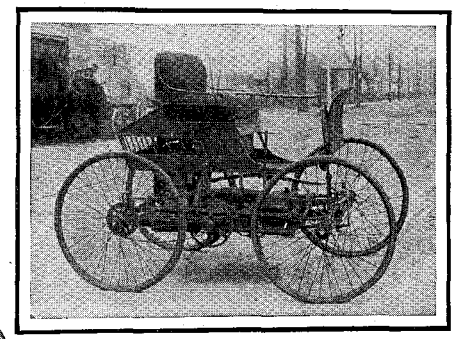
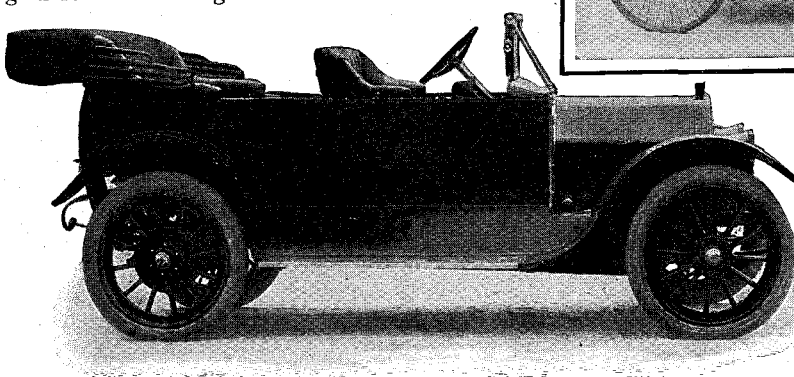
just what these cars were like, how they were built, and what their performance would be compared with a machine of to-day; and to remember only that they were far from quiet and that they appeared to need a deal of repairing. Occasionally we see a "ten-year-old" on the street to-day, for those forefathers of the modern automobile were well and honestly built, even though their design is as different from that of the present-day car as is a magneto from the old dry battery ignition system.

To the casual observer the greatest difference between the cars of yesterday and to-day lies in the height of the body from the ground, the size of the wheels, and the location of the motor. All of these cars of the early days were "horseless carriages" in the strictest sense of the word. They were buggies or phaetons having a motor attached to the rear axle or placed under the seat. One of the manufacturers who to-day employs nothing but a powerful, six-cylinder motor in his cars—a motor of from sixty to ninety horse-power—ten years ago used a single-cylinder, six-horse-power, air-cooled motor attached to the rear axle of the car. Other cars employed sprocket wheels and chains as a means of transmitting the power from the motor to the rear wheels, while the earliest type used a belt no larger than those found on the present-day motor cycle. A portion of the report of the 1895 race, to which reference has already been made, states that "one of the occupants of the —— wagon also busied himself in sanding the belt from time to time to prevent its slipping." Shaft drive was practically unknown, and its almost universal adoption on pleasure cars did not occur until years later. The necessity of using a low gear for hill-climbing was admitted from the first, and all of these cars that were driven by gasoline engines were provided with facilities for gear shifting. There was slight similarity between these and the side levers found on all cars to-day, however. Practically all cars fifteen years ago were steered by a horizontal lever attached to the steering-post, following much the same design as is found on many of the electric cars to-day. At least one manufacturer of this early period utilized the vertical motion of the steering-lever for obtaining the various speed changes and the reverse, and thus the entire machine —steering and gear shifting—could be controlled with one hand. This worked very well for the ten or twelve mile an hour speed that represented the maximum rate of travel of the cars of those days, but the results would be laughable—if not disastrous—if this design were applied to a modern high-powered machine.

So closely did these horseless carriages follow the lines and appearance of the familiar high-wheeled buggy that it is said that many of the makers, for years afterward, continued to supply a whip-socket—but it is doubtful if this was advertised as a "part of the regular equipment," as it is probable that the manufacturers merely forgot to remove it from the blue-prints of their first model, which served as a pattern for those which





A HORSELESS CARRIAGE OF THE VINTAGE OF 1893, THAT WAS ALSO "BRAKELESS," NOW IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. ITS DESCENDANT, BUILT BY THE SAME FACTORY, HAS FOUR POWERFUL BRAKES, SELF-STARTER, AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS

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followed. After all, why was not the whip-socket as necessary as the high dash found on many of those machines? There was no horse in front to throw mud and dust in the face and lap of the occupants of the carriage, and yet some of these vehicles appeared as though their makers expected them to withstand a bombardment from every stick, stone, and lump of mud in the road.

The motors of the earliest cars were placed under the seat and were unprotected from mud, dust, and rain. This was an evident disadvantage, and consequently designers began so to protect and conceal the power plants that they were practically hidden within the body and could be reached only from below, or by removing the seat. All of the mechanism and power plant being under the car, the owner naturally spent much of his time sprawled on his back in the middle of the road. These are the "one-lungers" and "threshing-machines" that in many instances are giving satisfactory—but noisy—service to-day. But when the European practice of placing the motor forward of the driver's seat, under a removable hood or bonnet, was first adopted in this country, engines began to come out from under the seats like snakes on a warm day. But, unlike the snakes, the motors stayed in their new positions. Previous to this, makers had adopted pneumatic tires and wire-spoke bicycle wheels, and the general appearance of the horseless carriage began to depart somewhat from that of the buggy which it had so long resembled.

As the motors were moved forward from under the seat, room for expansion was allowed, and the development of the four-cylinder motor began. One of the first of these was placed crosswise of the frame—that is, with its crank-shaft extending parallel with the axle of the car—and was connected with the rear wheels by a long chain. As the field was opened to four-cylinder motors, and the consequent increase in the size of the power plants, carrying capacities were enlarged, and we find the advent of the four and five passenger touring car. In the light of present-day design, the bodies on some of these touring cars of yesterday were fearful and wonderful creations. With their short wheel-base, high backs, and cramped tonneau, they bear but faint resemblance to the long, low, sweeping lines and dimensions of the car of to-day—a car that is grace, ease, and comfort personified. And yet such cars were in the majority six and seven years ago!

The entrance to the tonneau of such cars was effected through a door at the rear, although in some designs one of the forward seats tilted over to allow a passageway in much the same manner as is found on the well-named horse-drawn "trap." The rear entrance type was much the more elegant and luxurious, however, and whenever the door could be kept shut so that the person sitting on the fifth seat—attached to the inside of this door—would not be hurled out and left sprawling on the road, this was the most comfortable body that had been devised up to eight or ten years ago. It may have seemed but a step from this type of car to that in use to-day, with its side entrances both to tonneau and driver's seat, low steps, and roomy interior. Several years were required for the evolution, however, and it has been only during the last two years that fore-doors, long wheel-bases, and low backs have come into vogue to produce the beauty and comfort of the car of to-day.

But whatever ridicule we choose to make of the old "horseless wagons," we must remember that the carriage of yesterday was absolutely necessary to the development of the motor car of to-day. Comparisons are not odious in this case, for they must reflect credit on the pioneers of the industry, as well as on those who have taken up their work; and it has been the experiments of the one that have made possible the practical results of the other. But comparisons of speed, power, size, and appearance, while striking and amusing, do not point out the greatest improvement that has taken place between the cars of yesterday and those of to-day. To operate one of the old-timers required no small amount of courage; there was always a doubt as to whether the destination would be reached; after every run of fifty miles or so there was a feeling that something ought to be done to the motor or transmission after its strenuous trip; although the sport was novel, and therefore interesting, there could be no physical and mental relaxation attending it. Only the man who struggled with one of these horseless wagons of fifteen years ago, and who now sits behind the wheel of his 1913 touring car with its self-starter, electric lights, six-cylinder motor that will run for thousands of miles without attention, and its automatic lubricating and ignition systems, can realize to the full the greatest improvement that has been made in self-propelled vehicles.

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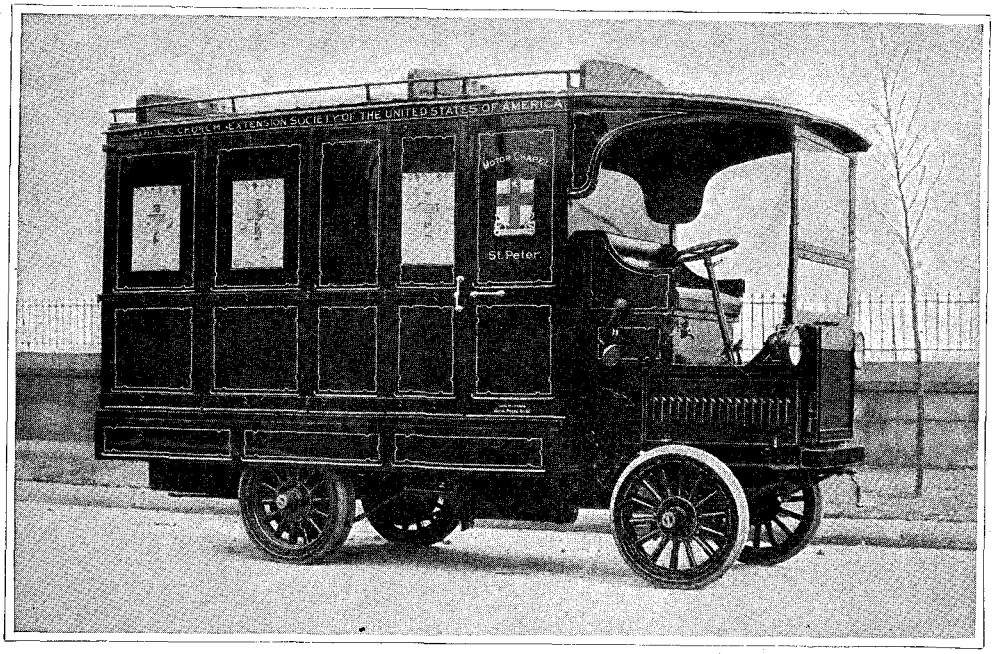

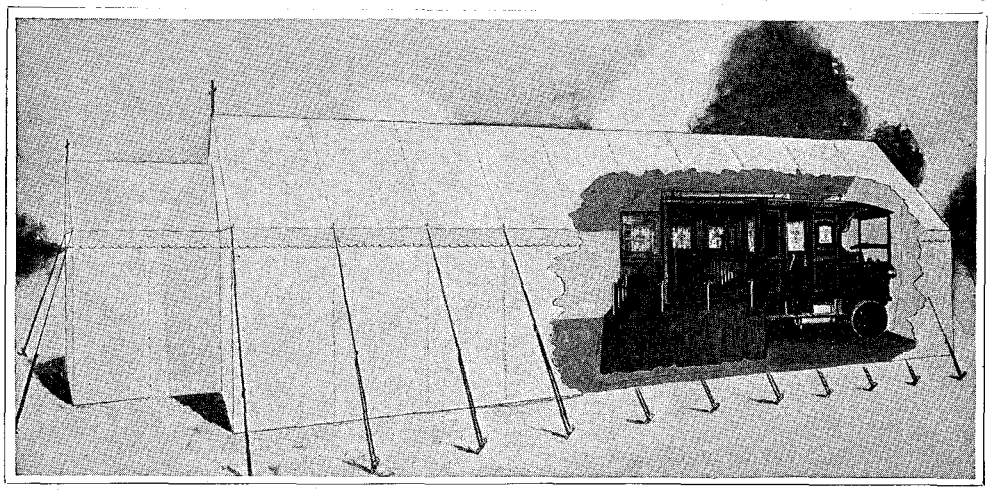

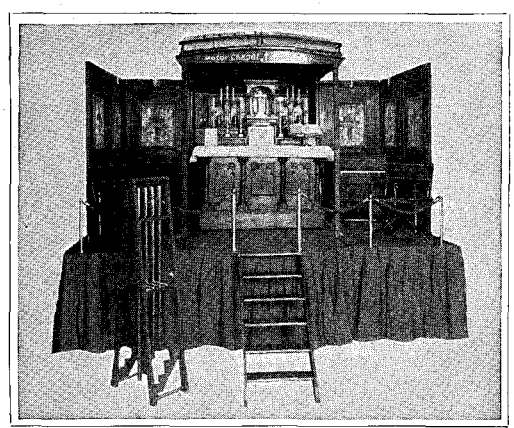

THE MOTOR CHAPEL

The latest method of carrying religion to the wilderness. This chapel, with its tent accommodating 200 people, will soon be used by the Catholic Church Extension Society to supplement the missionary tasks now being performed by railway chapels. It is especially intended for sections of the Southwest where members of the Catholic Church are widely scattered on ranches and in settlements.

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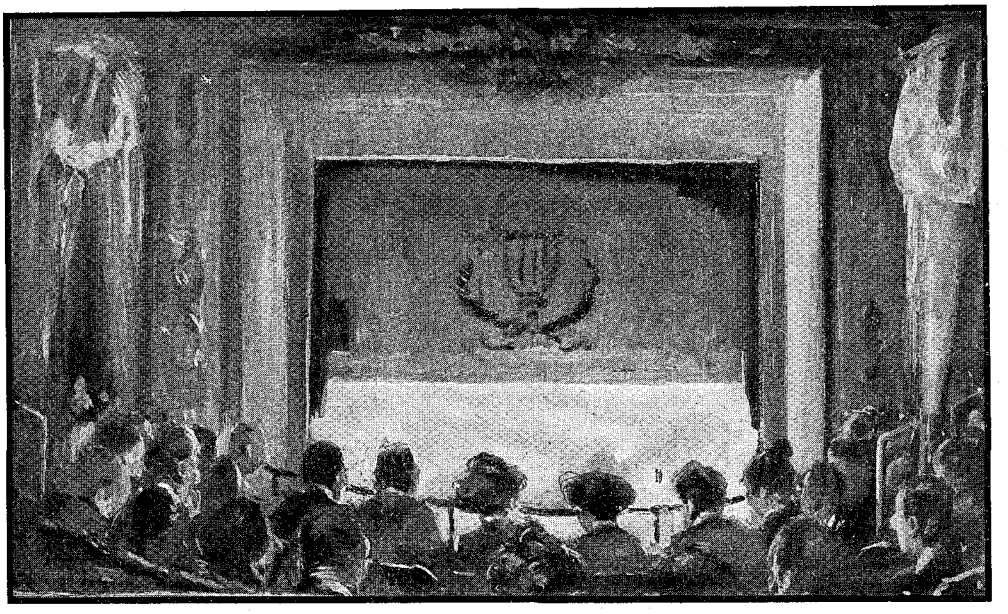

SOME NOTIONS OF A GALLERY GOD

BY ETHEL M. SMITH

WITH DRAWINGS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

IN a certain city, where, by the way, the people are notoriously hard to please with dramatic entertainment, and where week after week of a recent season witnessed the scantiest of audiences, it lately so fell out that the three superlative things of their type occupied that city's three theaters the self-same week. Theater-lovers groaned; and indeed to see Shakespeare, "Peter Pan," and "Man and Superman" out of half a month's salary was such a strain on pocketbooks that many usually less adventurous persons were driven to the desperation of the gallery. It took all their courage, I am told, for that is a back-door entrance, you know, and a very unstylish staircase, while there is no telling what sort of people you will find sitting next you! But on this occasion at least one gentle lady sighed with relief when she looked about her, and said to her neighbor, "Why, there really are very nice people up here!"

Yes, dear lady, there were. And permit me modestly to state that we are there every week when the play is good. The truth is, I believe, that our numbers, plus those of your class who are a little too proud to go to the gallery and a little too poor to go anywhere else very often, would make a really big audience for all of the best entertainments.

Twelve years ago I lived in a Middle West town which boasted a first-class theater and was a one-night stand for all the road companies playing Chicago and St. Louis. But to me and most girls of my acquaintance going to the theater was a very rare treat. We couldn't go without escort, we thought, and the possible escorts for us lacked the money to spend for orchestra seats and the appurtenances of the appropriate evening. Occasionally girls went with their mothers, and the girls' schools went, heavily chaperoned. But I very well remember the nine days' talk when one venturesome young woman went to a play by herself.

It was not merely the question of escort, however, or the proprieties in that respect. Some of us who were earning our own money dared to go in twos and threes, but it was quite impossible, on forty dollars a month, to go very often and buy seats that cost a dollar or more. We could get nothing less, for in those days the gallery was consecrated

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to newsboys and bootblacks, and was by no means "polite."

But now, how very different it is! I go to the theater when I please, first, because in these days of enlightenment a woman can go about unescorted. And I can go often, because I can sit in the gallery, where my tickets cost fifty cents apiece, or even twenty-five sometimes. I go thus in any city where I may happen to be—have gone in Washington, Chicago, New York, and Boston. And I can do so and find comfortable surroundings, for there are hundreds of other women who go as I do. Then, the gallery being now so respectable a place, men go who never used to go, because, I take it, they can now afford to bring their wives. Sons bring their mothers; elderly women, as well as younger women, come in groups or alone; high-school girls and boys are there, and sensible young men on small salaries are not too proud to bring their sweethearts. The old "peanut gallery" has disappeared—attracted by the cheaper theaters and the moving-picture shows, and doubtless hastened in its exit by the arrival of a succeeding and higher-class element. The gallery in a first-class theater now is a perfectly possible place for anybody—a place just as desirable, so far as one's neighbors are concerned, as is the orchestra, except, of course, in the matter of external appearance, for we do not wear evening clothes.

Yet many of us were slow to take advantage of the new opportunity. I have to admit that for over three years after coming within reach of the best theaters I continued to think I could go only when I had escort—which was by no means as often as I wished.

One winter, however, I spent a week in New York, where my sister was a student. With the comfortable consciousness of lost identity in the big city, we had no hesitation at all in heading for the gallery door. We saw and wept over "The Music Master" from the heights, we shuddered over Mrs. Carter's "Adrea," we heard a Kreisler and Hofmann concert from a far, high gallery at Carnegie Hall that made the performers look like pygmies. The theater was our principal dissipation. After that I was bold enough to continue the practice in Washington, and it is without any flavor of sour grapes that I say I really treasure the experience. I do not extol the gallery for its coziness, or for any superior view of the stage, which, of course, it doesn't possess. But a gallery seat and the gallery habit unquestionably have some advantages over either the manager's box or the critics' corner if one is interested in our human environment.

It cannot, of course, have escaped managerial notice that the good offerings attract proportionally larger crowds to the upper floors than they do to the orchestra. I have seen vacant rows down below when both balcony and gallery were filled. For one of its best offerings last year a Washington theater put up its intermediate prices. I was interested, and, I'll admit, gratified, to see the orchestra about half sold, the front rows of the balcony vacant, and the back rows solidly filled. When Forbes-Robertson gave "Hamlet" in Washington, I was barely able to get standing room in the gallery. For Sothern and Marlowe's "Romeo and Juliet" I wasn't able to get in at all, and their appearance in repertoire filled the house every night, even the standing room most of the time. Though remember at this point that Shakespeare does not pay!

It is not only a question of numbers, however. We gallery gods know each other's faces, and that performance of "Hamlet," for instance, brought out all the regulars, with scores of new faces besides—faces whose intelligent interest was not to be questioned. Had I questioned, I would have found refutation before the evening was over, partly through one of those incidents which illustrate the deliciously fraternal spirit that frequently appears in such crowds. Two men who had seats near where I stood with two other girls proposed, quite without gallantry but with utmost good-fellowship, that the five of us alternate in their seats. We thus fell into discussion, between acts, of Forbes-Robertson and the Booth traditions. Two cheaply clad, ordinary-looking men behind us were arguing the dramatics of Hamlet's madness. At another performance of "Hamlet," a year or so later, I occupied a seat downstairs. A man and a girl behind me giggled loudly when the grave-digger tossed up Yorick's skull. It was here, down below, in historical accuracy, that I found the groundlings on this occasion.

Seldom, however, has my gallery seat been a greater privilege than one night when I paid twenty-five cents to see a Yiddish play. The three of us who went together, all women, were, I think, the only Gentiles in the house. Yiddish actors, in Jacob Gordin's

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play "The Stranger," presented by Jacob Adler and played in Yiddish, gave naturally an occasion for Jewish Washington, and the audience in that gallery was a study I shall not soon forget. Next to us was a middle-aged man, most commonplace-looking and shabby, who had come alone. Our presence was obviously a matter of some curiosity to him, and he began, with perfectly courteous friendliness, to talk to us, explaining things about the play he thought we could not understand, and about Jacob Adler, whom he knew. He seemed afraid we would miss the full value of the big scene where Gordin's Enoch Arden, a Siberian exile, has come to New York for a glimpse of the wife and children he has lost. Our friend spoke intensely: "He is ill and worn with suffering, and he has come to a strange country. He finds his wife married to his best friend, their baby in her arms, his children happy in a comfortable home where he is a stranger. His own wife does not know him. *Nobody in this whole big country knows him, he has no money, no place to go, he cannot even speak this country's language.* Ah, madam, every Jew knows what that means!" This was the emotion vibrant in that whole gallery audience of the poorer Jews of Washington. I don't know what the Jewish audience downstairs felt; but I thought of a Mansfield performance of "Old Heidelberg" in New York, when a girl, leaving her orchestra chair after seeing this pitiful tragedy of youth, said to her companion, "*I* don't see what made him so crazy to go back to Harrisburg, or wherever it was, do you?"

Two winters ago I was in New York again—or, rather, in Jersey City—and one afternoon I set out alone, in rain and slush, to see "Strife" at a matinée at the New Theater and hear "Pagliacci" at the Metropolitan in the evening. I have been scolded for this little expedition of mine by conservative friends, who still shudder and shrink from the thought of a woman's use of her freedom. But I believe in the public's friendliness no less than I believe in its intelligence, and this particular day was full of incident confirming my optimism on this point. I had to ask my way and numerous other things, and I asked the nearest person. A newsboy at Columbus Circle piloted me part way to the Sixth Avenue Elevated to make sure I understood his directions; and a corner loafer courteously put me on the right car at Broadway and Twenty-third Street on my way to the ferry at half-past eleven that night. I like to tell this to the cynics and the fearsome.

I shall always feel that my view of John Galsworthy's play, though from the back of the New Theater balcony, was a most satisfying impression. I could hear perfectly, and I think I lost little of either the forcefulness or the finish of Albert Bruning's admirable performance. It was in the evening at the opera, however, that I found myself in a gallery atmosphere—or its equivalent—and was at the same time in a position of vantage for contrasts.

I walked up to the box-office window and asked for a third-balcony ticket. Thinking I was late, I put down my two dollars quickly, seized the ticket and hurried on, discovering suddenly, however, that the red piece of cardboard I held read "admission." So I went back to the window. "Two-dollar seats all gone," said the ticket man, "and there's your fifty cents change, which you went off and left." "Any two-fifty seats, then?" I asked, growing reckless with my money. "Yes, I've got one, but it's no good. If I was you, I'd take the admission and go in on the first floor," quoth this friendly person. And I did. Yes, that box-office man happened in rude, money-grabbing New York.

There were people standing three rows deep, and, though I was a little tired, I found I was to profit by my surroundings more than if I had bought a seat. Two men of very plain sort who came in behind me were discussing the history of the Metropolitan organization, which they evidently knew very thoroughly. They discerningly compared the vocal merits of Scotti and Amato, the latter then a comparative newcomer. They spoke approvingly but critically of Emmy Destinn's Santuzza. Passing us with lagging steps was a silken robe, gleaming shoulders with a collar of pearls, and coiffure glistening with ornament; accompanying this an expanse of white shirt front and pale, sleepy eyes. I caught a fragment of bored conversation. "Is there anything to do? Where are we going?" was the lifeless question. "I haven't the *least* idea," drawled a blasé voice in response, as these poor tired strollers passed out of my hearing.

When the lights went up after "Cavalleria," an usher came up to me and said, "There are two seats down here which you ladies might as well have," and his plurals drew my attention to a slim little dark-haired girl who

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was standing just beside me. "Thank you," I said, "this is luck indeed"—but the little girl looked embarrassed and began to protest that she wasn't "dressed for that." This reminded me that I wasn't either. I was blithely preparing to intrude my short-skirted, rainy-day street garb, with shirt-waist and four-in-hand tie, beside low-cut bodices and trailing gowns of silk, in the orchestra circle of the Metropolitan Opera-House! But I reflected that I couldn't be arrested for it, and the management surely wouldn't put me out, for the usher was offering us the seats. So I said to the little girl, "Oh, well, who knows us—or, at least, who cares?" She yielded, and the usher led us, behind a chiffon and lace creation which was returning from promenade, down the center aisle, in the full blaze of light, to seats well within the circle of the boxes.

My companion, I found, would have made the evening a success for me without the opera. "I am with the company," she announced. "I dance—not alone, but in the ballet. And just in the German operas—that's why I'm not on to-night." I looked at her and listened to her naïve chat with all my eyes and ears. This childlike little creature was not at all my notion of a ballet-dancer off the stage. She talked of her work—her art, she always called it—and made me, by the dignity of her own regard for it, deferential with a new respect. And then she glanced around the horseshoe of the boxes. "Oh, the lovely jewels and the lovely gowns!" she sighed. "But"—and this in a confidential sort of whisper—"you know they mostly come to show off their clothes. It isn't the music they come for. They sit and look at each other through their glasses and see who has the handsomest gown—that's what they do at the opera."

Scotti sang the famous Prologue, and there was the usual ovation to Caruso for the "Ridi." As the lights came on again my little friend continued her artless contributions to my education, this time her subject being the famous tenor himself. It has nothing to do with my story, but I must tell what she said. "Oh, he is such a funny man—the funniest man you ever saw! On the stage, when his back is to the audience, he does all sorts of things to make us laugh. He makes faces at us, and sticks out his tongue—oh, you never saw such a funny man!" giggled this quaint child. I am afraid that during the last act my attention was not wholly fixed upon the notes that issued from the golden Caruso throat.

I lost the little ballet-dancer as we rose to leave. In her odd little way, she excused herself and left me before we were fairly in the aisle. I went back to Jersey, and reached the house at one o'clock quite as safely as if I had had a platoon of escorts. Two nights later, however, when a young cousin, who lived in New York, came over to take me to see Margaret Anglin in "Helena Richie," I told him of my previous expedition. He gasped—being Kentucky-bred, and imbued with New York's idea of its own wickedness—and said: "Well, I'm glad I didn't know anything about it until it was all over. Please don't do it again."

But I did do it again and again—though I am most fond of the dear boy who cautioned me. My privilege of going about independently is too precious to sacrifice for any phantom or outlawed convention. And so it is with hundreds—I might say thousands—of women of this generation.

All this, of course, more or less by the way, and yet very pertinent to my contention. There are both men and women who, deploring it in their conservative souls, likewise endeavor to ignore the changed condition of society which permits women the freedom they now have. Even more does their count minimize the numbers of women who make use of this freedom. In the theater-going public, however, these women are a very considerable factor. I have no doubt they are as numerous as the others, taken the theater over. Most of them, moreover, are self-supporting women, which fact carries with it an assumption of limited income. But an income which permits them to go at all must be an income which represents some intelligence in the earning. The one fact leads to gallery-priced theater tickets, the other to a raised average of intelligence in the gallery audience.

But the gallery audience is seldom more than half women. Along with their increased attendance, or maybe preceding it—I do not know—the old "peanut gallery" has vanished into the lower-priced theaters, leaving for the first-class houses at lowest level a fair degree of education and taste. Thus men go who once found the gallery distasteful, no doubt. I think, if a census were taken at the better-class attractions, the audience in the gallery would be found for the most part to be clerks, school-teachers, students, and others in like

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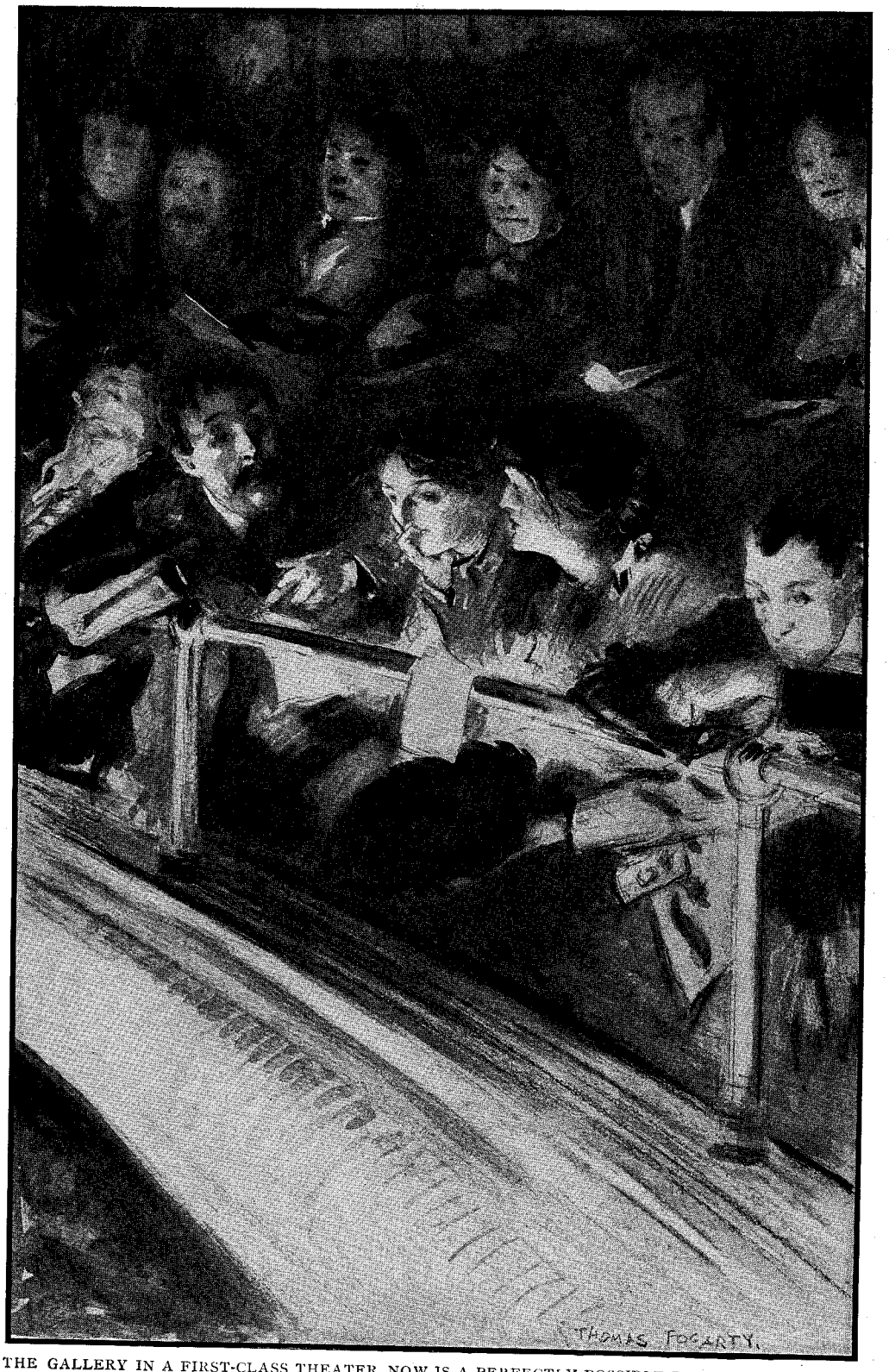

THE GALLERY IN A FIRST-CLASS THEATER NOW IS A PERFECTLY POSSIBLE PLACE FOR ANYBODY

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condition of life, including, in Washington certainly, a considerable proportion of the college-bred men and women who form so large a part of the personnel of the Government departments. We have, I should say, the most of us, enough money for recreation to choose between orchestra seats once in a month or six weeks and gallery seats four times as often. The numerous gallery first-nighters are evidence as to how the choice falls.

If the gallery, then, be properly estimated, it should bring up the average of public taste. We crowd the high places to see Sothern and Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams, Otis Skinner, Ethel Barrymore, Edith Wynne Matthison, or Forbes-Robertson. We go every night when there is good repertoire. I know a dozen people who didn't miss a performance of the New Theater Company when it was in Washington. We turned out eagerly to see "The Piper" and "The Blue Bird" a little later. But we hate your musical comedy that has neither music nor comedy nor singers nor actors. We do applaud poor things sometimes, no doubt, but I noticed, at a poor play not long ago, that the gallery was silent and the applause came all from below. Just as I noticed also at a Boston Symphony concert that boxes emptied and the first floor was restless because the programme was long—though the gallery gave small sign of such feeling. The gallery at concerts, indeed, has long been recognized as the "true lover's" seat.

And there is nothing very strange about this. To people who can afford orchestra seats many other kinds of amusements besides the theater are possible. Very often, it must be, the theater is only a social function, occupying an occasional one of numerous pleasure-spent evenings. The downstairs audience of course is not all uncritical—any more than the upstairs audience is all critical. But in general the inference seems fair that people with small means, spending a part of that small means on necessarily limited amusements, would go to the theater because they love it. A larger number than do go would be there had they learned that they can go comfortably to the gallery, since there only can they afford the price. And this element may reasonably be regarded as rather more serious-minded than the wealthier pleasure-seekers.

Where else, if not from this uncounted public, do the stock companies recruit their audiences? Who but these in Washington for the past several summers, in weather when the temperature often was ninety degrees, filled the Columbia Theater every night, except Sundays, from the beginning of April to the middle of September? We gallery gods could go downstairs then—our seats cost only fifty cents, and seventy-five at the most. We could sit in the first balcony for a quarter. The plays were the past season's high-class successes, given by excellent actors and with excellent mountings. All the moving pictures in town fail to disturb the Columbia patronage. Hundreds of people have the "Columbia habit," buying seats for every play and buying them weeks ahead. The stock plan has proved so profitable in Washington that at one time in summer the Poli management took over the old Chase's Theater, the largest house in the city, and, in addition to the usual evening performances, gave matinées every week. Plays and players rivaled the excellence of the Columbia company, but did not deplete its patronage. Both houses were steadily well filled, and for weeks in succession their capacity was tested every night. For the first eight weeks of this same period, moreover, the Aborn Grand Opera Company, at the New National Theater, was giving its annual and successful summer season, with prices from twenty-five cents to a dollar, and with another appreciative, constant clientele.

It is fair, then, when Messrs. Ziegfeld and Potter, for instance, explain that they produce what the public wants, to insist for our part that they qualify the statement by saying that their shows are what *their* public wants. We have evidence, surely, that a large class of possible theater-goers are now but occasional attendants because they too seldom have opportunity to see the kind of production they like at prices they are able to pay. Here, with the more regular gallery-goers, is a public, left out of the estimates apparently, which would gladly dispense with the lavish show for the more simply staged genuine drama, or the effective, if comparatively inexpensive, opera; a public to which the play is the thing, and the acting, not the mountings and the beauty and lingerie of the chorus. Should this public not have what it wants? Would the managers not profit by trying?

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